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Bread-sellers at a Station.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

IV

CENTRAL ASIA



A Persian Hamal.

AS I sat writing my notes in a little whitewashed room in the very heart of Asia, having come by train through Merv, with its branch straight to the Afghan frontier; past the ruined fortress of Geok Tepe, which resisted Skobelev for three weeks; past Bokhara, the last home of Central Asian Mussulman fanaticism; by Samarkand, where Genghiz Khan ruled and Tamerlane is buried; to Tashkent, which routed a Russian army thirty-five years ago—as I sat and thought, on the one hand, of this wild, remote, unaltered East, and on the other, that I was as safe as if I were in my

own garden and that I had just come from a brilliant evening party at the Governor-General's, it seemed to me that I must be dreaming. I almost despair of making it all seem real to anybody else, for the position was one "at which," in Dr. Johnson's words, "experience revolts, credulity hesitates, and even fancy stares." However, the time has now come to make the attempt.

The oily reek of Baku is far behind, the Caspian has been as still as a lake, and after eighteen hours' steaming the little paddle-boat turns sharply round a sand-spit and brings into view a hundred flat white houses, scattered at the foot of converging bare brown hills. This is Krasnovodsk, and here, according to some authorities, in bygone ages the mighty Oxus

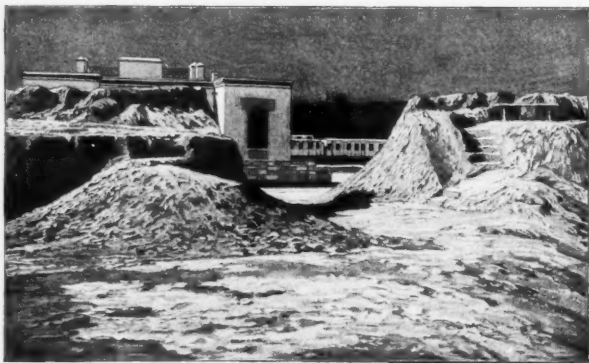
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A Mystery in Trans-Caspia—Turkomans Examining the Train.

emptied itself into the sea, so that from Peter the Great's time till now there has always been a project of bringing it back to its old bed. The town is new, for the original starting-point of the Trans-Caspian Railway was at Uzun-Ada, farther to the south, in a bay which proved unsuitable for shipping. Mud-brown mountains hem it closely round;

not a green leaf or a drop of fresh water is in sight, the place is as burnt and dry as the inside of a baker's oven. And in November a hot and dazzling sun is still beating down into it! The long, handsome white stone building, of consistent Oriental architecture, is the railway station, and there stands the train, all white, ready for its incredible journey. The next most conspicuous building is the distillery, which supplies both the town and the line, and the next is a sort of military depot, half barracks and half prison—a halting-place between Europe and Asia for soldiers and convicts alike.



Geok Tepe, the Old Ramparts and the New Railway.

tary band behind them. When we were within a few yards the music struck up, and as soon as the gangplank was in position the chief of police came aboard, and nobody else. The captain awaited him. Were there any foreigners on board? One—myself. My name? An official list was produced from a portfolio and consulted. *Pazholst!*—"If you please"—and I was politely invited ashore. In St. Petersburg it is the official pleasure to smile when you speak of special permission being necessary for the Trans-Caspian Railway. They take it seriously enough at Krasnovodsk. I may

No foreigner lands at Krasnovodsk without special permission; Russia watches all strangers on her frontiers—and England's—hereabouts. Mine was obtained from St. Petersburg through the British Foreign Office before I started. The wooden pier was crowded with civilians and porters—Persian *hamals*—and, where the steamer was to touch, a group of uniformed police stood, with a mili-

add that after this original formality—with the single exception of the Chief of Police, an army Colonel at Askhabad, who curtly summoned me to his office and kept me waiting for an hour and a half, and then charged me before all his subordinates with being in Central Asia without permission, the fact being that not only had I special permission but also the highest official letters of personal introduction to all the principal authorities—I received the greatest possible courtesy and assistance from the Russian officials everywhere, a courtesy going so far on one occasion as a mounted torchlight escort of Cossacks. It is, however, but natural that the Russians should be ready to show what they have done in Central Asia. They have every reason to be proud of it.

On the Trans-Caspian Railway there are two kinds of train—the train and the post-train. And the difference between them is that the latter has a restaurant-car and the former has not. The post-train has an extra passenger-carriage, and the train has several good cars, but the speed is the same and the discomfort is the same. For what the Russian railway service gives you in extra comfort on the magnificent Siberian Express, it takes out of you in extra fatigue and dirt on the Trans-Caspian. Here there is no first-class at all, and not nearly enough second-class for the number of passengers. The ordinary second-class, too, has narrow, flat wooden seats, with thin, hard cushions spread on them. After a couple of nights on one of these you are stiff for a week. There is a carriage which has stuffed seats, but it is half second and half third, and the toilette arrangements are all in the third-class half. Moreover, in the stuffed cushions are passengers without number who pay no fare. I still wriggle as I think of those carriages. Now, to go unwashed is bad, but to share your



A Glass of Tea While the Train Stops.

washing with third-class Russian Asiatic passengers is not only worse—it is impossible. Furthermore, while the railway authorities have separate third-class carriages for Europeans and natives, the second-class is open to both. Their idea probably was that the higher fare would deter the native passenger, but this is far from being the case, so prosperous has the sedentary Sart become under Russian rule. Therefore your carriage is invaded by a host of natives with their innumerable bundles, their water-pots and their tea-pots, their curiosity and their expectation. They do not understand the unwritten law which reserves to you the seat you have once occupied; they dump themselves and their belongings anywhere, and they are very difficult to detach; they are entirely amiable; they follow your every movement for hours with an unblinking curiosity; and they smell strong. I hope I have nothing but good-will for my Eastern fellow-man, and I assuredly often find him more interesting than people with white skins, but I have the greatest objection to passing days and nights crowded close with him in an over-heated railway carriage. And if I expatiate somewhat upon this minor topic it is because the Trans-Caspian railway journey is such a remarkable experience and affords such rare and vast interests, that everybody who can afford the time and money should take it, and the Russian authorities should do all in their power to make the actual travel-

ling as tolerable as possible. As things are at present, I should not advise any lady to come who is not prepared for some of the most personally objectionable sides of "roughing it." Prince Khilkoff, however, Minister of Railways, is so prompt to make any improvement or to inaugurate any new enterprise, that if this plaint should meet

cial travellers; Armenian "drummers," sharp and swarthy, for Persian firms; a score of officers in various uniforms; several soldiers, sweating in heavy gray overcoats—they badly need a bath—and old, patched breeches of red morocco leather; three officers in the handsome green and gold of the *pogranichnaya stra-*



The Boys' College, Tashkent.

his eye it may well be that no future traveller will have occasion to make it. There is also one other little matter which calls for his attention. Formerly the train at Krasnovodsk waited for the steamer from Baku. Now the local railway authority causes it to start precisely at three, even if the steamer is coming into harbor. So it has happened that the train has started without a single passenger, while the wretched people arriving by steamer have had to pass twenty-three hours in some railway carriages, there being nothing of the nature of a hotel at Krasnovodsk. Such an absurdity should be corrected, but the fact that there is a railway here at all is so marvellous that every other consideration is insignificant.

There is a strange medley on the platform before we start. Crowds of ragged porters, jostling and jabbering in Persian and broken Russian, and carrying huge bundles of native luggage tied in carpets; a few civilians—merchants and commer-

sha, the frontier guards, soldiers and customs-officers in one; specimens of most of the natives of Central Asia; and myself, the only foreigner. There are no fewer than eleven parallel lines of rail, for either military purposes or freight accommodation, as may be needed. At three o'clock we start, and between the bare brown hills and the still blue sea the train runs slowly along for hours. It carries its own oil-fuel, and its own water in a huge wooden tank on a truck behind the engine, for the country is a desert, and the stations are merely the little white houses of the employees, appearing as specks in the wilderness. The low indented coast-line, within a few yards of our right, reminds me of the Mediterranean coast, between Marseilles and Nice, but here there are in every bay thousands of white-breasted ducks. For twenty-five miles the line runs across an absolutely barren plain; sunset finds us traversing a salty waste, dotted with scanty bushes, and when I look out of the window, in the middle of the night, a bright moon shines on the same desolate scene.

But at eight o'clock next morning comes a sudden thrill. Over a little station are written the magic words "Geok Tepe," and I rush out to see if anything remains to tell of the terrible battle and more terrible slaughter of 1881. Sure enough, on the opposite side of the line, only fifty yards away, is the whole story, and luckily the train is accidentally delayed long enough to enable me to make a hasty visit to the historic spot.

It is a rectangular fortress, a thousand yards square, formed by a high and thick earthen wall and rampart. The sides are riddled with bullet-holes—not a square yard is untouched, while scores of gaps in the top show where shells have burst. Several complete breaches gape wide, and one whole corner is gone—that is where the mine exploded, giving both the signal and the occasion for the final attack. Here raged for three whole weeks an almost uninterrupted battle, fought by both sides with a ferocious courage never surpassed in history; here Skobelev, and Kuropatkin under him, won their greenest laurels; here Russia became mistress of Trans-Caspia; here died a gallant and an interesting race. The Tekke Turkomans first drove back the Russian General Lomakin; then they completely routed Lazareff at this very spot, and swept in triumph over the whole country. For two years Skobelev made his preparations, and on January 1, 1881, he delivered his first attack upon this Turkoman stronghold with 8,000 troops and more than fifty guns. Inside was the flower of the Turkoman race, with 7,000 women and children. Their felt tents were set on fire by petroleum bombs, artillery rained shell and shrapnel on them, gradually the trenches drew nearer; but they fought with a desperation which kept the Russians at bay for three weeks, and on more than one occasion they routed the invaders in a hand-to-hand struggle and slashed them to death in their own



"Arba"



Means of Locomotion in Tashkent.



The Madrasa Shir Dar, Samarkand.

trenches, leaving Russian heads and limbs scattered about. But the inevitable end came, and the slaughter of every male left in the fortress, and, after it, that terrible Cossack pursuit of flying men and women for ten miles. Opinions differ as to this part of the struggle. What is certain is that never since that time has a Turkoman hand been raised against Russia, nor ever will be. If you would strike only once, and thus be more merciful in the end, you must strike hard, was Skobeleff's motto in dealing with Orientals, as it has been that of all who have understood the Eastern character. Trans-Caspia has been as peaceful as paradise since then. But Turkoman brides cost few cattle for many years, as all the bridegrooms lay beneath Geok Tepe, and the knell of the Turkoman, so hospitable to strangers, so

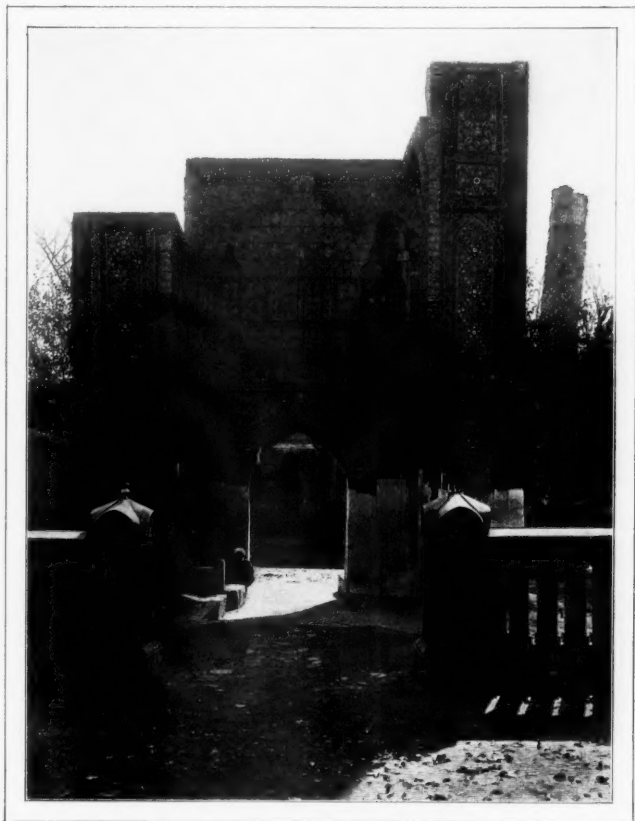
terrible in his raids, so devoted to his proud steed, so independent and gay in his moving home, was sounded. He died as he had lived, and the stone crosses in the gaps in his fortress wall tell how many Russians, as fearless as himself, went with him where brave dead soldiers go.

With a natural desire to perpetuate the memory of their own victories, the Russians have built between the railway station and the ruins a pretty little museum of white stone. In front of it stands a Turkoman cannon, captured by them from the Persians in one of their innumerable raids. This has its glorious story, too, for though it was mounted on the ramparts of Geok Tepe the Turkomans did not know how to use it, and, having captured some Russian artillerymen, they ordered them to fire it on their own comrades, or be slaugh-

tered on the spot. The Russians loyally chose death. In the museum are portraits of Skobelev and the other commanders, and a collection of Turkoman guns and swords—poor tools against artillery and petroleum bombs, throwing the bravery of these nomad horsemen into still higher relief. I ran up the rough earthen steps leading to the shattered ramparts and looked through them at the busy station, the white train, and the groups of officers strolling up and down the platform. It was the advance of Russia at a glance.

For some time now we have had the mountains to our right, and the country has become more populated, though the herbage is still thin, and long strings of

camels wind across the plain. The Turkoman mud houses are hardly visible, but the villages of *Khirghiz kikitkas*, round felt tents, make picturesque groups. At each station there is a well, built around with sloping stones and planted around with trees—the only trees in the landscape—and a herd of shaggy black cattle. The arrival of the train is the chief daily event in these lonely towns, and at Askhabad, the administrative centre of Trans-Caspia, where we arrived an hour and a half later, a military band played us in, a crowd was waiting on the platform, and an officer of gendarmes, recognizing me as a foreigner, became anxious and made many pointed inquiries. East and West mingled here in curious fashion—elegant ladies escorted by smart officers, alongside big Turkomans



Portal of the Tomb of Tamerlane, Samarkand.

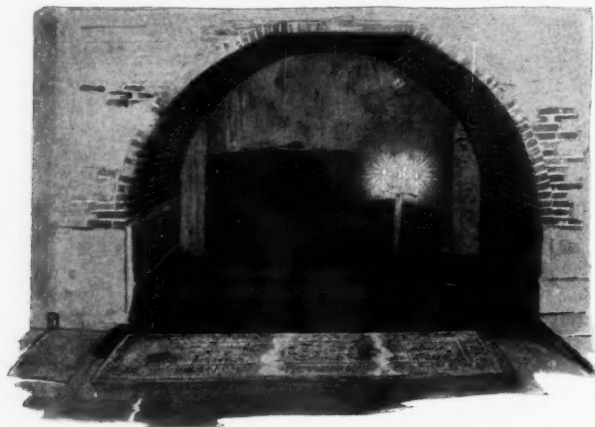
in mulberry-colored dressing-gowns and enormous hats of shaggy black sheepskin, their bare feet thrust into thick leather shoes.

From Askhabad a carriage-road of one hundred and seventy miles runs across the Persian frontier to Meshed, a town of the greatest interest to the two rival nations of Asia. It has a flourishing trade with Russia, Afghanistan, and thence with India and Bokhara. The Persian schismatic Mohammedans have their head-quarters there in a mosque whose doors are studded with rubies, and whose library contains over a thousand Korans. But far more important than either commerce or creed, Meshed is only one hundred and ninety-five miles from Herat, as the crow flies, and a road two hundred and thirty miles long connects the prosperous Persian town and the Afghan fortress supposed to be the key to the invasion of India. Therefore Russia and England keep very active rival intelligence departments there and struggle diplomatically for influence. The proximity of Meshed has perhaps something to do with the fact that Askhabad is the military centre of this part of Russian Central Asia, with a garrison of 10,000 men and stores of every kind on a war footing. A few years ago the tea and indigo of India used to supply Central Asia from this centre, but when Russia became paramount here her first care was to destroy British trade by excessive duties and even

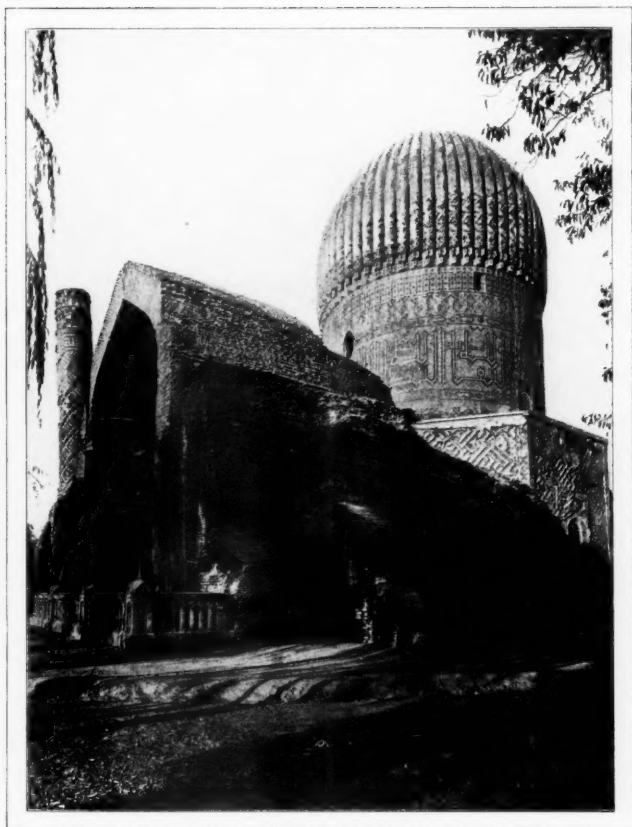
direct prohibition, and in this task she has been only too successful.

After Askhabad the desert once more, till at last cultivated, irrigated land appears, and at each little station is a great heap of bales of cotton, for the harvest has just been gathered, awaiting transport. It has come for the most part on camels, and while their owners chat, these are tethered in a quaint manner: tied nose and tail in a vicious circle, so that each is fast between two others. Midway in the burnt plain is a magnificent old fortress, its good preservation telling how few years have passed since these same plains held the wild life of immemorial time. A belt of fertile land extends for fifteen miles from these mountains to the south, deliciously green in spring, but now only covered with dwarfed scrub—tamarisk, I think. In summer the heat is terrible, rising to 155° at midday, and even now, in mid-November, one is glad to get out of the sun.

At nine o'clock at night another sensation. Merv—once the "Queen of the World," once a household word in England, thanks to O'Donovan and Marvin and Vambéry, as the possible cause of war with Russia, whose absorption of Central Asia brought her here in 1884—just a year before Parliament, at Gladstone's behest, voted £11,000,000 of war-money at a sitting in view of Russia's next step south. Now the whole oasis of Merv, one of the most fertile spots in the whole



Tomb of Tamerlane—the Crypt where he Lies.



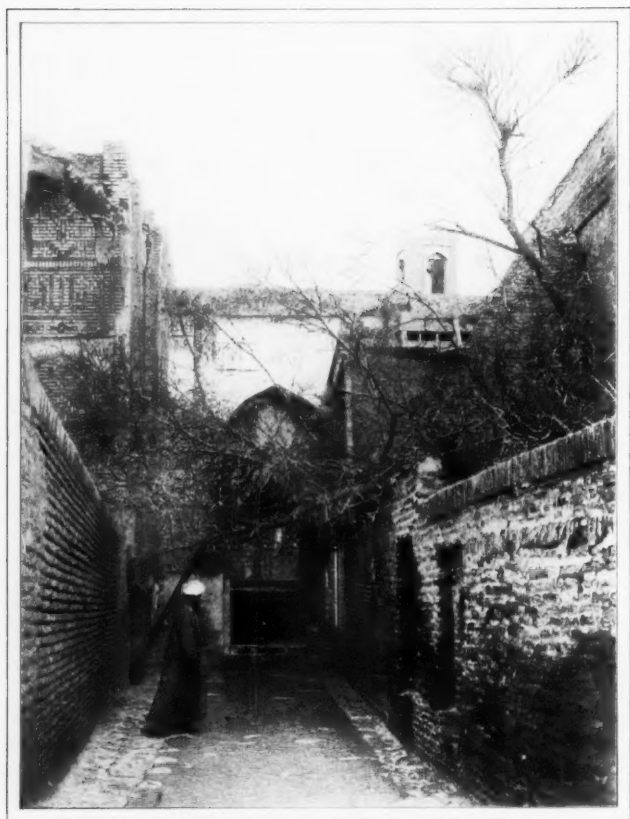
The Tomb of Tamerlane, Samarkand.

world, is as Russian as Riga, and when you say "Merv" in Central Asia you mean a long, low, neat stone railway station, lit by a score of bright lamps in a row, where the train changes engines, while in a busy telegraph office a dozen operators sit before their clicking instruments; and if you are a Russian officer or official you mean also a brand-new town where a pestilent malarial fever is sure to catch you sooner or later, and very likely to kill you.

But Merv has long ceased to be a Russian boundary, for in the dark you can see a branch line of railway stealing southward across the plain. This is the famous Murghab Branch, the strategical line of one hundred and ninety miles along

the river to the place the Russians call Kushkinski Post, on the very frontier of Afghanistan, a short distance from Kushk itself, and only eighty miles from Herat. The Russians keep this line absolutely secret, no permission to travel by it having ever been granted to a foreigner. My own permission for Central Asia read, "With the exception of the Murghab Branch." A foreigner once went by train to Kushk Post, however, but this was an accident and it is another story.

This line is purely strategic and military. Neither trade nor agriculture is served by it; nor would anybody ever buy a ticket by it, if it were open to all the world. Moreover, it runs through such a fever-haunted district that Rus-



Interior of Shah Zindah, Samarkand.

sian carpenters, who can earn two roubles a day, throw up the job and go back to earn fifty kopecks at home. The line is simply a deliberate, military menace to Great Britain. It serves, and can ever serve, only the purpose of facilitating the invasion of India, or of enabling Russia to squeeze England by pretending to prepare the first steps of an invasion of India, whenever such a pretence may facilitate her diplomacy in Europe. This fact should always be borne in mind. Nothing would embarrass Russia more than to "have her bluff called," in poker language—to be compelled to make her threat good. But it may safely be prophesied that many a time we shall hear of troops going from the Caucasus to the Afghan frontier, as she did for an "experiment" last Decem-

ber, and when this happens England must look, not at Afghanistan, but to China or Persia or the Balkans. Some day—and perhaps before long—she will collect a mixed force there without England's knowledge, and seize Herat by a *coup de main*, in the confident belief that the British Government will do once more what it has so often done before, namely, accept tamely the accomplished fact. In simple truth, Herat is at her mercy. And the cat does not look at the cream for ever. The Merv-Kushk line, I may add, is now completed, and two regular trains a week run over it, at the rate of something less than ten miles an hour, reaching the Afghan frontier terminus in eighteen hours. But I do not fancy that Kushk Post itself has anything very wonderful to show yet,

in the way of military strength. It is interesting, however, as one stands here on the edge of the platform and looks down the few hundred yards of this mysterious line visible in the dark, to reflect that if the future brings war between England and Russia its roaring tide will flow over these very rails for the invasion of India, and that if it brings peace this will be a station on the through line between Calais and Kandahar. Some day surely, though it may be long, long hence, and only when tens of thousands of Russian and British soldier-ghosts are wandering through the shades of Walhalla, the traveller from London will hear on this very platform the cry, "Change here for Calcutta!"

For some time after Merv the train passes through this world-famed oasis, then for more than fifty miles it traverses the heart-breaking desert of sand. On either side, as far as the eye reaches, is a yellow plain of ribbed sand. The earth has surely nothing more dreary to show, and it is dangerous, too, for the wind blows it up and over the track, and at the best, companies of men must sweep it away, while at the worst it chokes the locomotive and brings the train to a standstill. Sometimes the whole service of the railway is suspended by such a wind. The only help is found in the saxaul, a stunted, gnarled bush whose twisted roots bind the sand together as osiers bind mud. This being



A Sart of Samarkand.

so, I was astonished to see that the fuel in the stoves of the train was heaps of twisted saxaul roots and branches.

By and by vegetation begins again—timidly at first, but soon luxuriously, for we are on the edge of the most wonderful river in the world, not excepting the Nile. At the station which now bears the name of the river, Amu Darya, but used to be called Charjui, we halt for twenty-five minutes, and then creep forward at a snail's pace. At first by close-packed mud-houses, deep in tropical vegetation, then out upon a wooden bridge over long mud flats, then, barely moving at all, over the Amu Darya—the mighty and immortal Oxus itself. The bridge is a narrow, low way, upon trestles and piles, but it is one of the engineering wonders of the world, for it is a mile and three-quarters long, and every balk of timber had to be brought from Russia, and the river runs fast over its deep mud. It is as dry as tinder, for rain is almost unknown here. Every quarter of a mile there is a fire station, with a great cistern of water and buckets, over which stands a sentry with fixed bayonet. Fire is the nightmare of the guardians of the bridge, but though I am not of a nervous temperament I must confess I was much more afraid of water—the dashing, swirling, coffee-colored water below, between us and which was such a narrow, slender support of twelve-years' old wood, creaking in a sickening fashion. The authorities seem to share this fear, for our speed was the slowest at which the engine could move at all. And in spite of the great cost and emptiness of the Russian official pocket just now they are working with utmost speed upon a new bridge a quarter of a mile to the north. A number of huge iron cylindrical piers are in place, a dozen engines are puffing, huge heaps of dressed stones and timbers lie about, and an army

of men is at work. I saw this scene for the first time at sunrise, and I count that among the most impressive moments of my life. These waters rise mysteriously in the "Roof of the World;" for 1,500 miles they roll through the land which has been the scene of the most marvellous human episodes; they were looked upon by the first of mankind, for the cradle of our

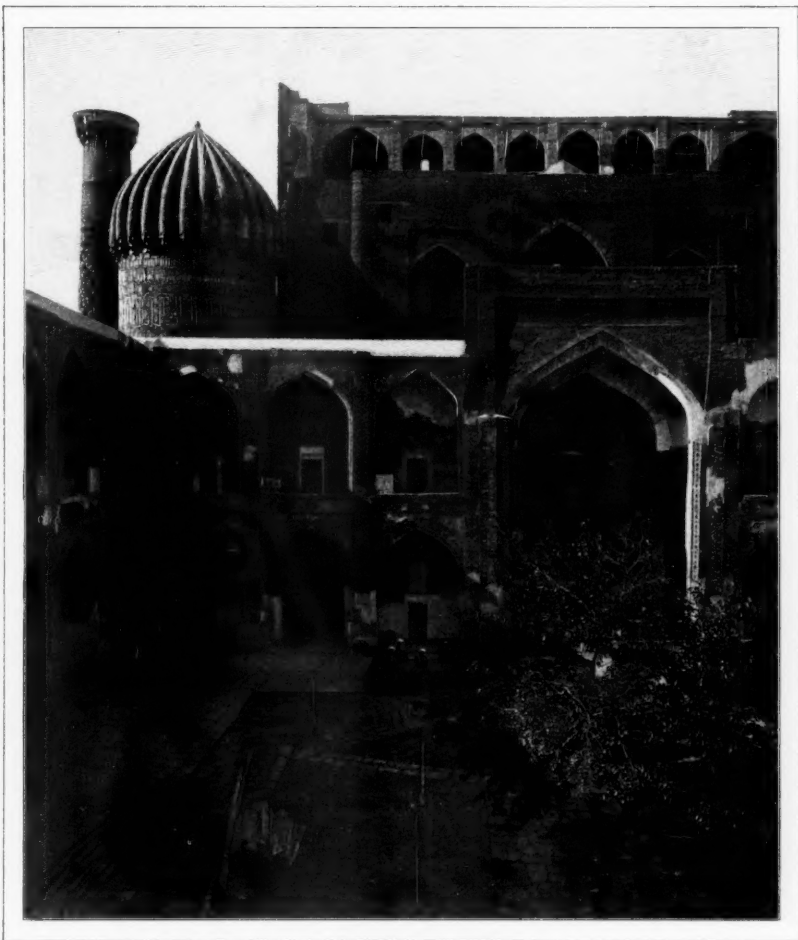
race was here, and they have conditioned the schemes of many of the greatest; the legions of Alexander and Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane drank at them; we hear of them at the beginning of Genesis, and they may well yet be one of the pathways of the last great war of human history. The railway jars sadly upon one's thoughts of such a scene. One feels vulgar to pass through the heart of Asia, the mother of peoples, to the accompaniment of the restaurant-car and the conductor's whistle. The Turkoman, silent in his dignity, wrapped in reserve as in his flowing



A "Batcha" of Samarkand.

garments, looking upon the invading stranger and his iron modernities with inscrutable eyes—it is with him, and like him, that one would wish to journey here, and learn and wonder. Most welcome, therefore, is the recollection of Matthew Arnold's noble lines upon these immemorial waters:

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, though the hush'd Chorasman waste,
Under the solitary moon:—he flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands be-
gin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide



Interior of Shir Dar, Samarkand.

His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed
stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.*

By breakfast-time we are running amid houses and fields and trees, with dignified Bokharans on horseback everywhere in sight. And now the great names of Asia follow fast. Seventy miles beyond the Oxus bring us to Bokhara. A neat, stone-built station like Merv, but larger, a long row of droschkies outside, and a little

town of new white houses—that is all the passing traveller sees. The old Bokhara, “the noble,” the seat of the learning of Asia nearly a thousand years ago, and always the home of its most savage bigotry, the city with a connected history of more than twelve hundred years, is ten miles away in the fertile land, while the station itself is in the desert. When they brought the railway the Russians were still afraid of the fanatical Bokharans; now they wish they had run their line past the very gates of the city. On the platform a native barber is rapidly shaving heads with

* Sohrab and Rustum.

a huge hatchet-shaped razor. A woman, completely hidden in a dark blue garment, sits with her face to the wall, while her husband arranges cushions and washes grapes, and then they proceed to breakfast of fruit and flapjacks. The Turkoman head-dress

of shaggy sheepskin has wholly disappeared, and in place of it there are big burly Bokharans in enormous white turbans and *khalats* of flowered and striped cotton over their tunics, their feet in elegant green-heeled morocco boots, and these tucked into a couple of pairs of slippers, one over the other. They crowd into the train the moment it stops, mostly into the second-class (remember there is no first-class), and make themselves very much at home. All their belongings come in with them, packed—including, in every case, a long-necked copper water-bottle—in a pair of carpet saddlebags slung over

their shoulder. The native passengers leave the train, and, squatting down a few yards beyond the track, perform their ceremonial ablutions and pray toward Mecca. Then they go over to the melon-sellers and return with an enormous water-melon to make a piccaninny gape with envy, and this they proceed to eat in the carriage. These people have never been crushed like the Turkomans; their independence is still nominally preserved to them, for their own Amir can have their throats cut in the bazaar at his pleasure, and their looks

and actions are therefore those of free men. They behave, in fact, as if the train belonged to them, and the unfortunate foreigner is crushed in his corner—if he has been lucky enough to keep a corner—by mere weight of humanity.

The flocks of sheep and goats are the most striking feature of the landscape as we proceed, and among the latter are huge billy-goats, as big as a pony and twice as thick, with horns a yard long tossing over them. Then come the first really cultivated fields we have seen, surrounded by low mud walls, some under water and all cleverly irrigated, with winter rice or corn just coming up. After awhile the water-supply stops—not a blade can be grown in this country without irrigation, therefore the water-supply is subject to the most rigorous supervision and scrupulous distribution, what

Matthew Arnold

calls "the shorn and parcell'd Oxus"—the desert regains its sway, and for hours we pass over an absolutely flat plain, unbroken at an horizon, without a living thing upon it but tufts of coarse grass a few inches high. Then gradually signs of the neighborhood of a river reappear, willows and alders and big trees like maples, irrigation channels, planted fields, winter crops just green above the surface. Ruined strongholds, similar to those one sees in the Balkans, where a whole village had to be ready to run for safety against



The Native Policeman of Andijan.

Turkish marauders, tell their own tale of the rich life hereabouts and the state of society in years long past. Some of these little castles are now inhabited by villagers, and some are in almost perfect preservation, walls, gates, towers, crenellated battlements and all. At half-past seven the train stops, and opposite my window is the magic name "Samarkand," redolent of the East and its roses, the city which Tamerlane made the Asiatic Athens, alike for the renown of its learning and the magnificence of its monuments. A glimpse of a wooden town in a park of verdure, a twenty minutes' halt, a capital meal in the restaurant, and we are off again. Of course, I lingered in these famous cities on my return—now I go straight through. Five hours' later we are at the junction of Chernayevo, where the line divides, one branch going northward to Tashkent, the other continuing eastward to Andijan, in the heart of the cotton country. At last, sixty-six hours and 1,153 miles from Krasnovodsk, the train stops for good at the large, handsome station of Tashkent, the administrative centre of Turkestan and the residence of the Governor-General of the whole Trans-Caspian region.

The following condensed time-table will show the reader this journey—the most remarkable train-journey in the world—at a glance:

Miles.	Station.	Hour of Arrival.
—	Krasnovodsk.....(departure)	3.00 P.M.
208	Kizil-Arvat.....	2.36 A.M.
343	Askhabad.....	9.45 A.M.
356	Merv.....	9.10 P.M.
574	Bairam-Ali.....	10.25 P.M.
706	Amu-Darya (Charju).....	5.07 A.M.
780	Bokhara.....	10.04 A.M.
886	Katti-Kurgan.....	4.40 P.M.
934	Samarkand.....	7.30 P.M.
1005	Jisak.....	11.40 P.M.
1059	Chernayevo.....	2.55 A.M.
1153	Tashkent.....	8.40 A.M.
1059	Chernayevo.....(departure)	4.00 A.M.
1108	Khodjent.....	6.45 A.M.
1177	Kokand.....	10.55 A.M.
1226	Margelan.....	2.10 P.M.
1261	Andijan.....	5.15 P.M.

The principal stations are thus sixteen, but the total number of stations is ninety-six—seventy-seven to the junction of Chernayevo, five to Tashkent on the northern branch, and fourteen to Andijan on the eastern branch. The total length of the railway, including both branches, is 2,053 versts—1,355 miles—and the aver-

age speed, from Krasnovodsk, the starting-point on the Caspian, to Tashkent, the northern terminus, including all stoppages, is seventeen and one-half miles an hour. But excluding the eight booked stops, amounting to two hours and twenty-five minutes, and allowing three minutes at each of the other stations, the actual average speed while running works out at over twenty miles an hour—a highly creditable performance and much superior to that of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Merely as a railway the Trans-Caspian is in no way extraordinary. Except for the absence of labor, timber, and water, which necessitated a rolling camp following upon the heels of the working party, and the passage of the sand desert, it presented no difficulties, and the only engineering exploit is the bridge over the Oxus. But, as I said at the beginning, the astounding fact is that it is here at all. It was begun on June 30, 1885; Merv was reached in July, 1886; the Amu-Darya, in June, 1887; the bridge, 4,600 yards long, was opened for traffic in January, 1888; Samarkand reached in May, 1888; and Tashkent soon afterward. Thus twenty years ago it was not thought of as it exists to-day; the notion of it was even strenuously repudiated by Russian statesmen when England grew nervous about their intentions. Twenty-five years ago Samarkand and Tashkent were only to be reached by adventurous travellers carrying their lives in their hands; Bokhara was as dangerous and as inaccessible as the capital of Thibet is to-day; Andijan was unheard of; England would not have tolerated for a moment the idea of the absorption of all Central Asia by Russia. Now Russia has it all—for ever, beyond the possibility of internal revolt or external attack; you "book" to Kokand as easily as to Kent or Kentucky; you are as safe there as in Calcutta or Colorado; the railway has brought Russian troops once more close to the frontier of China, and actually to the frontier of Afghanistan; most wonderful of all, this line, planned and carried out as a purely military work, is already paying its way handsomely, and has been transferred from military to civil administrators. And it has brought peace and commerce, and civilization as Russia understands the word.

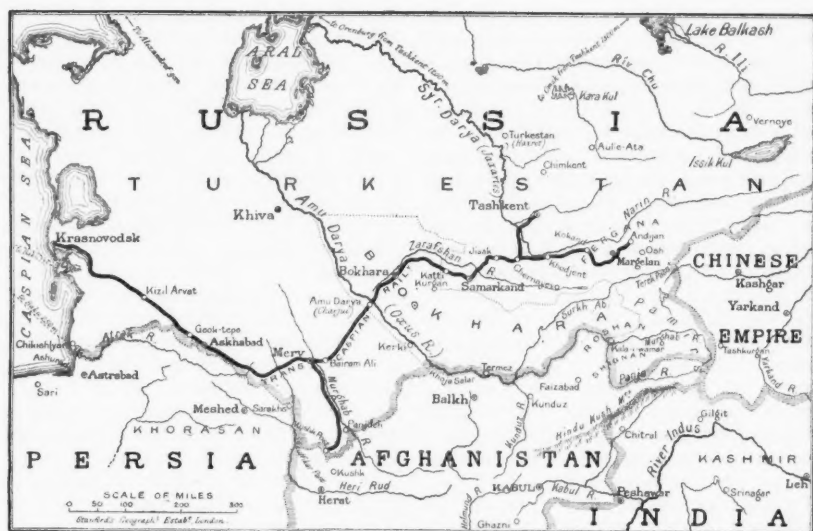
For Russians, it is a magnificent achievement, of which they have every right to be most proud; for the rest of the world it is half a dozen object-lessons in one.

The railway which Russia has pushed forward through the region of tropic heat, has worked a revolution not less than that which she has thrust across the region of Arctic cold. Indeed the Trans-Caspian Railway has accomplished more than the Trans-Siberian, for whereas the remotest districts of Siberia have been accessible for generations to anybody who had time and endurance enough to undertake a journey of many weeks in tarantass or sleigh, Central Asia a few years ago was hermetically sealed except to the courageous few who, knowing the languages, were prepared to penetrate it in disguise, at the risk of torture and death, beyond the reach of any possible succor or rescue in case of mishap. Moreover, in Siberia, there was always river transport in summer, slow, but cheap and safe; in Central Asia the camel was the only carrier. Therefore the Trans-Caspian was destined by nature to have a revolutionary effect, and this has been even more than was foreseen. Not to burden these pages with figures, I may say that in 1885, two years before the railway reached Samarkand, the total imports and exports of the province of Turkestan amounted to 40,475 tons, while in 1896, after the railway had been in operation eight years, they had risen to 159,229 tons, and the increase is proceeding rapidly and steadily. In 1897, the district of Andijan alone exported 19,000 tons of cotton, and along the eastern portion of the line I saw acres and acres of bales awaiting shipment, while everywhere I heard complaints of the insufficiency of rolling stock to meet the demands of growers. Yet the line itself is laid as in Russia, except for the first hundred miles, where the rails are the old light ones originally laid to Uzun-Ada: the roadway is solidly ballasted; and the speed, as I have shown, is good. The income from freight and passengers is not yet enough, of course, to pay interest on the whole capital expenditure, but it more than pays all working expenses, and for the rest Russia has the enormous strategical advan-

tages it gives her, and the certainty that the pecuniary returns will be greater every year. The net revenue for 1897 is officially stated to have been £615,000, and the total movement of goods 249,000 tons.

Russia is not satisfied, however, with the brilliant results she has achieved—British trade, once so flourishing, driven from Central Asia; a great domestic trade created; Trans-Caspia, Bokhara, Turkestan closely connected with European Russia; a railway station placed upon the Afghan frontier; and the rich province of Khorasan as good as annexed. And as usual, it is a supposed strategic necessity that is urging her on. At present, in the eyes of her strategists, the Trans-Caspian is an isolated railway. It depends upon the military district of the Caucasus alone. If a Russian army is ever required in Central Asia—a supposition which almost every Russian strategist looks upon as a certainty—it will be a great one, it will demand vast quantities of supplies behind it, and both soldiers and *matériel* will be wanted quickly. Taking Moscow or Warsaw as the military centre of Russia, this movement would have to take place, as things are now, by the rail route of Rostof, Vladikavkaz, Petrofsk, Baku, thence across the Caspian, and another seven or eight hundred miles to where the troops were wanted—a long and costly journey, and without sufficient steamer accommodation on the Caspian Sea. By rail to Samara or Saratof, and thence down the Volga and across the Caspian to Baku, would be even longer in point of time. Why does Russia think her troops must be more quickly moved than either of these two routes would allow? She knows that she has no invasion from India to fear, and that, whether her forces were gathered quickly or slowly, they would find the same military concentration awaiting them on the Indian frontier or in Afghanistan.

The explanation is simple, and has recently been put forward in an almost semi-official manner in Russia. It is an absolutely determined part of her policy to have an outlet on the Persian Gulf, but the time is not yet ripe for it. The project of such a railway would precipitate hostile action by England; it would in all probability cause a Mohammedan rising; like



The Trans-Caspian Railway.

the Trans-Caspian, the railway would be isolated from Europe, and moreover it would be open to military attack from Egypt and India. On the other hand, Russia has the greatest fear, especially since the Sultan has been coerced by the Kaiser into granting Germany a concession for important railway constructions in Asia Minor, that England, or England and Germany together, will construct the long-planned Euphrates Valley Railway, and thus create direct transit between Europe and India, and will do this before Russia is in a position either to prevent it or to offer an alternative. For the Russian view is that the trade of the world is insufficient to support two railway connections between Europe and India, and that therefore whenever one such connection is made any other becomes impossible. And this connection Russia is determined to have for herself. The answer to the above question, therefore, is this: Russia is extremely anxious to extend her railway system in Central Asia—1, to bring her military centres into direct connection with the Afghan and Persian frontiers, in view of possible hostilities with England; 2, to secure for herself the future railway trade-route between Europe and India, by offering a shorter and cheaper line

before the alternative route *via* the Euphrates Valley is constructed; 3, by thus rendering the construction of this latter railway an unprofitable undertaking, to remove the one fatal obstacle to an ultimate port for herself upon the Persian Gulf; 4, to develop further her own Central Asian territories. From a Russian point of view the reasons are certainly convincing.

What direction, then, will Russian railway extension in Central Asia take? There are several rival schemes, the most favored at present being the prolongation of the railway from Orenburg to Tashkent, along the north bank of the Syr-Darya, *via* Turkestan (Hazret), and avoiding Chimkent because of mountains. This would follow the old caravan route to Central Asia when Tashkent was the focus of trade there and the starting-point of all military movements. Such a railway would involve building a new line about 1,200 miles long, presenting on the one hand no special engineering difficulties, but, on the other, traversing a country with no potential agricultural or commercial development. The chief of the Topographical Department at Tashkent told me that the plans for this railway are nearly ready, that it is practically decided upon, and

that in all probability it will be finished in five or six years.

I take leave, however, to doubt that this Orenburg-Tashkent line will ever be constructed. For one of the two practical considerations must carry the day; the route will be selected either for its strategical value and to form ultimately the connection with India, or it will be chosen primarily for the development of new territory. If the former, then the shortest and most direct route would undoubtedly be from Saratof, on the Volga, to the little town of Alexandrof-gai, one hundred and forty miles to the southeast (the two are already connected by a narrow-gauge railway), bending round the north of the Caspian and the south of the Aral Sea, and running straight by Khiva to the station of Amu-Darya (Charju) on the main line of the Trans-Caspian Railway. Like the Orenburg-Tashkent route, though not nearly to so great a degree, this railway would have the disadvantage of passing through comparatively poor territory, but it would be almost a straight line from Moscow to Amu-Darya, and, *via* Merv and Kushk Post, would place the headquarters of the Russian army within literally a few days of its military objective, whether this were Afghanistan, Persia, or Chinese Turkestan. The distance from Alexandrof-gai to Amu-Darya station would be 1,128 miles, and the cost of laying this line, which would meet with no engineering difficulty of any importance, is estimated at £9,500,000—\$46,300,000—including an iron bridge over the Volga at Saratof, and the widening of the line from Saratof to Alexandrof-gai. When it was completed, the distance from Moscow to Merv, which latter we may take as a central point of concentration, would be 1,980 miles, as against 2,701 miles *via* Orenburg-Tashkent. At an average speed of twenty miles an hour, Merv would be just four days distant from Moscow, and in less than another day the Afghan frontier would be reached at Kushk Post. If strategical and rapid-transit interests are adjudged paramount, this is obviously the line to be constructed.

If, on the other hand, commercial and agricultural development be finally regarded as of more weight, then beyond any question a line connecting Turkestan

with western Siberia would confer the greatest benefit. This would run from Tashkent, *via* the town and Russian fort of Aulie-ata, one hundred and fifty-five miles to the northeast; Vernoye, the capital of the province of Semirychensk, with a population of nearly 25,000; Kopal, one hundred and seventy miles farther on; Sergiopol; Semipalatinsk, capital of the province of that name, on the Irtysh River, with a population of nearly 20,000; and thence to Omsk, the town probably destined to become the most important on the Trans-Siberian Railway. This railway would run, as shown, past large and growing towns, through districts with an industrious and prosperous population of nomads, through a fertile corn-growing country, where the best wheat to-day sells for eight kopeks the pud (two pence, or four cents, for thirty-six pounds), through a rich cattle-raising steppe, and past known deposits of both coal and gold. Moreover, it would enormously increase the production of cotton in Turkestan, by bringing cheap wheat into that country from Siberia and thus allowing all the land now necessarily given to corn-growing to be devoted to the far more profitable cultivation of cotton.

The reader who has followed this somewhat technical railway discussion will find himself halted by the following question: It is all very well for Russia to talk about joining her Central Asian railways to the Indian railways, and thus securing a great rapid-transit route from Europe to the richest East, but what about Afghanistan and the Indian Government—will they, under any circumstances, permit such a junction to be made, and thus prepare an easy road for Russian troops to enter India? The question is, of course, of the first importance, and in the present state of feeling on both sides, it can only be answered with some discretion. In the first place, such a junction is absolutely certain to come some day, but the time may be far off. Second, if Russia were successful in a war against England, it would assuredly be one of her conditions of peace. Third, a railway would give no advantage to Russia that it would not give to England, for if it would enable Russia to hurry troops toward India, it would equally enable England to hurry Indian troops toward Central Asia, and

the final advantage would thus be, as it always is in war, to the quickest to act. Fourth, it would do much to remove international misunderstanding, for it would bring intelligent and commercial Russians into India, and a similar class of English and Anglo-Indians into Russia; and it is a striking fact that, wherever Englishmen and Russians have been brought together, as on boundary commissions and as officers of men-of-war on foreign stations, a sincere mutual respect and indeed cordiality has sprung up—much more so, curiously enough, than has been the case between English and Russians on the one side and French and Germans on the other. Finally, will not the moment soon come, when two civilized nations will refuse to allow an essentially barbarous régime, friendly at heart to neither and only friendly in action to one of them so long as self-interest dictates such a course, to stand in the way of one of those great advances of intercommunication, which are the chief signs and promoters of civilization? In view of these considerations, it can hardly be thought unreasonable for Russia to plan her Central Asian communications with a view to their ultimate extension to Central India.

When the two nations agree to join hands across Afghanistan, the route will be from Merv to Kushk Post, thence to New Chaman, the present terminus of the Indian frontier railway, sixty miles northwest of Quetta, thence to Sukkur and Ruk junction, and from there either to the Punjab or to Karachi, one of the four great sea-ports of India. If Kushk Post and New Chaman were connected by railway to-day, a distance of only four hundred and thirty-eight miles, without any new line whatever being constructed by either Russia or India, the distance from London to Karachi by rail (including the short sea passages of the Channel and the Caspian) is calculated by Mr. Paul Lessar as 4,716 miles, and the time of the journey as one hundred and seventy-four and one-half hours. The route would be London, Calais, Berlin, Alexandrovo, Warsaw, Ros- tof, Petrofsk, Baku, Krasnovodsk, Merv, Kushk, Chaman, Karachi.

I have written at what may seem undue length about the future of railway construction in Central Asia because it is really

the most important and significant question in that part of the world. It is vitally connected with peace and war alike—with commercial development and international rivalry. The reader who takes the trouble to grasp the routes I have mentioned and the arguments for and against each of them, will understand also where the line of next tension lies, and when the first step in advance is made—and it will not long be delayed—he will be in a position to interpret its intention, its diplomatic significance, and possibly its military consequences.

The administrative district of Trans-Caspia extends from the Caspian to the frontier of Bokhara, and is under the authority of a "Chef du Territoire Transcaspien," with head-quarters at Askhabad. This officer at present is Lieutenant-Colonel Bogoliubof, one of the most enlightened administrators it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He is not only a soldier and a statesman, but a student; the practical problems of his great province, its commerce, its ethnology, its arts, have all been made by him the subjects of profound investigation and he talks of them with rare knowledge and enthusiasm. When I had the pleasure of visiting him he was busily engaged upon a great ethnological map of Trans-Caspia for the Paris Exposition, the first that had ever been attempted, and I fancy that he will some day publish an epoch-making study of Turkoman art, particularly as exhibited in the products of Turkoman needlewomen.

Trans-Caspia has an area of about 215,000 square miles and only about 360,000 inhabitants. Its scanty population cannot increase, because each Turkoman head of a family requires, to live with anything like comfort, ten camels, four to five horses, fifty sheep, and two cows, and to feed these ten square versts are needed. Camels cannot be replaced by horses, for only camels and asses can eat the prickly "camel's thorn" which is the only fodder available during much of the year. The attempt to improve the condition of Trans-Caspia is therefore a struggle between civilization and this nomad life, and it is unlikely that civilization will win.

Civilization has had, at any rate, one bad

effect—it has killed the carpet. The carpet woven by Turkoman women in their moving tents, without any pattern to copy, the design being handed down in instinct and memory, was, both for design and workmanship, the finest thing of the kind in the world. Old specimens are now almost unprocurable and fetch huge prices, but the examples which may still be had are eagerly bought up. In fact, carpets furnish one of the chief topics of conversation among Russian officers and functionaries quartered in Trans-Caspia. Everybody collects them, and the discussion about price and quality, and the comparisons of "finds" are endless. Carpets are peculiarly convenient to these nomads of civilization, as they were to the uncivilized nomads who originally made them, for, as both soldiers and civilians may not be long in one place, they seldom possess much furniture, since it could not be transported except at an expense which would ruin them, whereas a few empty beer-boxes with carpets and cushions thrown over them, and a few carpets hung on the walls, give you a fine Eastern *salon* at once. Moreover, carpets can be easily taken home, and then if you wish you can probably sell them for much more than you gave for them. There is unfortunately one drawback—all modern carpets fade.

The old carpet, however, is now perhaps the one relic left of a great bygone civilization, for assuredly the Turkomans in their dirt and squalor could not have invented the beautiful designs that their women made till recently. The patterns and the surroundings are in too great a contrast. The different great tribes of Turkomans—the Sarikis, Saliks, and nearer the Caspian the Yumuds—are indistinguishable in their dress, their utensils, their habits, etc.; their carpets alone can serve to distinguish them. These are their passports—their visiting cards. Perhaps these very patterns were given them by Nebuchadnezzar! But aniline dyes and loom competition are killing these fast, and soon nothing except their old carpets will be left to tell of a mysterious civilization of the far past. This whole region, as far as China, is the field of rectangular ornaments, and the details of these patterns recur in the most extraordinary fashion. A detail can be traced, for instance, through China,

Afghanistan, Persia, and Galicia. In Trans-Caspia are two well-marked races, about whom we know almost everything—in the north the Kirghiz, in the south the Russians. In the farthest south there are two or three tribes of Arabs and Jews, come nobody knows how or when. But the Turkomans are the great mystery, and it will only be from their carpets that the problem of their origin and movements will be solved at last. The magic carpet of Eastern fable, which transports its possessor in an instant to the other end of the earth, has its counterpart in the carpet which will carry the student round the Asian world in the track of its racial design.

Not only cannot the population of Trans-Caspia increase, but, so far as can be foreseen, its productivity is likely to decline. Cotton is its chief, indeed, practically its only, important export. It formerly possessed the finest race of horses in the world, and the Turkoman, who lived by raiding, esteemed his steed far above all his other belongings, including his wife. But Russian rule has imposed peace upon him, and therefore the need of his horse, and his incentive to breed and cherish it, have gone. So, in spite of Imperial Commissions and the importation of Arab stallions, the fleet and tireless Turkoman horse, with his flashing eye and scarlet nostril, is extinct forever. And the production of cotton cannot increase without an increase of water for irrigation, and instead of more there is growing steadily less. For the Kopet Dahn Mountains, which rise above Askhabad, and are the great source of water-supply, are gradually wearing away. Ages ago there was eternal snow upon them; now they are nowhere more than 9,000 feet high. The explanation is that they are of clayey substance. In summer the great heat calcines this clay to powder, then the rains come and wash it away. Hence the fecundating power of the rivers, but hence also their ultimate disappearance. A geographical authority has said of this whole region that "both glaciers and rivers continue to lose volume; the lakes are shrinking and the extremes of temperature become more marked, while the sands of the desert are steadily encroaching on the cultivated zones." A well was recently

sunk three miles from the mountains to a depth of seven hundred metres without striking water. The truth is that this water question, vital to the prosperity and indeed to the existence of Trans-Caspia, is in the last analysis a political question—a peculiarly interesting example of the forces underlying diplomacy and national ambitions. For the water-basin of this part of Trans-Caspia is in Persia, and the Amir of Afghanistan controls, in the River Murghab, the water-supply of the great Merv oasis and other districts. Therefore if these possessions of Russia are ever to regain their ancient wealth, when Merv, for instance, was really "Queen of the World," Russia must rule in Persia and Afghanistan. Northern Persia—the province of Khorasan—is probably at her mercy, to seize whenever an opportunity or an excuse presents itself, but Afghanistan is quite another matter, for the British fleet blocks the way thither. Thus the cotton crop of Central Asia, and purchases for Russia on the markets of Richmond and New Orleans—for it is Russia's desire to grow all her own cotton and buy none abroad—depend at last upon the number of ironclads that fly the cross of St. George in the channel and the Mediterranean. It is, I repeat, a peculiarly interesting example of the correlation of political forces, but it should not surprise the countrymen of Captain Mahan.

The cities of Central Asia to-day are of two widely differing kinds—the old and the new, the world-famous towns of antiquity, whose proud and fanatical inhabitants have only been constrained for a few years to tolerate white men among them, and the brand-new settlements which Russia has built up for her administrators, her soldiers, and her merchants. Each kind is the more interesting according to whether you look at it with the eye of the traveller and the ethnologist, or from the point of view of the student of contemporary expansion and politics. Krasnovodsk I have sufficiently described; Kizil Arvat is merely the site of the railway workshops, where a large number of Russian artisans are employed, whose pale wives and children give painful evidence

of the unhealthfulness of the place and climate; Merv is wholly a new city, the old "Queen of the World" being nothing but a few splendid ruins some distance away, an important military centre where the prevalence of a particularly virulent fever has often suggested the desirability of abandoning the town altogether; Askabad is the military head-quarters of Turkestan, on account of the proximity of the Persian frontier and the road to Meshed, and is almost entirely a new town. None of these calls for any special mention.

It is in Tashkent that the two kinds of city are best seen side by side. This was for many generations, and perhaps still remains, the most important strategical focus of Central Asia. An interesting and significant incident is connected with its capture. The gallant Cherniaieff, advancing victorious from the north, attacked it in 1864, but was beaten back with heavy loss. Alexander II., averse to further slaughter in a cause whose importance he had not realized, and perhaps fearing complications with England, forbade him to make a second attempt. The outcome is a striking example of how Russian officials on remote frontiers drag Russian policy at their heels. Cherniaieff appears to have known what was in the Tsar's despatches, so he attacked first, took the city by storm, and then opened his papers. The reply he sent, as given by Ney (quoted by Ross and Skrine), was this: "Your Majesty's order forbidding me to take Tashkent has reached me only in the city itself, which I have taken and place at your Majesty's feet." His career was ruined by this act, but Tashkent was promptly used as a base from which to subjugate Samarkand and Bokhara. It is after Cherniaieff that the junction of Cherniaievo is named.

Tashkent is probably to-day the largest town in Asiatic Russia, for in 1885 it was nearly as populous as Tiflis, having 120,000 inhabitants, and covering an area of twelve square miles. The first thing that strikes you as you drive from the station is the width of the streets, and the second the mud. The former are often fifty yards wide, and the latter is a foot deep. Through this wades and splashes an extraordinary procession of men and beasts—Tajiks, the chief race, of Persian de-

scent, in turbans and multi-colored *khalats*, or loose-sleeved robes gathered at the waist with a sash, their material depending upon the wealth of the owner; Kirghiz in skins with the fur inside and tight-fitting caps; women in sad-toned garments and draped from crown to sole in thick, absolutely opaque horse-hair veils; Russian soldiers, always in the same thick gray felt overcoats—in fact, all the Eastern humanity seen by Matthew Arnold in the past:

The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder
hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who
stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.

They ride on horses, on donkeys—often two adults on one little beast—on shaggy camels or in the *arba* shown in my photograph [page 135], with enormously high wheels to enable it to ford rivers without wetting its load, the driver seated on the horse in the shafts. The Russian town, which has 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, consists of well-built, low houses of brick and stucco, with roofs of sheet iron painted green, and the streets, as everywhere else in these Russian settlements, are planted on each side with shade-trees, mostly silver poplars. In the Russian shops most of the necessities and some of the luxuries of life may be bought, though they do not compare with the shops of far Siberian towns. There is no such thing as a hotel, its place being taken, *longo intervallo*, by what are called *nomera*—"numbers," that is, furnished rooms, to which, if you have nowhere else to eat, you can have a greasy meal brought. These are dirty, cold, and uncomfortable. But there is a magnificent military club, with a theatre and ball-room, where you can find all the papers, play cards or billiards, and fare very well indeed, being waited upon by soldier orderlies. At Tashkent I was formally introduced by a courteous acquaintance, but in the Russian town of Samarkand I knew nobody, as the Governor did not trouble to acknowledge the letter of introduction I left at his residence from his immediate superior, the Governor-Gener-

al of Turkestan. This, by the way, and the action of the Chief of Police of Ashkhabad, were the only two occasions during my whole journey in the Tsar's dominions when I was not treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and when every effort was not made to enable me to see everything and learn everything that I desired. I gladly take this opportunity to return my cordial thanks, and to say that nowhere in the world could a visiting foreigner have pursued his way under happier conditions. But this reference to the club at Samarkand reminds me of a story.

As I have said, at Samarkand I knew nobody, and the Club was the only place in the foreign settlement where a decent meal could be had. So, with my interpreter, a young Russian gentleman who accompanied me everywhere, I made bold to call at the Club, ask for the name of any officer who happened to be present, and when a Lieutenant who was playing billiards came out, to explain to him who I was and what was my plight, and to beg that I might be permitted to use the Club during my short stay. Like every Russian, he was the soul of courtesy when courteously approached, and he at once sought another officer on the premises to be my supporter, and our two names were entered as guests on the spot. This is one example of many such acts of friendly politeness. Now for the story—which shows another side of foreign life in Russia. It was during the Boer War, when things were not going very well for us in South Africa, and anti-British feeling ran very high in Russia, and the newspapers served up a daily hash of denunciations, and lies manufactured in Brussels. Things reached such a pass at last that British Consuls, in full uniform, on official occasions, were deliberately insulted in public by Russian officials of high rank. With the timidity that has characterized it during the past five years the British Foreign Office, instead of officially taking up these insults and thus bringing them to an instant stop, ordered all our Consuls to absent themselves on public occasions. This order was the result of an exceedingly gross insult offered to one of our Consuls by a Russian General at an official party given by a Governor-General

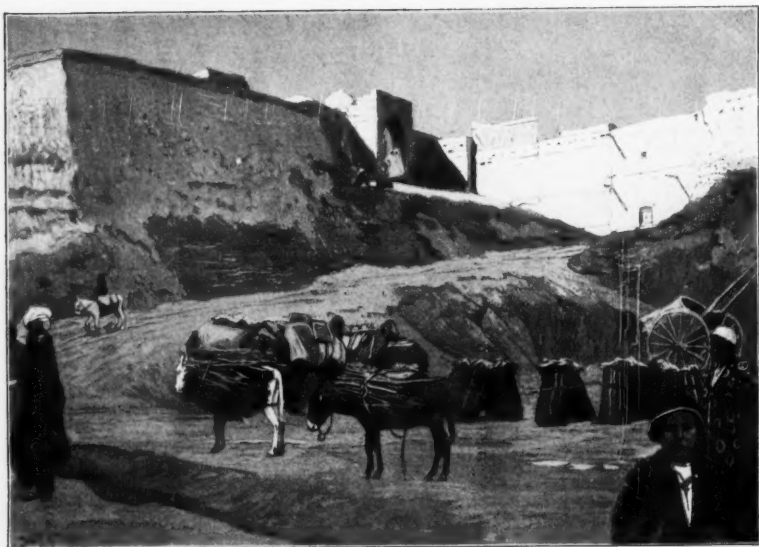


Packing Cotton in Andijan.

—an insult which compelled him to rise, seek his wife at another table, proceed to the table where the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess were sitting at supper, make his bows, and withdraw—the most marked action that a foreigner could possibly take in the presence of Russian royalty. This, however, is not the story, which contains one of the most finished diplomatic replies I have ever heard of. A British Consul-General, with a military title from having served in a famous Highland regiment, was dining in full uniform at an official party on a State occasion about this time. He was seated at a table with a distinguished company, including a prince and princess. While they were talking, a well-known Russian General, covered with decorations, walked across from another table, his glass in his hand, and holding it before the face of the British Consul-General exclaimed, in French, "*Je bois à la santé des braves Boërs !*" It was a moment that would have tested the diplomacy of Lord Dufferin or Mr. Hay. But the Scotsman was equal to it. The insult was deliberate and gross ; moreover, it was official, and the Consul would have been wholly within his rights if he had

treated it as such, left the room, reported it to his Ambassador, and demanded an apology. This, however, in the circumstances, and considering the relations of the two countries, would have been a blunder, and the Foreign Office, while it would have been compelled to take up his case, would have cursed him for a tactless mischief-maker. Still, some reply had to be made on the spot, and a dignified one. The Consul-General rose instantly, with perfect self-control ignored the intended affront, and touching his glass to the general's responded, "*Aux braves de toutes les nations, mon Général !*" It would be difficult to beat that reply. The man who made it was severely wounded by a Boer shell not long afterward. Pardon the digression : I return to Central Asia.

General Doukhovskoi, the distinguished soldier and able administrator who rules over Turkestan, has a charming, old-fashioned, wide-spreading residency at Tashkent, filled with precious Eastern objects, and I shall long remember gratefully the hospitality I enjoyed there at the hands of Madame Doukhovskoi, one of the most gifted women it has been my fortune to meet. And the large staff of officials works in spacious quarters in buildings



The Approach to the Prison, Bokhara.



The Prison-gate and the Gaoler, Bokhara.

which, as they were erected thirty years ago, show the foresight which provided accommodation for all the development to follow. But the establishment remaining most vividly in my memory is the *Realschule* of Tashkent. This was not only wonderful because it was in the heart of Asia, but also because it would be an admirable school even in London or New York. The enthusiastic head-master, Prince Dolgorouki, conducted me over it, and a better equipped or more capably managed educational institution could

hardly be found. A complete course of instruction is given, and the class-rooms, museums, laboratories, gymnasium, etc., were on the latest German model. There are two hundred and ninety-six scholars, all sons of Russian officials and residents except two, the son of the late Amir of Kokand and the son of a rich native merchant. Among the professors was Mr. Howard, teaching the English classes, and I was invited to satisfy myself of the ability of his scholars. The school costs 40,000 roubles a year, of which the boys contribute forty roubles each and the State the rest. They take only their *déjeuner* at school, and for this they pay seven roubles each per half-year. I saw this meal, and how it is provided for the money I cannot tell. Afterward I visited the Technical School, and here, remembering the admirable Austrian native schools of Bosnia, I was disappointed to find but very few native boys. It appears, however, that they invariably fall behind, and most of them leave after the second year. But any native boy who wishes to learn can attend one of the gratuitous schools in the native quarter where Russian is taught, and elementary instruction given, by some of the most devoted education-

alists I have seen, who live in discomfort and on a pittance, devoted to their work and worshipped by their scholars. Altogether, in fact, Russia is doing more to educate her people, both Russian and native, in Central Asia than she is doing in Europe.

The native quarter of Tashkent contains nothing of interest, unless it be the old citadel which Chernaieff stormed and afterward put in repair for his own defence. It is simply a wide *enceinte* surrounded by high earthen walls, commanding the city by a number of guns. Within its area are the magazines and barracks, but as a military work it is long out of date. No foreigner has ever visited it, so I remarked to the Governor-General that I should like to do so. He was surprised, but upon reflection, seeing no reason why he should refuse, consented, and issued a written order that I should be admitted. The officer in command was the most surprised individual in Central Asia when I arrived with my order. He conducted me into the guard-room within the walls, and then inquired, courteously, what it was that I wished to see; for, said he: "There is nothing whatever remarkable in the citadel."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, "but I believe there is a most extraordinary thing here at this moment."

"What may that be?" he asked, in much surprise.

"An Englishman," I said; and he laughed and admitted that it was indeed so. This citadel, however, reminds me of an incident which explains how Chernaieff came to conquer these peoples as he did. After the storming, and even before the dead natives had all been buried, and almost before the firing had ceased, finding himself war-stained and uncomfortable from not having changed his clothes for days, he went, alone and unattended, on the very afternoon of his victory, in spite of the protests of his staff, to the vapor-

baths in the native city. Such extraordinary coolness and indifference made a greater impression than all his Cossacks and cannon. This is indeed how natives are taught who is their master.

After Athens, Rome, and Constantinople, I should rank Samarkand as the most



The Horror of Horrors, Bokhara.

interesting city in the world. A whole number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE would not suffice to describe all its sights, but fortunately my photographs, which I venture to think are of unusual interest, tell the greater part of what one would wish to say. It lies 2,000 feet above the sea, and is a desert of narrow streets and silent, mud-colored houses, surrounded by an earthly paradise of fertile fields, rich vineyards, and blossoming orchards. In its midst is the inevitable bazaar, crowded from morning till night by dense crowds of haggling purchasers and gossipers, through which a ceaseless stream of men and women on horses, donkeys, and camels push their way with the greatest difficulty. One section is devoted to cloth, another to silk, another to leather, another to arms, another to metal-work, and the most interesting of all to manuscripts. Here I was brought all sorts of strange volumes to buy, and although this market had been scoured of late for rare treatises I could not help feeling that only my ig-

norance of their contents prevented me securing some manuscript of great value. But probably my ignorance also preserved me from less pleasant discoveries, for much of the reading matter that delights the East would produce a very different impression upon a western mind. It is the marvellous ruins of Samarkand, however, that give the city its extraordinary interest. Alexander the Great paused here; long afterward China made it into a great capital; then Mohammedanism, destined to conquer from China to Turkey, converted it into the best-loved and most-admired spot of the world. Genghiz Khan destroyed it with fire and sword in 1219, and more than a century later Timur, the lame Tatar—

Timur Leng, whence our Tamerlane—anticipated the beauty and the fame of Athens here, and adorned it with "the grandest monuments of Islam," whose ruins to-day, six centuries later, are worth the long journey to the heart of Asia to see. They surround the Rigistan, or marketplace, and consist of several *madrasas*, or colleges, Timur's Tomb, his wife's mausoleum, and one wonderful mosque. The *madrasa* called *Shir Dar*, or "the Lion-Bearing," from the Lion and the Sun of Persia enamelled upon it, stands on the eastern side of the great square, and that known as *Tila Kari*, or the Golden, from the gold plating with which it was once covered, on the north. To their splendor, as shown in my illustrations, must be added the effect of color, for their façades are built of colored tiles, among which the unequalled blue of Persia predominates. These façades are flanked with minarets of extreme grace, but curiously out of the perpendicular, while within, the courtyard is surrounded with two stories of class-rooms and students' apartments. Foreigners are not welcomed here, but I managed to make friends with

the professors of one of these colleges, and after a theological discussion of the prohibition in the Koran of making pictures of the faithful, to take this photograph of a group of them [page 143].

Timur himself reposes beneath an exquisite fluted dome, and beside a minaret beautiful in its decay. An aged mollah conducts you to the chamber under the dome on the ground level, where, within a palisade of pierced alabaster or gypsum, are half a dozen coffin-shaped slabs, covered with carved texts from the Koran, marking the place where the bodies lie in the crypt below. Then he lights a guttering candle and leads the way down narrow stairs to where the mighty conqueror lies below a single stone—one of the world's greatest dead, whose armies ranged victorious over more than even Russia rules to-day.

Not less impressive than his own tomb, and probably more beautiful before it fell into hopeless decay, is the mausoleum of Bibi Khanum, his wife, the daughter of

the Emperor of China. One traveller speaks of it as "le plus beau monument qui ait jamais été élevé à la mémoire d'une femme adorée," and if one did not remember the Taj Mahal at Agra one might accept the enthusiastic verdict. Its colossal and sweeping portal is now but a ruined arch, and its magnificent and towering dome, once gorgeous in red and green and gold, is rent across and must soon fall. But time and neglect have failed to make any impression upon one thing—the enormous lectern in the courtyard, which used, it is said, to hold a Koran of corresponding proportions read by Bibi Khanum herself from an upper window. Finally, and, to my way of thinking, most impressive of all, is the mosque of the Shah Zindah, or "Living Saint," a martyred saint of Islam who is



"Osh and no Mistake"—the End of My Journey.

to arise again in the hour of the triumph of his faith. Through these narrow ways and gates and prayer-chambers one walked in silence, for everywhere worshippers were prostrating themselves in deep devotion, and in the innermost room one peered down into the deep and black tomb where the saint lies until that day, feeling that one was in truth in a place sanctified by the solemn homage of generations of devout men.

In Bokhara the interest is different. It holds no monuments, and its history is of savagery rather than devotion. Moreover, the attitude of the people is wholly unlike that of those in other cities. For Bokhara has not had experience of generations of Russian rule. It is only a protected state, nominally independent, though of course in reality absolutely under Russian dominion. The Russian Resident lives in the little foreign quarter ten miles away; there is no foreign house in the city; the natives regard a foreigner with a contempt and hatred which they take little pains to hide; and though the Amir comes but rarely to his capital, disliking the vicinity of his masters and spending most of his time hunting from a palace fifty miles off, when he does come he reminds his people sharply that he is still Amir, by taking a dozen of them from the prison and having their throats cut in the open bazaar. The Russians have abolished the sale of slaves and the native method of execution by trussing the hapless criminals like fowls and flinging them from the top of the great tower. But otherwise they have left Bokhara as it was, and, above all, they have left untouched the prison of execrable memory. Here it was that the two English officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly,

sent on a diplomatic mission from the Indian Government in 1843, were flung into the pit where sheep-ticks, most loathsome of insects, were bred and fed for the purpose of gnawing the flesh from the bones of living men. Only after this torture of inconceivable horror were they taken out and slaughtered. Among the miserable wretches chained to the wall in the black dungeon of the old prison I stood over this pit, now filled in, and so shocking was the sight about me that even that most horrible of all fates took shape in the imagination. For these men, laden with heavy chains from which they had not been free perhaps for years, never knew when the door was opened that it was not the executioner and his knife coming for them. I bought bread and water for them and was rewarded with almost heart-breaking thanks, and as I left—so long does hope last—I saw that an old woman telling fortunes had slipped in behind me and was predicting good luck for a stray copper.

My journey in Central Asia finished at Osh, beyond the farthest point of the railway, for I was anxious to see a district that this civilizing agent had not touched. If I had proceeded, my next station would have been to Kashgar. But I satisfied myself that even here Russian authority meant peace, safety, and civilization. If there is a rebellion, as I think there may be, it will be made by the Bokharans eager to exchange their tyrannical and corrupt government for the justice and mildness and commerce of Russian rule. Therefore my last word must be a tribute to Russia, not alone for the greatness of her conquest of Central Asia, but also for the comparative happiness of the native peoples which is its result.

THE ANGEL AT THE GRAVE

By Edith Wharton



THE House stood a few yards back from the elm-shaded village street, in that semi-publicity sometimes cited as a democratic protest against old-world standards of domestic exclusiveness. This candid exposure to the public eye is more probably a result of the gregariousness which, in the New England bosom, oddly coexists with a shrinking from direct social contact; most of the inmates of such houses preferring that furtive intercourse which is the result of observations through shuttered windows and a categorical acquaintance with the neighboring clothes-lines. The House, however, faced its public with a difference. For sixty years it had written itself with a capital letter, had self-consciously squared itself in the eye of an admiring nation. The most searching inroads of village intimacy hardly counted in a household that opened on the universe; and a lady whose door-bell was at any moment liable to be rung by visitors from London or Vienna was not likely to flutter up-stairs when she observed a neighbor "stepping over."

The solitary inmate of the Anson House owed this induration of the social texture to the most conspicuous accident in her annals: the fact that she was the only grand-daughter of the great Orestes Anson. She had been born, as it were, into a museum, and cradled in a glass case with a label; the first foundations of her consciousness being built on the rock of her grand-father's celebrity. To a little girl who acquires her earliest knowledge of literature through a *Reader* embellished with fragments of her ancestor's prose, that personage necessarily fills an heroic space in the foreground of life. To communicate with one's Past through the impressive medium of print, to have, as it were, a footing in every library in the country, and an acknowledged kinship with that world-diffused clan, the descendants of the great, was to be pledged to a

standard of manners that amazingly simplified the lesser relations of life. The village street on which Paulina Anson's youth looked out led to all the capitals of Europe; and over the roads of intercommunication unseen caravans bore back to the elm-shaded House the tribute of an admiring world.

Fate seemed to have taken a direct share in fitting Paulina for her part as the custodian of this historic dwelling. It had long been secretly regarded as a "visitation" by the great man's family that he had left no son and that his daughters were not "intellectual." The ladies themselves were the first to lament their deficiency, to own that nature had denied them the gift of making the most of their opportunities. A profound veneration for their parent and an unswerving faith in his doctrines had not amended their congenital incapacity to understand what he had written. Laura, who had her moments of mute rebellion against destiny, had sometimes thought how much easier it would have been if their progenitor had been a poet; for she could recite with feeling portions of "The Culprit Fay" and of the poems of Mrs. Hemans; and Phœbe, who was more conspicuous for memory than imagination, kept an album filled with "selections." But the great man was a philosopher; and to both daughters respiration was difficult on the cloudy heights of metaphysic. The situation would have been intolerable but for the fact that, while Phœbe and Laura were still at school, their father's fame had passed from the open ground of conjecture to the chill privacy of certitude. Dr. Anson had in fact achieved one of those anticipated immortalities not uncommon at a time when people were apt to base their literary judgments on their emotions, and when to affect plain food and despise England went a long way toward establishing a man's intellectual pre-eminence. Thus, when the daughters were called on to strike a filial attitude about their parent's pedestal there was little to do but to pose

gracefully and point upward; and there are spines to which the immobility of worship is not a strain. A legend had by this crystallized about the great Orestes, and it was of more immediate interest to the public to hear what brand of tea he drank, and whether he took off his boots in the hall, than to rouse the drowsy echo of his dialectic. A great man never draws so near his public as when it has become unnecessary to read his books and is still interesting to know what he eats for breakfast.

As recorders of their parent's domestic habits, as pious scavengers of his waste-paper basket, the Misses Anson were unexcelled. They always had an interesting anecdote to impart to the literary pilgrim, and the tact with which, in later years, they intervened between the public and the growing inaccessibility of its idol, sent away many an enthusiast satisfied to have touched the veil before the sanctuary. Still it was felt, especially by old Mrs. Anson, who survived her husband for some years, that Phœbe and Laura were not worthy of their privileges. There had been a third daughter so unworthy of hers that she had married a distant cousin, who had taken her to live in a new Western community where the *Works of Orestes Anson* had not yet become a part of the civic consciousness; but of this daughter little was said, and she was tacitly understood to be excluded from the family heritage of fame. In time, however, it appeared that the traditional penny with which she had been cut off had been invested to unexpected advantage; and the interest on it, when she died, returned to the Anson House in the shape of a granddaughter who was at once felt to be what Mrs. Anson called a "compensation." It was Mrs. Anson's firm belief that the remotest operations of nature were governed by the centripetal force of her husband's greatness; and that Paulina's exceptional intelligence could be explained only on the ground that she was designed to act as the guardian of the family temple.

The House, by the time Paulina came to live in it, had already acquired the publicity of a place of worship; not the perfumed chapel of a romantic idolatry, but the cold clean empty meeting-house of ethical enthusiasms. The ladies lived on

its outskirts, as it were, in cells that left the central fane undisturbed. The very position of the furniture had come to have a ritual significance; the sparse ornaments were the offerings of kindred intellects, the steel engravings by Raphael Morghen marked the Via Sacra of a European tour, and the black-walnut desk with its bronze inkstand modelled on the Pantheon was the altar of this bleak temple of thought.

To a child compact of enthusiasms, and accustomed to pasture them on the scanty herbage of a new social soil, the atmosphere of the old house was full of floating nourishment. In the compressed perspective of Paulina's outlook it stood for a monument of ruined civilizations, and its white portico opened on legendary distances. Its very aspect was impressive to eyes that had first surveyed life from the jig-saw "residence" of a raw-edged Western town. The high-ceilinged rooms, with their panelled walls, their polished mahogany, their portraits of triple-stocked ancestors and of ringleted "females" in crayon, furnished the child with the historic scenery against which a young imagination constructs its vision of the past. To other eyes the cold spotless thinly furnished interior might have suggested the shuttered mind of a maiden-lady who associates fresh air and sunlight with dust and discoloration; but it is the eye which supplies the coloring-matter, and Paulina's brimmed with the richest hues.

Nevertheless, the House did not immediately dominate her. She had her confused out-reachings toward other centres of sensation, her vague intuition of a heliocentric system; but the attraction of habit, the steady pressure of example, gradually fixed her roving allegiance and she bent her neck to the yoke. Vanity had a share in her subjugation; for it had early been discovered that she was the only person in the family who could read her grandfather's works. The fact that she had perused them with delight at an age when (even presupposing a metaphysical bias) it was impossible for her to understand them, seemed to her aunts and grandmother sure evidence of predestination. Paulina was to be the interpreter of the oracle, and the philosophic fumes so vertiginous to meaner minds would throw her into the needed condition of clairvoyance. Noth-

ing could have been more genuine than the emotion on which this theory was based. Paulina, in fact, delighted in her grandfather's writings. His sonorous periods, his mystic vocabulary, his bold flights into the rarefied air of the abstract, were thrilling to a fancy unhampered by the need of definitions. This purely verbal pleasure was supplemented later by the excitement of gathering up crumbs of meaning from the rhetorical board. What could have been more stimulating than to construct the theory of a girlish world out of the fragments of this Titanic cosmogony? Before Paulina's opinions had reached the stage when ossification sets in, their form was fatally predetermined.

The fact that Dr. Anson had died and that his apotheosis had taken place before his young priestess's induction to the temple, made her ministrations easier and more inspiring. There were no little personal traits—such as the great man's manner of helping himself to salt, or the guttural cluck that started the wheels of speech—to distract the eye of young veneration from the central fact of his divinity. A man whom one knows only through a crayon portrait and a dozen yellowing tomes on free-will and intuition is at least secure from the belittling effects of intimacy.

Paulina thus grew up in a world readjusted to the fact of her grandfather's greatness; and as each organism draws from its surroundings the kind of nourishment most needful to its growth, so from this somewhat colorless conception she absorbed warmth, brightness, and variety. Paulina was the type of woman who transmutates thought into sensation and nurses a theory in her bosom like a child.

In due course Mrs. Anson "passed away"—no one died in the Anson vocabulary—and Paulina became more than ever the foremost figure of the commemorative group. Laura and Phebe, content to leave their father's glory in more competent hands, placidly lapsed into needlework and fiction, and their niece stepped into immediate prominence as the chief "authority" on the great man. Historians who were "getting up" the period wrote to consult her and to borrow documents; ladies with inexplicable yearnings begged for an interpretation of phrases which had "influenced" them, but which

they had not quite understood; critics applied to her to verify some doubtful citation or to decide some disputed point in chronology; and the great tide of thought and investigation kept up a continuous murmur on the quiet shores of her life.

An explorer of another kind disembarked there one day in the shape of a young man to whom Paulina was primarily a kissable girl, with an after-thought in the shape of a grandfather. From the outset it had been impossible to fix Hewlett Winsloe's attention on Dr. Anson. The young man behaved with the innocent profanity of infants sporting on a tomb. His excuse was that he came from New York, a Cimmerian outskirt which survived in Paulina's geography only because Dr. Anson had gone there once or twice to lecture. The curious thing was that she should have thought it worth while to find excuses for young Winsloe. The fact that she did so had not escaped the attention of the village; but people, after a gasp of awe, said it was the most natural thing in the world that a girl like Paulina Anson should think of marrying. It would certainly seem a little odd to see a man in the House, but young Winsloe would of course understand that the Doctor's books were not to be disturbed, and that he must go down to the orchard to smoke. The village had barely framed this *modus vivendi* when it was convulsed by the announcement that young Winsloe declined to live in the House on any terms. Hang going down to the orchard to smoke! He meant to take his wife to New York. The village drew its breath and watched.

Did Persephone, snatched from the warm fields of Enna, peer half-consentingly down the chasm that opened at her feet? Paulina, it must be owned, hung a moment over the black gulf of temptation. She would have found it easy to cope with a deliberate disregard of her grandfather's rights; but young Winsloe's unconsciousness of that shadowy claim was as much a natural function as the falling of leaves on a grave. His love was an embodiment of the perpetual renewal which to some tender spirits seems a crueller process than decay.

On women of Paulina's mould this piety toward implicit demands, toward the ghosts of dead duties walking unappeased

among usurping passions, has a stronger hold than any tangible bond. People said that she gave up young Winsloe because her aunts disapproved of her leaving them; but such disapproval as reached her was an emanation from the walls of the House, from the bare desk, the faded portraits, the dozen yellowing tomes that no hand but hers ever lifted from the shelf.

II

AFTER that the House possessed her. As if conscious of its victory it imposed a conqueror's claims. It had once been suggested that she should write a life of her grandfather, and the task from which she had shrunk as from a too-oppressive privilege now shaped itself into a justification of her course. In a burst of filial pantheism she tried to lose herself in the vast ancestral consciousness. Her one refuge from scepticism was a blind faith in the magnitude and the endurance of the idea to which she had sacrificed her life, and with a passionate instinct of self-preservation she labored to fortify her position.

The preparations for the *Life* led her through byways that the most scrupulous of the previous biographers had left unexplored. She accumulated her material with a blind animal patience, unconscious of fortuitous risks. The years stretched before her like some vast blank page spread out to receive the record of her toil; and she had a mystic conviction that she would not die till her work was accomplished.

The aunts, sustained by no such high purpose, withdrew in turn to their respective divisions of the Anson "plot," and Paulina remained alone with her task. She was forty when the book was completed. She had travelled little in her life, and it had become more and more difficult to her to leave the House even for a day; but the dread of entrusting her document to a strange hand made her decide to carry it herself to the publisher. On the way to Boston she had a sudden vision of the loneliness to which this last parting condemned her. All her youth, all her dreams, all her renunciations lay in that neat bundle on her knee. It was not so

much her grandfather's life as her own that she had written; and the knowledge that it would come back to her in all the glorification of print was of no more help than, to a mother's grief, the assurance that the lad she must part with will return with epaulets.

She had naturally addressed herself to the firm which had published her grandfather's works. Its founder, a personal friend of the philosopher's, had survived the Olympian group of which he had been a subordinate member long enough to bestow his octogenarian approval on Paulina's pious undertaking. But he had died soon afterward; and Miss Anson found herself confronted by his grandson, a person with a brisk commercial view of his trade, who was said to have put "new blood" into the firm.

This gentleman listened attentively, fingering her manuscript as though literature were a tactile substance; then, with a confidential twist of his revolving chair, he emitted the verdict: "We ought to have had this ten years sooner."

Miss Anson took the words as an allusion to the repressed avidity of her readers. "It has been a long time for the public to wait," she solemnly assented.

The publisher smiled. "They haven't waited," he said.

She looked at him strangely. "Haven't waited?"

"No — they've gone off; taken another train. Literature's like a big railway station now, you know: there's a train starting every minute. People are not going to hang round the waiting-room. If they can't get to a place when they want to they go somewhere else."

The application of this parable cost Miss Anson several minutes of throbbing silence. At length she said: "Then I am to understand that the public is no longer interested in—in my grandfather?" She felt as though heaven must blast the lips that risked such a conjecture.

"Well, it's this way. He's a name still, of course. People don't exactly want to be caught not knowing who he is; but they don't want to spend two dollars finding out, when they can look him up for nothing in any biographical dictionary."

Miss Anson's world reeled. She felt

herself adrift among mysterious forces, and no more thought of prolonging the discussion than of opposing an earthquake with argument. She went home carrying the manuscript like a wounded thing. On the return journey she found herself travelling straight toward a fact that had lurked for months in the background of her life, and that now seemed to await her on the very threshold: the fact that fewer visitors came to the House. She owned to herself that for the last four or five years the number had steadily diminished. Engrossed in her work, she had noted the change only to feel thankful that she had fewer interruptions. There had been a time when, at the travelling season, the bell rang continuously, and the ladies of the House lived in a chronic state of "best silks" and expectation. It would have been impossible then to carry on any consecutive work; and she now saw that the silence which had gathered round her task had been the hush of death.

Not of *his* death! The very walls cried out against the implication. It was the world's enthusiasm, the world's faith, the world's loyalty that had died. A corrupt generation that had turned aside to worship the brazen serpent. Her heart yearned with a prophetic passion over the lost sheep straying in the wilderness. But all great glories had their interlunar periods; and in due time her grandfather would once more flash full-orbed upon a darkling world.

The few friends to whom she confided her adventure reminded her with tender indignation that there were other publishers less subject to the fluctuations of the market; but much as she had braved for her grandfather, she could not again brave that particular probation. She found herself, in fact, incapable of any immediate effort. She had lost her way in a labyrinth of conjecture where her worst dread was that she might put her hand upon the clew.

She locked up the manuscript and sat down to wait. If a pilgrim had come just then the priestess would have fallen on his neck; but she continued to celebrate her rites alone. It was a double solitude; for she had always thought a great deal more of the people who came to see the House than of the people who came

to see her. She fancied that the neighbors kept a keen eye on the path to the house; and there were days when the figure of a stranger strolling past the gate seemed to focus upon her the scorching sympathies of the village. For a time she thought of travelling; of going to Europe, or even to Boston; but to leave the House now would have seemed like deserting her post. Gradually her scattered energies centred themselves in the fierce resolve to understand what had happened. She was not the woman to live long in an unmapped country or to accept as final her private interpretation of phenomena. Like a traveller in unfamiliar regions, she began to store for future guidance the minutest natural signs. Unflinchingly she noted the accumulating symptoms of indifference that marked her grandfather's descent toward posterity. She passed from the heights on which he had been grouped with the sages of his day to the lower level where he had come to be "the friend of Emerson," "the correspondent of Hawthorne," or (later still) "the Dr. Anson" mentioned in their letters. The change had taken place as slowly and imperceptibly as a natural process. She could not say that any ruthless hand had stripped the leaves from the tree: it was simply that, among the evergreen glories of his group, her grandfather's had proved deciduous.

She had still to ask herself why. If the decay had been a natural process, was it not the very pledge of renewal? It was easier to find such arguments than to be convinced by them. Again and again she tried to drug her solicitude with analogies; but at last she saw that such expedients were but the expression of a growing incredulity. The best way of proving her faith in her grandfather was not to be afraid of his critics. She had no notion where these shadowy antagonists lurked; for she had never heard of the great man's doctrine being directly combated. Oblique assaults there must have been, however, Parthian shots at the giant that none dared face; and she thrust to close with such assailants. The difficulty was to find them. She began by re-reading the *Works*; thence she passed to the writers of the same school, those whose rhetoric bloomed perennial in *First Read-*

ers from which her grandfather's prose had long since faded. Amid that clamor of far-off enthusiasms she detected no controversial note. The little knot of Olympians held their views in common with an early-Christian promiscuity. They were continually proclaiming their admiration for each other, the public joining as chorus in this guileless antiphon of praise; and she discovered no traitor in their midst.

What then had happened? Was it simply that the main current of thought had set another way? Then why did the others survive? Why were they still marked down as tributaries to the philosophic stream? This question carried her still farther afield, and she pressed on with the passion of a champion whose reluctance to know the worst might be construed into a doubt of his cause. At length—slowly but inevitably—an explanation shaped itself. Death had overtaken the doctrines about which her grandfather had draped his cloudy rhetoric. They had disintegrated and been reabsorbed, adding their little pile to the dust drifted about the mute lips of the Sphinx. The great man's contemporaries had survived not by reason of what they taught, but of what they were; and he, who had been the mere mask through which they mouthed their lesson, the instrument on which their tune was played, lay buried deep among the obsolete tools of thought.

The discovery came to Paulina suddenly. She looked up one evening from her reading, and it stood before her like a ghost. It had entered her life with stealthy steps, creeping close before she was aware of it. She sat in the library, among the carefully tended books and portraits; and it seemed to her that she had been walled alive into a tomb hung with the effigies of dead ideas. She felt a desperate longing to escape into the outer air, where people toiled and loved, and living sympathies went hand in hand. It was the sense of wasted labor that oppressed her; of two lives consumed in that ruthless process that uses generations of effort to build a single cell. There was a dreary parallel between her grandfather's fruitless toil and her own unprofitable sacrifice. Each in turn had kept vigil by a corpse.

III

THE bell rang—she remembered it afterward—with a loud thrilling note. It was what they used to call the "visitor's ring"; not the tentative tinkle of a neighbor dropping in to borrow a sauce-pan or discuss parochial incidents, but a decisive summons from the outer world.

Miss Anson put down her knitting and listened. She sat upstairs now, making her rheumatism an excuse for avoiding the rooms below. Her interests had insensibly adjusted themselves to the perspective of her neighbors' lives, and she wondered—as the bell re-echoed—if it could mean that Mrs. Hemmings' baby had come. Conjecture had time to ripen into certainty, and she was limping toward the closet where her cloak and bonnet hung, when her little maid fluttered in with the announcement: "A gentleman to see the house."

"The House?"

"Yes, m'm. I don't know what he means," faltered the messenger, whose memory did not embrace the period when such announcements were a daily part of the domestic routine.

Miss Anson glanced at the proffered card. The name it bore—Mr. George Corby—was unknown to her, but the blood rose to her languid cheek. "Hand me my Mechlin cap, Katy," she said, trembling a little, as she laid aside her walking-stick. She put the cap on before the mirror, with rapid unsteady touches. "Did you draw up the library blinds?" she breathlessly asked.

She had gradually built up a wall of commonplace between herself and her illusions, but at the first summons of the past filial passion swept away the frail barriers of expediency.

She walked downstairs so hurriedly that her stick clicked like a girlish heel; but in the hall she paused, wondering nervously if Katy had put a match to the fire. The autumn air was cold and she had the reproachful vision of a visitor with elderly ailments shivering by her inhospitable hearth. She thought instinctively of the stranger as a survivor of the days when such a visit was a part of the young enthusiast's itinerary.

The fire was unlit and the room forbiddingly cold; but the figure which, as Miss Anson entered, turned from a lingering scrutiny of the book-shelves, was that of a fresh-eyed sanguine youth clearly independent of any artificial caloric. She stood still a moment, feeling herself the victim of some anterior impression that made this robust presence an insubstantial thing; but the young man advanced with an air of genial assurance which rendered him at once more real and more reminiscent.

"Why this, you know," he exclaimed, "is simply immense!"

The words, which did not immediately present themselves as slang to Miss Anson's unaccustomed ear, echoed with an odd familiarity through the academic silence.

"The room, you know, I mean," he explained with a comprehensive gesture. "These jolly portraits, and the books—that's the old gentleman himself over the mantelpiece, I suppose?—and the elms outside, and—the whole business. I do like a congruous background—don't you?"

His hostess was silent. No one but Hewlett Winsloe had ever spoken of her grandfather as "the old gentleman."

"It's a hundred times better than I could have hoped," her visitor continued, with a cheerful disregard of her silence. "The seclusion, the remoteness, the philosophic atmosphere—there's so little of that kind of flavor left! I should have simply hated to find that he lived over a grocery, you know. I had the deuce of a time finding out where he *did* live," he began again, after another glance of parenthetical enjoyment. "But finally I got on the trail through some old book on Brook Farm. I was bound I'd get the environment right before I did my article."

Miss Anson, by this time, had recovered sufficient self-possession to seat herself and assign a chair to her visitor.

"Do I understand," she asked slowly, following his rapid eye about the room, "that you intend to write an article about my grandfather?"

"That's what I'm here for," Mr. Corby genially responded; "that is, if you're willing to help me; for I can't get on without your help," he added with a confident smile.

There was another pause, during which Miss Anson noticed a fleck of dust on the faded leather of the writing-table and a fresh spot of discoloration in the right-hand upper corner of Raphael Morghen's "Parnassus."

"Then you believe in him?" she said, looking up. She could not tell what had prompted her; the words rushed out irresistibly.

"Believe in him?" Corby cried, springing to his feet. "Believe in Orestes Anson? Why, I believe he's simply the greatest—the most stupendous—the most phenomenal figure we've got!"

The color rose to Miss Anson's brow. Her heart was beating passionately. She kept her eyes fixed on the young man's face, as though it might vanish if she looked away.

"You—you mean to say this in your article?" she asked.

"Say it? Why, the facts will say it," he exulted. "The baldest kind of a statement would make it clear. When a man is as big as that he doesn't need a pedestal!"

Miss Anson sighed. "People used to say that when I was young," she murmured. "But now——"

Her visitor stared. "When you were young? But how did they know—when the thing hung fire as it did? When the whole edition was thrown back on his hands?"

"The whole edition—what edition?" It was Miss Anson's turn to stare.

"Why, of his pamphlet—the pamphlet—the one thing that counts, that survives, that makes him what he is! For heaven's sake," he tragically adjured her, "don't tell me there isn't a copy of it left!"

Miss Anson was trembling slightly. "I don't think I understand what you mean," she faltered, less bewildered by his vehemence than by the strange sense of coming on an unexplored region in the very heart of her dominions.

"Why, his account of the *amphioxus*, of course! You can't mean that his family didn't know about it—that *you* don't know about it? I came across it by the merest accident myself, in a letter of vindication that he wrote in 1830 to an old scientific paper; but I understood there were journals—early journals; there must be refer-

ences to it somewhere in the 'twenties. He must have been at least ten or twelve years ahead of Yarrell; and he saw the whole significance of it, too—he saw where it led to. As I understand it, he actually anticipated in his pamphlet Saint Hilaire's theory of the universal type, and supported the hypothesis by describing the notochord of the amphioxus as a cartilaginous vertebral column. The specialists of the day jeered at him, of course, as the specialists in Goethe's time jeered at the plant-metamorphosis. As far as I can make out, the anatomists and zoologists were down on Dr. Anson to a man; that was why his cowardly publishers went back on their bargain. But the pamphlet must be here somewhere—he writes as though, in his first disappointment, he had destroyed the whole edition; but surely there must be at least one copy left?"

His scientific jargon was as bewildering as his slang; and there were even moments in his discourse where Miss Anson ceased to distinguish between them; but the suspense with which he continued to gaze on her acted as a challenge to her scattered thoughts.

"The *amphioxus*," she murmured, half-rising. "It's an animal, isn't it—a fish? Yes, I think I remember." She sank back with the inward look of one who retraces some lost line of association.

Gradually the distance cleared, the details started into life. In her researches for the biography she had patiently followed every ramification of her subject, and one of these overgrown paths now led her back to the episode in question. The great Orestes's title of "Doctor" had in fact not been merely the spontaneous tribute of a national admiration; he had actually studied medicine in his youth, and his diaries, as his granddaughter now recalled, showed that he had passed through a brief phase of anatomical ardor before his attention was diverted to super-sensual problems. It had indeed seemed to Paulina, as she scanned those early pages, that they revealed a spontaneity, a freshness of feeling somehow absent from his later lucubrations—as though this one emotion had reached him directly, the others through some intervening medium. In the excess of her commemorative zeal, she had even struggled through the un-

intelligible pamphlet to which a few lines in the journal had bitterly directed her. But the subject and the phraseology were alien to her, and unconnected with her conception of the great man's genius; and after a hurried perusal she had averted her thoughts from the episode as from a revelation of failure. At length she rose a little unsteadily, supporting herself against the writing-table. She looked hesitatingly about the room; then she drew a key from her old-fashioned reticule and unlocked a drawer beneath one of the book-cases. Young Corby watched her breathlessly. With a tremulous hand she turned over the dusty documents that seemed to fill the drawer. "Is this it?" she said, holding out a thin discolored volume.

He seized it with a gasp. "Oh, by George," he said, dropping into the nearest chair.

She stood observing him strangely as his eye devoured the mouldy pages.

"Is this the only copy left?" he asked at length, looking up for a moment as a thirsty man lifts his head from his glass.

"I think it must be. I found it long ago, among some old papers that my aunts were burning up after my grandmother's death. They said it was of no use—that he'd always meant to destroy the whole edition and that I ought to respect his wishes. But it was something *he* had written; to burn it was like shutting the door against his voice—against something he had once wished to say, and that nobody had listened to. I wanted him to feel that I was always here, ready to listen, even when others hadn't thought it worth while; and so I kept the pamphlet, meaning to carry out his wish and destroy it before my death."

Her visitor gave a groan of retrospective anguish. "And but for me—but for today—you would have?"

"I should have thought it my duty."

"Oh, by George—by George," he repeated, subdued afresh by the inadequacy of speech.

She continued to watch him in silence. At length he jumped up and impulsively caught her by both hands.

"He's bigger and bigger!" he almost shouted. "He simply leads the field! You'll help me go to the bottom of this,

won't you? We must turn out all the papers—letters, journals, memoranda. He must have made notes. He must have left some record of what led up to this. We must leave nothing unexplored. By Jove," he cried, looking up at her with his bright convincing smile, "do you know you're the granddaughter of a Great Man?"

Her color flickered like a girl's. "Are you—sure of him?" she whispered, as though putting him on his guard against a possible betrayal of trust.

"Sure! Sure! My dear lady—" he measured her again with his quick confident glance. "Don't *you* believe in him?"

She drew back with a confused murmur. "I—used to." She had left her hands in his: their pressure seemed to send a warm current to her heart. "It ruined my life!" she cried with sudden passion. He looked at her perplexedly.

"I gave up everything," she went on wildly, "to keep *him* alive. I sacrificed myself—others—I nursed his glory in my bosom, and it died—and left me—left me here alone." She paused and gathered her courage with a gasp. "Don't make the same mistake!" she warned him.

He shook his head, still smiling. "No danger of that! You're not alone, my dear lady. He's here with you—he's come back to you to-day. Don't you see what's happened? Don't you see that it's your

love that has kept him alive? If you'd abandoned your post for an instant—let things pass into other hands—if your wonderful tenderness hadn't perpetually kept guard—this might have been—must have been—irretrievably lost." He laid his hand on the pamphlet. "And then—then he *would* have been dead!"

"Oh," she said, "don't tell me too suddenly!" And she turned away and sank into a chair.

The young man stood watching her in an awed silence. For a long time she sat motionless, with her face hidden, and he thought she must be weeping.

At length he said, almost shyly: "You'll let me come back, then? You'll help me work this thing out?"

She rose calmly and held out her hand. "I'll help you," she declared.

"I'll come to-morrow, then. Can we get to work early?"

"As early as you please."

"At eight o'clock, then," he said briskly. "You'll have the papers ready?"

"I'll have everything ready." She added with a half-playful hesitancy: "And the fire shall be lit for you."

He went out with his bright nod. She walked to the window and watched his buoyant figure hastening down the elm-shaded street. When she turned back into the empty room she looked as though youth had touched her on the lips.

THE REWARD

By Marie van Vorst

I HEARD the little cricket cry
Last night in the dull rain as I
Put on my dark, my sombre dress.
(I had no ear for happiness!)

And as I braided up my hair
I saw the white threads silvered there,
And on my face the mark of tears,
My only kisses through the years.

Sudden that little voice I heard,
Finer than call of cheerful bird,
A human, tender, crying sound
In the low grasses near the ground.

Just as I said—"I will take Cheer
For Happiness"—your footsteps, Dear,
Fell on the garden-walk, and when
I put my candle out again—

Late in the night, . . . I heard it plain,
The cricket, singing in the rain.

THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT

Edited by Charlotte M. Martin



HOSE who have been so fortunate as to know Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert well, must have been placed often in the position so familiar to the editor of these pages, of listening to a delightful flow of reminiscence, anecdote, and "good talk." That so much of interest should live only in the memories of her friends has been a real sorrow to many of them, and they have often urged the writing of some sort of autobiography. "But why?" she would answer. "I've been so long before the public, that everybody knows all about me. Besides, I am not at all interesting, just by myself. I have always said that actresses and actors, who are good for anything, give the very best of themselves to their audiences when on the stage. The private life doesn't count." Finally came the almost tearful surrender: "I have never done it for anybody, but I will do it for you. I will tell you all I can remember, if you will put it into shape for me." That work has been a labor of love, the only regret being that no pen could express the quick turns of the head, the bright eyes and flushed cheeks, the merry little laugh, that have emphasized and punctuated every good story that has come up during our hours together.

CHARLOTTE M. MARTIN.

I

I WAS born in England, in Rochdale, Lancashire, not far from Manchester. But I couldn't help that, you know. All my professional career, all that I am, really, every inch of me, is American. Why, even my English nephew, when he came to call on me in London, used to stop on the stairs and turn down his trousers. He knew I wouldn't stand such nonsense!

I have a copy of a Rochdale paper, printed when I went back to see the old place in September, 1899, telling me things about my family that I had not known, myself, before. It is odd, though, how distinct some things of those early days are in my mind. I can see the church—chapel they would call it, for my people were strict Wesleyans—where they used to take me, three times every Sunday, into the big old pew. There I sat with my grandfather and aunts, though I had much rather have been with the children of the Sunday-school. They were very good to me, my aunts, but severe. Once in church, they asked me what I was thinking of, and when I answered, quite honestly: "About

my dinner," for I was very hungry, they were immensely shocked. And when we got home from church, I was put to bed without any dinner, to teach me to think of more serious things. I couldn't have been much over five. I am afraid it only taught me to make more clever and less truthful answers.

My grandfather, James Hartley, was a well-to-do man, a printer and the founder of a house still doing business in Rochdale. My father, Samuel Hartley, was his second son, and grew up in the printing business, married, and had us three children. I was thinking the other day, it's funny that, with all the people who have questioned me about myself and with all the folks who have interviewed me, no one has ever asked me about my mother's family. And I owe as much to that strain in my blood as to anything, for on that side I come from the old yeoman stock of England. My mother was a Colborn, and her people were farmers up in the Melton Mowbray district. My uncle Robert, I remember, farmed his own land and leased land as well, owned his hunter and rode to hounds with the rest in that famous hunting country. They were a plain-liv-

ing, hard-riding, open-air race, and their descendants still have the benefit of it all.

The site of the house where I was born is now covered by the Town Hall of Rochdale; it was then known as "The Wood Estate." There were differences between my father and his father. It may have been on religious grounds. I was too little to know. Anyway, my father went up to London to seek his fortune, taking my mother and brother, and leaving my sister and me with our grandparents. My sister, who was a little older than I, was sent for by our parents before very long, but it was some time before I went to London. Once I thought I was going, but found I wasn't. I had been naughty—it happened sometimes, for I was both independent and stubborn—and my youngest aunt said she would have to pack me off to my mother. I was practical and serious-minded, and believed that she meant it, so I went off and began to gather up my belongings. I can see myself, now, coming down with my arms full of little petticoats and night-gowns ready to pack, and it always seems to me a pathetic picture.

Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Daly's company first played in London, we were all out at Sir Henry Irving's—he was plain Henry Irving then—in Hampstead, and Mr. Toole asked me how I came to be so perfectly natural and easy on the stage. I forget what I answered, but in the course of conversation I said, some moments later: "You know I was trained as a dancer." "That explains it," cried Mr. Irving. "Explains what?" somebody asked. "Everything. The ease and naturalness and all." I had never thought the dancing responsible for so much, but I do attribute to that early training my splendid health and spirits, and my long life. You know the famous dancers, Taglioni and the rest, lived to be eighty and over. I was taught in the Ballet School of Her Majesty's in the Haymarket, the old Her Majesty's Theatre that was pulled down only a few years ago to make room for Mr. Tree's present theatre, and the new Carleton Hotel. We were taught in return for such services as we could give, "going on" in the crowd from our very beginning. There was plenty of use for children on the stage in those days of real ballets. I think I

was about twelve when I began. There was some opposition at home, but my mother finally consented, on condition that I neglected none of my home duties. We were carefully brought up, and from the first each had some household work to perform. But it was the training at the theatre that I loved.

It was a very serious profession, dancing. Beginners were often kept a whole year "at the bar" alone. But that needs explanation. Our work-room was a big hall, its floor sloped like a stage, and at the sides were bars. To these we clung with one hand while we practised our side steps. Some members of the class were always at work in this way. Then, from time to time, the professors and great teachers, like Paul Taglioni, came in, and we children would go into the centre of the room and do our steps, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups. This exercise over, there was no sitting down to rest; we were expected to go back to our practising. This practising began with our waking; we were taught to cling to our bed-posts the first thing after getting out of bed, and practice side steps, while all our limbs were soft and warm with sleep. So it went on all day, and we were never in first-rate condition, and ready to do our best as dancers, until we were dead tired! Every motion, every step had its name! It was like a drill, done to slow music; the master would call out certain things, and we did them. Everything was so exact that there was no chance of a mistake. Our costume was simple;—long, rather clinging skirts that came down half-way between knee and ankle, and a fluff of under-skirts. The outstanding gauze skirt of the modern *première* was unknown, and we would not have stood, for a moment, the various forms of undress of to-day. The dancing costume of my day was more discreet than the present ball-dress. Ours was a regular profession, don't you see, and we knew that if a costume seemed unsuitable to us and we refused to wear it, there was no one else to be found who would. I remember in the grand ballet of "The Corsair," the gauze of the Turkish costume offended us, and the manager had to substitute silk.

I danced as child and young woman at Her Majesty's and Drury Lane; they



Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and their son George.
Taken in 1852. From the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

were both royal theatres then, and the pupils of the Ballet School went from one to the other as they were needed. People took their pleasures seriously then in London. The opera would begin at eight, and after that was finished came the grand ballet, often a long play in itself. It was done wholly in pantomime, and the leading dancers had to be masters of that art. There is no one now like that except Madame Cavalazzi at the Empire Music Hall in London. She has the old power, and can express anything with her fingers, face, and toes.

I never did anything to make myself famous in London in the dancing way, but just worked hard, and moved steadily up through the ranks of the ballet to the "second four," and the "first four," the regular stages toward being a first or solo dancer. But I never got so high until after my marriage to Mr. G. H. Gilbert, when I was twenty-five. Then my husband and I did most of our work, and made our little fortune, in the provinces.

Mr. Gilbert's uncle was a famous mas-

ter of the ballet in London, and he himself was both a capital dancer and a good manager of dancers and dances. We toured through England and Ireland. It was what we used to call "barn-storming;" we call it so now, but the thing itself is changed a good deal. Those were the days of a real pit and gallery; the days of the old story of the fight in the gallery when the audience begged the victor not to "waste" his conquered opponent, but to "kill a fiddler with him." They were rough, uproarious days, and perhaps there was more open fighting and drinking than was good to see, but there was real wit, too. I remember once in Dublin we were just going to open our show—we were something like the famous Ravel Brothers, only our work would be serious comedy while theirs was farce—and we went in to see the performance of "Faust," as actors always will go to the play, when not working themselves. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let *Mephistopheles* down to the under-world. He went half-way down, and then stuck;

they hitched him up a bit, and he went down better, but stuck again. They tried two or three times, and then had to lower the curtain with him sticking head and shoulders above the trap. A voice in the gallery shouted out: "Hurrah, boys, hell's full," and the house roared.

We made a good living and laid by money, and finally began to talk of emigrating, and taking up a farm, and becoming private people.

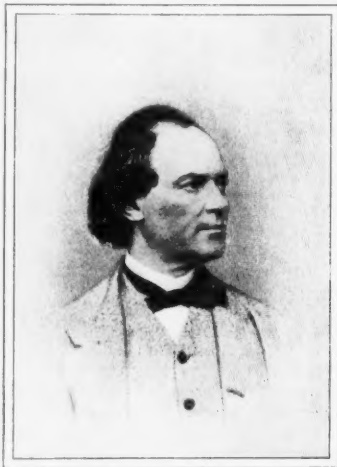
It was a question of either Australia or America, and we decided finally to come to America in 1849. I have always called myself a "forty-niner." It's strange, but only two years ago, in 1899, I said to Mr. Daly: "I wonder if you know how much this year means to me?" He didn't understand, and said so. "Why, in '49 I came to this country, and in '69 I joined your company." I did not dream then that his death was going to make '99 another turning-point in my life.

We chose America, my husband and I, because of some friends of Mr. Gilbert who had "gone out" a year or so before, and taken up land well beyond Milwaukee. They wrote glowing accounts of their settlement, and we took our tiny fortune and went out to join them. Mr. Gilbert liked these people, believed in them, would have given them his last penny. Well, in the end, they got it. And we had to go to work again—but that comes later in my story. In 1849 the world had not yet got over the shock of the loss of the President, the steamer that went down in '41, carrying with it Mr. Tyrone Power, the comedian who was such a favorite throughout America. I had an idea that steamers were dangerous, and insisted on coming by sailing vessel. We did, and it took us five weeks. We came alongside Staten Island on the morning of my birthday, October 21st. We

struck out at once for our Western settlement, making the last of the journey in a regular prairie-wagon. At one point we just escaped a forest fire. The road was very rough, only a few planks and logs laid down over the marshy places, and the wagon bumped and thumped as the horses were whipped up. We were all frightened, and I did not dare say a word. It was only after we were safe that they told me

that if we had not made a certain turning, we should have been caught by the fire.

Of course our new home was very different from what we had expected. I cannot even tell where it is to-day, only that it was on the edge of the wilderness, and all beyond us was the then almost unknown "Indian Territory." As I said, we sunk our little savings there, and then went to work. At least Mr. Gilbert did. I was not able to work, for it was not long before our boy was born. We came east to Milwaukee, travelling for the



John E. Owens.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

first twenty-five miles in an open ox-cart, the only thing we could get. After that we got a wagon, and reached Milwaukee all right. There we had two little rooms, and made a home for ourselves. I always managed to have a home, no matter how small it was. There the boy was born in 1850, and as soon as I was able I, too, went to work.

Mrs. John Drew, in her "Reminiscences," speaks of the very low salaries that she and her mother received when they first came to this country—sixteen dollars a week for the two. Oddly enough, that is exactly what Mr. Gilbert and I got for our services when we began in Milwaukee. Of course, in those days living was much cheaper all over the country, and in a frontier town, as Milwaukee was then, we could be very comfortable on our eight dollars apiece. Everything was most



Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

simple. Our rooms were up an outside stair, and at the head of the stair was a sort of little wash-up place. All the houses were light frame affairs, and although we were fairly near to the theatre, and so in the centre of the town, there was no pretence of a sidewalk beyond a narrow plank walk, and cows and pigs were to be met with on equal terms. We got into the way of carrying a lantern when we went back and forth at night, for those who have never tried can have no idea how huge and terrifying a cow can seem when met suddenly in the dark. We had left our interest in the Western settlement in the hands of our friends. We heard afterward

that the property became valuable, but we never got a penny from it.

It must have been in 1851 that we went first to Chicago. The water-ways were frozen, and we packed our household things on an open cart, and started out in the dead of winter. The rest of our company went by stage, and had ears, noses, and fingers well nipped. We fared better in our open cart, although it meant tearing up our blankets and winding the strips round our legs. Chicago was good to us, and I love the big, noisy place now for the sake of the little town of long ago. John B. Rice was the manager of the only theatre in Chicago, and he used to take



The Worrell Sisters in "La Belle Hélène."

From a photograph by Howell, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

his company between that place and Milwaukee, travelling generally by water, unless it happened to be midwinter.

We were working at our old profession all this time, Mr. Gilbert arranging the ballets, training the dancers, and dancing himself, while I danced in the big ballets and "between the acts." An evening's entertainment was different then. People got their money's worth, and no mistake. The programme began with the serious piece, a drama or tragedy, then came a dance, or "dance with song," and then the farce. This was the usual order, but it was varied somewhat to suit the various stars. I know when Collins came—he was Power's successor as favorite Irish comedian in America—there were sometimes three farces in an evening, and I have acted in all of them, and danced in between! For, while still dancing between the plays, I had begun to take small parts, appearing first as the fairy in "The Cricket on the Hearth." I was less frightened about it, because I knew that my dancing alone was worth the money my manager paid me, and if I failed in the other thing it was nobody's loss but my own. As it happened, no one lost by it, and later, when Mr. Gilbert hurt himself by falling through a trap in the "Naïad Queen," and I had to

do double work for a time, I was thankful for the double resource of acting and dancing. That was only for a time though. Mr. Gilbert never danced again, but he took to being prompter, and then stage-manager. He was a very good manager, too, his wide experience in getting up ballets standing him in good stead.

We left Chicago and went to Cleveland, then to Cincinnati and Louisville, and back to Cincinnati again. Most of my experience and all of my training was got in those towns. Players used to go from place to place then, engaging themselves often for the season only, but we travelled less than most, for I early took to doing old women's parts, and folks didn't seem to want new faces in old women as they did in other parts. Then the old women had to take the heavy parts sometimes, and I would take anything. Some nights I would have seventeen lines, and other nights as many "lengths." A "length," by the way, was forty-two lines. The old term has died out. One never hears it now. I don't know why; I don't know its origin either. It was good all-round



Madame Ponisi as Lady Macbeth.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

training that we got in those days. We had to take the parts given us and do our best with them. I believe, you know, that an actor who is not willing to try everything, and able to do most of it, is not worth his salt. Sometimes, nowadays, I find young people who want to be stars all at once, and to rush on to the high places without waiting for training and experience, refusing the small parts that are steps by the way. So, when the big parts do come—and they come to us all, sooner or later—they are overweighted and overbalanced, and fail. Then they wonder why.

It was in Cincinnati that the little home we always managed to have took the shape of a cosey wooden house not far from the theatre. It was a pretty place, a two-story house set back from the road, behind white palings; white with green blinds, and its narrow front-yard paved with bright red bricks. And all this quite in the centre of the town. Mr. Gilbert was ill at this time. It was not long after his accident, and he spent a good many of his days at the place of a friend outside the town, trying to get well. Our house got speckled and grimy with rain as time went on, although it had been painted so recently that the landlord, who lived next door, would not do anything to it, and only laughed at me when I fretted over it. I loved everything to be spotlessly clean, and got into the way of standing across the road with my boy, and studying the house as it grew more

and more shabby. Finally I said: "I believe we two could wash it." That was one evening, and the next morning we

were up long before light and at work with warm water, soap, and brushes. We tried the big ladder at first, but that fell down, and once down it was too much for us. So what George could not do with the short ladder, I managed to do by reaching out of the bedroom windows. Then we rinsed it off by dashing pails of water up against it. It was all over before the milkman made his morning rounds. Everybody thought I was crazy, and when Mr. Gilbert came home—this was done while he was away, of course—he never said a word about the house, but wanted to know why we had not washed the fence! But, oh, dear, I have not thought of all this for years.

In towns like Cincinnati, Chicago, and Louisville, they used to keep stock companies in the theatres while the stars travelled from place to place, sometimes alone, sometimes with their leading lady only; and sometimes, as in the case of great men like Edwin Forrest, with their "second man," who took all the business arrangements off their shoulders, and played next best parts. Most stars came for a week, some for two, and some for only a few days. The money

arrangements I don't know much about; the star usually took a percentage of the profits, I believe. But Friday night was always the star's benefit, when he did his



Mrs. Gilbert as the *Tuscarora School-marm* and the *Dromajah* in "*Pocahontas*."

From photographs by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

strongest piece and took as his share one-half of the gross receipts. They all played "in repertory," in regulation pieces ranging from Shakespeare to the popular farces of the day; and we knew, when a certain man was coming, pretty much what his plays would be. Still, except for the first night of his engagement, we knew exactly what was coming only from day to day. I was what is known as "a quick study;" one had to be in those days. It was not as bad as it sounds, though, for the same stars came year after year, and we got to know their plays. Although each of us seldom had the same part for two years in succession, we had seen them all done. It was very rare to have an entirely unfamiliar play "sprung" on us, but that did happen to me once, and its story comes later. The fact that I always had my eyes open made things easier for me. I got into the way of watching every part going on around me. To this day I find myself still watching, and I often say to myself: "I wonder if I should do that in just that way, if I were acting that part?"

We would get our Monday part on the Saturday, and that gave us all day Sunday for study; but for the rest of the week we would get the Tuesday part on the Monday, have perhaps a bit of Monday afternoon, and Monday night after the performance, for study, have a rehearsal on Tuesday morning, play the part on Tuesday night, and then begin work on another part for Wednesday night. A different play every night was the rule. "Runs" were unknown; an entire week of one play was an unusual success, and possible only in big centres. Sometimes, when we were not quite sure of ourselves,

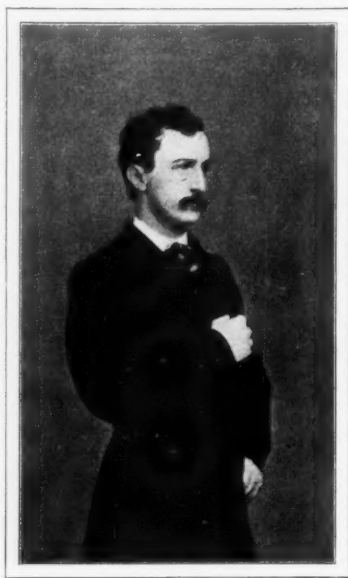
we would take our lines along and study them between the acts, or during our waits. Our call would come, and we would tuck the parts just anywhere, usually under the slender wood-work of the wings; we called it "winging the parts." Then, if the scene were shifted, the parts would be whisked

out of sight and reach, and there would be a great flutter and outcry!

We had to supply our own costumes, and we often made the greater part of them. For a long time I made mine altogether. You can fancy how much time we had for sewing, with all the other work. I remember Mr. Gilbert saying so often: "Do you intend to get to bed to-night at all?" Whenever I bought a dress, it was with an eye to some particular part; but beyond that part lay many another to which the gown could be adapted. We were always on the lookout for things, bits of chintz, laces, and what-not. Our

only guide was the list of costumes printed in the front of the little books of the play. I always liked to follow these lists. I know Mr. Gilbert used to laugh at me and say that, if the directions said I was to black the soles of my boots for a certain part, I would do it. And so I would! Perhaps I would not go quite as far as that, but you may depend upon it that if a thing is printed in the directions it has some reason for being there, and may mean something to the author or audience that we on the stage cannot see. I have always found it safer to follow directions exactly.

In the matter of "make-up," we used only powder and rouge in those days, and very little of them, only just enough to prevent our faces taking a ghastly pallor from the unnatural glare of the footlights. To this day, much painting of the face dis-



J. Wilkes Booth.

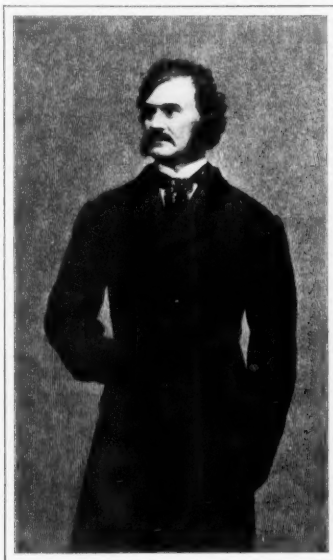
From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

tresses me ; and the excessive blackening of the eyes, and the little red spot in the corners, affect me most unpleasantly. It looks as if the actor had hurt himself badly ! They tell me I never look quite the same in any two parts, but except for this care about detail in costume, which has clung to me always, I do very little to make myself different. Painted age and painted wrinkles never look natural, and I avoided them as much as possible, even when I needed them. I really don't know just *what* I do ; I suppose the constant thinking myself into a part ends in giving me an expression that belongs only to the character I am just then personating. I used to have, at home, a big trunk that I called my theatre-trunk, and the things I needed for each night were sent down to the theatre, that same day, in a sort of champagne basket. Of course we had to be ingenious, and make things do ; I can even remember playing a character in one costume through every act, and for the best of reasons.

The better part of our Western experience was under the management of either Lewis Baker or John Ellsler. Ellsler had been an actor himself in the East, and knew many of the famous actors of that day ; so, when he came to be a manager in Cleveland and Cincinnati, most of the stars who came to him were his personal friends. William E. Burton was, I know. Mrs. Farren and Wallack—J. W. Wallack, a cousin of Lester, and a capital actor himself—had been playing for a week at Mr. Ellsler's theatre, when Burton came, and it was thought best to keep them on to play in his support, during the three days of his stay. I had never seen Burton before, nor did I ever see him after, but in those three

days he played *Aminadab Sleck* in "The Serious Family ;" *Toodles, Jem Baggs*—the "Wandering Minstrel," who won't move on under a shilling—and *Tony Lumpkin*, the most wonderful *Lumpkin* I ever saw. He was always excruciatingly funny, but there was no buffoonery about it.

There was one place, I remember, where three of us had to stand facing him, our backs to the audience, and we were thankful, for it was impossible to keep our faces straight. I have always made a point of keeping my countenance, for a stageful of giggling people upsets an audience. But when I was doing *Lady Creamly* to Mr. Burton's *Sleck* I had to bite my lips until they bled. Besides *Lady Creamly* and *Mrs. Toodles*, I played *Mrs. Hardcastle* in Burton's support. Oh, that *Mrs. Hardcastle* ! I had done the others before, but she was new.



J. W. Wallack.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

On the Saturday before the play was given, I went into the green-room to see the cast for Monday, and to find out what my part was. Mrs. Farren was sitting near. I read the heading, "She Stoops to Conquer ;" I ran my eye down the cast and found I was to be *Mrs. Hardcastle*, an entire stranger to me. "Is she long ?" I asked Mrs. Farren. "Long ?" she answered, "she is all through it, and you will have your hands full." They said my face fell a yard. I did not know a line of the part, had never seen it acted, and had no idea how to dress it. That was Saturday. Sunday morning I woke up with a blind, bilious headache. By noon I was able to take a cup of tea and begin to study. All the afternoon, I spent out in the garden learning my lines, and later my husband found me walking up and down our room in the dark. "What are you

doing?" he asked me. "Studying my part," I answered, and so I was.

Fortunately, Mrs. Mann, who had been doing old women's parts in Mr. Ellsler's theatre, a year or two before, had just returned from a tour in the South with her daughter, Alice Placide, and was boarding opposite us. She was just the one, I thought, to tell me about *Mrs. Hardecastle's* costume, so I ran across to ask. She gave me the pattern for the necessary cap, and I turned out an old chintz gown from my theatre trunk. So, by rehearsal on the Monday morning, I was fairly ready. I asked Mr. Burton about the business of the part. I used to make a point of asking the stars about the business that played up to them. It was really the most important part of it all to them. They did not so much mind how the supports did their parts as parts. What they wanted was to get their own cues properly given, and to find people on their left when they wanted them there, and not wandering about on their right or at the back of the stage.

Mr. Burton was charming and helpful, and kind, very kind to me. He taught me a few little things to do as *Mrs. Hardecastle*, and also told me the exit that Mrs. Hughes always used in the "swamp scene." She was the leading old woman in his New York theatre, and a clever actress. It was not much in particular, that exit, just a trick of picking up her skirts and running off, but I was glad to use it, and it pleased the audience. At rehearsal, Mr. Burton said: "Be sure and don't forget the line you are to say, as you are going off the stage." I was to call "Con-

stance," and so give the man on the scene a chance to say something about constancy. "Oh, dear," I said, "why did you tell me? I shall be sure to forget it." And I did. Or, rather, I put it off so late, that when I finally yelled "Constance," it broke them all up, and the man with the "gag" about constancy could not be heard. Mr. Burton wanted me to go to New York with him and play second to Mrs. Hughes. It was a great compliment, but some years were to pass before I got to New York.

My first real hit was in John Brougham's "*Pocahontas*." I played in it with him often in the West, but only once in New York, when Mr. Daly gave a benefit to him on May 13, 1876, at the second Fifth Avenue Theatre. On that particular afternoon we did "*The Serious Family*," with Maurice Barrymore, Georgie and John Drew in the cast, and "*Pocahontas*," with John Brougham in his old part of

Pocahontas. Was he as delightful as he seemed? Yes, indeed, and ever so much more so. The embodiment of wit and fun, of endless resource and good-humor. Everybody knows the story of the night in New York, while the burlesque was still new, when his *Pocahontas*, Henrietta Hodson, failed to appear, and he carried on the play, giving her lines in his own character of *Pocahontas*, with a prefatory "as my daughter Poky would say;" and so getting through the performance until it became absolutely necessary to bestow something upon *John Rolfe*, for his bride, when he seized a broom from the wings and placed it in the bridegroom's arms with a "take her, my dear fellow."

In those old Western days we had a



John Ellsler.

From a photograph by J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, O. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

Pocahontas, to be sure, but we were short of other people, so I took the *Wee-char-en-da*, the *Tuscarora School-marm*, and the *Dromajah*; they were short parts, and were easily arranged so that one person could handle them. The little dance of the *Dromajah*, which became quite a feature of the rôle, was pure chance in the beginning, as those things often are. I had given a little skip of high spirits on my exit from that scene, and people were amused by it, so that I had to repeat it. Finally, my husband worked up quite a dance for me, and it always got applause. Years after, when I was in Mrs. John Wood's company in New York, we went over to Brooklyn to do "*Pocahontas*" for some special occasion. They were all surprised at my making so much of these small parts. The whole thing was a success in

Brooklyn; the critics said that it was the best rendering of the play since Brougham had done it, and Mrs. John Wood thought it worth her while to put it on at her New York house, where it had a run, she doing *Pocahontas* to the *Powhatan* of William Davidge.

When I was young, making a hit did not mean what it seems to mean now. There was no devoting yourself to one part, or even one line of parts, just because you happened to be good in it, and the audience liked it. A hit meant only that you had put a certain added value to your name, and that managers of stock companies would watch you and remember you. So, although I made a success in a burlesque part, I went on doing old women, and even heavy parts. Why, it

was in the year of the *Tuscarora School-marm* that I did *Lady Macbeth* in Edwin Booth's support. That was in Louisville, Ky. I had seen Booth first as a star in Chicago, on his return from California, where he had been playing with his father. He was always a great actor, and a grand man.

Ah, but things were so simple then! I can remember his doing *Macbeth* in a cheap "property" crown, and very queer robes. But he was a good *Macbeth*, a charming *Romeo*, strong in every part he undertook.

But the most perfect *Romeo*, the finest I ever saw, was the brother, Wilkes Booth. He was very handsome, most lovable and lovely. He was eccentric in some ways, and he had the family failings, but he also had a simple, direct, and charming nature. The love and sympathy between him and



Mrs. John Wood.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

his mother were very close, very strong. No matter how far apart they were, she seemed to know, in some mysterious way, when anything was wrong with him. If he were ill, or unfit to play, he would often receive a letter of sympathy, counsel, and warning, written when she could not possibly have received any news of him. He has told me of this, himself. No, I never felt that it was madness that carried him into the plot to assassinate the President. I know from my own limited experience how high feeling could run in those days. A man lived so wholly with people who thought as he did that anyone on the other side was hateful to him. Whatever drew Wilkes Booth into the plot, it was not quite dare-deviltry. And if the lot fell to him to do the thing, I feel

sure that he went through with it without a backward thought. He had that kind of loyalty, that kind of courage. Perhaps the devotion of a high-strung Nihilist, who believes in his cause, comes nearest to expressing it. I ought to say that this is just my fancy from having known the man.

My playing *Lady Macbeth* was not so strange as it sounds. Heavy parts, as I have said, were often given to the "old women," and managers could not be blamed for getting double work for "single money." And in those days out there, there was no talk of "that's not my work," or "that is not in my line." When Edwin Booth came to Louisville, our leading lady was a little woman. She knew she could not fill the part, and very sensibly did not try. So it fell to me. It was not such a great undertaking, for, in my years of training, I had filled many of the characters in the play, and had lived the rest, for my eyes and ears seemed to take in everything. Beginners in *Macbeth* were sent on as attendant witches, and there I made my start. Then I had been the boy *Donalbain*, and a guest at the banquet, and the gentlewoman who attends the queen. I had even done all the apparitions, one after the other. And that's no laughing matter! To be several ghosts in rapid succession, and give an individual expression and voice to each, takes thought and study, I can tell you. So doing *Lady Macbeth* herself was only moving a little higher in scenes already familiar to me, and I got on pretty well.

We were in Louisville when the war broke out. People who lived in the Northern towns can have no idea how exciting our lives were down there. Kentucky was "Secesh" in her sympathies, and naturally so for many reasons. It used to

be said that it was the editor of the *Louisville Journal* who kept the State in the Union by his work and his influence. Anyway, she stayed in, but there was bitter feeling everywhere, separating friends and families. Union flags and Confederate flags were run up on private houses, and there was a good deal of quarrelling and free shooting. Across the way from our theatre was a hotel with the usual bar, and it was the scene of many party fights. It got so that no one minded; they simply said: "Another man shot," and went about their business. In those times of hot words and quick firing there was no time to draw pistols, and they shot through their pockets. Mr. Gilbert had a little property there then. The man who looked after it was shot and killed one day. There was no need to ask what the quarrel was about.

We went from Louisville to Covington, and then to Cincinnati, just

across the river. But we were almost as much on the border as ever. Mr. Gilbert joined a company of volunteers called "The Queen City Defenders," that was to guard the town and the pontoon bridge, but was never meant to go to the front. They were called out at any alarm, and sometimes there would be a wild ringing of bells, if there was any danger of a raid. I remember once there was a great disturbance and fright at night; but it was only a small band of young fellows, riding in to join the Union forces, on their own horses, and with no weapons but little guns, such as they would use for bird-shooting, and a pistol or two.

But we were always having alarms. First it would be the rumor of a Southern raid; then of a large Northern force passing through, when we would all turn out and feed them. In any case of that sort,



John Brougham.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., taken in 1861. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

martial law would be declared and everyone would have to be indoors by nine at night. At such times there was no performance, of course; but at other times our theatre would be full, for in such a whirl of excitement people liked to be constantly amused. At a benefit we had in Louisville, one of the town soldiers, who had just returned from the front, recited "Bingen on the Rhine," and was most enthusiastically received. He was one of Louisville's special regiment that had just come home from its three years of service. It had gone out full, it came back hardly fifty men, and those bare-footed and in rags. Yet they could not wait for decent clothes before they re-enlisted.

Even when there was no martial law, the stores and markets were closed at ten in the morning, for all the men had to drill so as to be able to defend the town, if

need be. No one was spared, and it was not safe to be out without some sort of a certificate showing membership of some special company, for the local bands had a way of impressing unattached men, and listening to no protests. Once I know there was an alarm, and it was before Mr. Gilbert had either his certificate or his uniform. He snatched up a stage sword and rushed out of the house, only to be scooped up by a company of city volunteers. He was too clever to struggle with them, and too shrewd to march in the middle of their ranks, as they tried to make him do. He kept on the outside, and got the men friendly and laughing with his chaff and funny stories. He was counting on a stable he had to pass, a place he knew and where he was known. When he got opposite he watched his chance, and scooted through and got well away. When

he was safe home, he told me that that was the last time they should find him out without protection.

They were stirring times, and hard times too, for our salaries were cut down, and all the necessities of life went up. But it was not all so serious. For instance,

our prompter at that time was a very fat man, not tall, and broad out of all proportion. He was as clean as he was fat—spotlessly, unnecessarily clean. One day he had come to the theatre in especial rig; it was midsummer, and he had on white duck trousers and a fine ruffled shirt with no coat or waistcoat. We were having a rehearsal when there came a sudden call to all the men in the town to help in some earth-works that were to be thrown up. Our prompter went with the rest, and oh, the sight he was at the end of a day's work under a broiling sun!

There was not a clean white thing about him.

With all the anxiety and excitement we were not sorry to get away in 1864. I was rather proud, for that season I received five good offers to come East from different managers. One was from Mrs. John Drew in Philadelphia, with whom I had acted in Chicago, when she was Mrs. Mossop; and one was from Mrs. John Wood in New York. I forget where the other three were, but I know there were five in all. We accepted Mrs. John Wood's. She had the Olympic, Laura Keane's old theatre—its site now covered by the business blocks numbered 622 and 624 Broadway—for three years, and during the greater part of her management I played with her. It was curious; Mr. Gilbert had always disliked the idea of going to New York, but this time he seemed to



W. E. Burton.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

favor it, even urged it. "It will be that much nearer home," he said, thinking of England. In two short years he had died here. He lies in Greenwood, and our son George is there too. Another little boy is buried in Cincinnati. I have often thought that I would bring him to Greenwood, to be with his father and brother, but he lies in a beautiful spot, and I visit it whenever I go West. It is better as it is, I think.

If I had known in those early days how strong — and how narrow — the New York theatrical clique was, I think I should never have dared face it. But I had not the faintest notion of it, and I got over all the "high fences" before I knew they existed. Wallack's was everything then. To get into his company was well-nigh impossible, and to be out of it was to be nowhere, to many people's thinking. Fanny Morant, who was at Wallack's then, but joined Mr. Daly's company later, said to me once: "Where did you come from? Where did you learn to act?" I rather enjoyed answering: "Oh, out West." "Well," she said, "we had never heard of you, we did not know what you could do, or who you were, and you walked straight into the affections of New York, before we knew what had happened." All this is not worth quoting, really, except that it shows that they thought nothing could exist outside of New York. John E. Owens—with whom I got my training in old comedy parts—had been anxious that I should begin my Eastern work in some town like Boston, where the prejudice against outsiders, and especially Westerners, was not so strong. "You will work

your way to the front in New York," he said; "there is no fear about that, but it may take many months, or a year and more. In Boston a few performances will do it." He was always a good friend of ours, and I know now that his advice was good, too. But, as it happened, it did not apply to my case, and, as I said, Mr. Gilbert favored New York.

We were hardly settled here when Owens himself came to New York under the management of our old Cincinnati manager, George Wood, of "Wood's Theatre," who had taken the Broadway Theatre, just below the corner of Broome Street, about which I shall have something to say later. He asked me to join his company there, but I would not leave Mrs. John Wood as long as she wanted me. No, there was no relation between the



William Warren.

From a photograph by Ritz, Boston. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

two Woods. Mrs. John Wood is an Englishwoman, although when she went back to her own country, after many years here, she had to combat English prejudice against her "Americanisms." She had played in England as a girl, touring the provinces, and appearing in Manchester, where she was somewhat of a favorite. So she was by adoption, as I was by birth, "A Lancashire Lass." Still, before she married John Wood she was doing light soubrette parts, and was not thought to be anything special. When they came over here, it was John Wood who was the star, but his wife soon came to the front and has stayed there. I think she is the most absolutely funny woman I have ever seen, both on and off the stage. The fun simply bubbled up in her. Then she could sing and dance a bit, and in the burlesques and

farces she did, such as "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," she was inimitable. There were certain parts of hers that I always loved to watch her in, no matter how often I had seen her do them. She was a great favorite in Boston, where she played for many years before coming to New York. Later, she went back to London, and had her own theatre until quite recently. Only two years ago (1899) she made a hit in "The Great Ruby." Now, she has left the stage for good, she says.

When I signed with her, it was for "first old woman's" parts, and any character they thought not quite good enough or long enough for me was given to my second. One day, soon after I began my work at the Olympic, I went into the green-room, and saw that a play called "The Spanish Princess," or some such name, was billed, and the part of the lady's maid was given to my second. I went straight to the stage-manager and said I thought that part belonged to me. "Why, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, "it was such a slight part, that we thought you would not touch it." It *was* a little part, but there was one scene where the maid pretended to be the princess, and did a good deal of "business" with a cloak, that I thought I could make something of, and I did. Mrs. Wood was surprised, and pleased too, and they arranged not to cast a play officially without first submitting it to me. That was pretty good for a beginner.

I can't begin to remember the parts I did at the Olympic; but I know that I began as the *Baroness*, in "Finesse," on September 19, 1864. It was there, too, that I did *Mrs. Gamp*, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," *Betsy Trotwood*, in "David Copperfield," and *Mrs. Wilfer*, in "Our Mutual Friend." I was the first woman to do *Sairy Gamp*, for it had always been considered a man's part. For me to do it was almost as much of a challenge to custom as for a woman to do *Hamlet*. By the way, although I have never done *Hamlet*, I have done *Oswald*. That, too, was with Edwin Booth. It is a light, silly part for a man, anyway, and fell quite naturally to a woman, when the managers were short of people. But that was long before the Olympic days. *Mrs. Gamp* was such a questionable rôle for a woman to take that Mrs. John Gilbert,

who saw me for the first time in that part, refused to express any opinion of my acting, saying it was unfair to criticise any woman in such a character! Later, in speaking of some other performance of mine, she said: "All I can say, Mrs. Gilbert, is that you did it just as I should have done it myself." The dear lady, she meant it as a great compliment. Her husband? In his line, he was the most finished artist I ever saw. William Warren, the Boston actor, was the nearest to him. They were both exquisite gentlemen of the old school. It used to seem as if Sheridan wrote his plays just for them.

It was during my engagement with Mrs. Wood that James Lewis came to the Olympic. His first appearance there was on the night of September 18, 1865, in a little farce called "Your Life's in Danger." He too, was from the West, from Cleveland, where he had been a great favorite. He did not get on in New York at first, for he was very sensitive, and he felt the strong clique that I had not known enough to fear. Then he was unlucky in this; he was at his best, at that period, in the old farces, and these were just going out of vogue here. Toward the end of the season "Robert Macaire" was revived, and he did *Jacques Strop*, and, although he did it well, the piece did not run long, and he soon went away to Boston. It was four years before he came back to join Daly's company, when it was first formed.

Lewis wanted to do just the parts that he knew he could do, and the sympathy of the audience was absolutely necessary to him; he could not work without it. He was what one calls "difficult," in spite of his naturally sweet nature. Still, if he put a high value upon himself and his work, he proved his right to do so. We played opposite parts for nearly thirty years, and I grew to be very fond of him. When he died so suddenly, I hardly had the heart to take up the old rôles again! None of the young men who came on in his old parts knew—or could ever know—the numberless details of business that were so familiar to us two.

When Mrs. John Wood gave up the Olympic, and left New York, I rejoined my old manager, George Wood, at the Broadway Theatre. It was New York's second Broadway Theatre, the first one,

the owners were in earnest when they threatened to tear down the old building and put up stores on its site if he refused to pay a higher rent. But he found, later, that they did mean it, and he found himself out of a theatre. It was under his management that "Caste" was first brought out here in 1867. William Davidge did old *Eccles*, Mrs. Chanfrau and Mrs. Florence were *Esther* and *Polly*, and Mr. Florence was *George d'Alroy*, while I was the *Marchioness*. By the way, the modern talk about marriage interfering with an actress's popularity does not seem to apply to those old days. All of us in this cast were married women, and no one valued our work the less. The *Marchioness* was the first important character I had created in New York, and she got good notices. I always had real sympathy for the fine old lady, with her long tale from Froissart. It was a pretty play, and had the success it deserved.

I always used to say that I played with Forrest in his last engagement in New York. That was at this same Broadway Theatre. But they tell me that he played a short engagement at Niblo's Garden afterward; a few nights only, but just enough to spoil the point of my story! However, he played for six weeks at the Broadway in '67, doing all his great parts, though not with his old vigor, for he had been ill, and seemed broken and old. But his very weakness added a pathos to his work that it had lacked before, and they say that his *King Lear* was most touching at this time. I did not act with him in that play, and, indeed, they spared me as much as they could, for my husband had just died, and my boy was still very ill. But I was the *Queen* in Mr. Forrest's one performance of "Hamlet" during this engagement, and I admired his rendering. In the earlier days his *Hamlet* was too robust, and it had never been among his great successes. But at the time of which I speak it was quite perfect, to my thinking.

He opened this engagement with "Virginius," and I was cast for *Servia*. As I entered and began my lines at rehearsal, he said, quietly: "That's right." From him that meant a great deal, for although he did not storm about as much as people say he did, he seldom praised. He wanted intelligence and care from those

who supported him, and it was probably stupidity and indifference that caused the rages we have heard so much about. Obstinacy annoyed him beyond everything else. They tell a story of a woman who was to have been the *Emelia* to his *Othello*, and who would kneel to the audience, and protest her innocence with her arms in the air in the old-fashioned way, and he could not get her to do it in any other way, or even to look up at him. Now he was a naturalist in his work, one of the first of his profession to step outside the traditions, and in this particular case he lost all patience—he could use an oath or two when he was too much tried—and it all ended in his giving the part to someone else. I did *Emelia* at the Broadway, and strained my voice in the rôle, and so it came about that they borrowed Madame Ponisi from Wallack to do *Lady Macbeth*. I forget the order in which Forrest gave his plays, but I think I did nothing after the *Emelia*, but before that I had done the *Widow Cade* to his *Jack Cade*, and the *Lady Anne* to his *Richard III*. I had played that rôle before with Forrest, in my earlier days. He was then at his best physically, and had the name of having a tremendous temper, but I never saw him angry without cause. He was very muscular, and could pick a man up and throw him off the stage if he liked. In "Damon and Pythias" he really had to do this, and if the man had been stupid, or had done anything Forrest did not like, he was apt to get a bad tumble. I know it got so that the men did not like to take that part, for it might happen that they would be genuinely pitched off the stage, and they never knew how they would land.

It was once in those earlier days that Mr. Forrest had to have someone to do a sword combat with him, and Mr. Gilbert was selected. My husband was a very slender man, and what with all the stories of Forrest's temper and strength, we were rather nervous. But everything went off all right: Mr. Gilbert was graceful and agile, and he knew his business. After the performance Mr. Forrest sent for him to his dressing-room and complimented him. It was a most unusual thing for him to do, everybody told us. Yet to us he was kind always, and his immense vitality

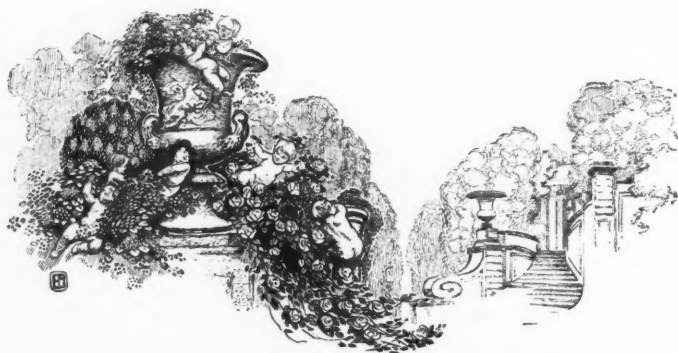
was very helpful to those who worked with him. He was perhaps the most famous person—all told—with whom I ever acted. No, I never acted with Charlotte Cushman, but I met her, and talked with her once in Glasgow. She and her sister Susan, who did *Juliet* to her *Romeo*, and was almost as good an actress as the more famous sister, were playing there.

Charlotte Cushman told me of her own rendering of *Meg Merrilies*, one of her strongest parts. By the way, she always refused to put on the first part of the play, where *Meg* appears as a young woman, for she maintained that two separate women were needed to show the two stages of *Meg's* life. It was in the earlier stage that Miss Rehan was so charming, when she did the part not so many years ago. But the play was much modified then, and *Meg* was more the Spanish gypsy than the weird Scottish peasant. It was in that production by Mr. Daly that I had my little dance as the *Widow McCandlish*, but in the old days I did *Meg* herself. It was then that I remembered how Charlotte Cushman told me she had been used to chant the song in the part, for she could not sing a note, and did not like to have anyone sing for her behind the scenes. After all, that singing behind the scenes is a very false sort of thing to do, and the audience is never deceived.

A certain Englishman, named Bliss, came to star in this country. This was long

before my New York days, you understand. Bliss was a famous *Dandie Dinmont*, and I had to support him as *Meg*. I could not sing at all, and I was very ambitious to try Miss Cushman's plan of chanting the lines to the accompaniment of a few low chords from the orchestra. Now I am so made that I cannot take a pitch from an orchestra, or from any single instrument; the only note I can copy is that of the human voice. So I got a girl who had a musical ear to coach me on the sly, for I knew that my husband, who was stage-manager then, would not like the idea of my challenging comparison with Charlotte Cushman. But I was forever trying to do the things that were almost beyond my reach, and I suppose it is that which has kept me going. It was not until rehearsal that my husband suspected what I had been plotting. I can see his face now, as he stood on one side, superintending things; when the orchestra slowed down for me and he realized what was coming, he turned on his heel and went straight off out of sight. I heard him say, under his breath: "My God, she's going to try it!" I suppose my nervousness added the needed quaver to my voice, for it certainly sounded like that of a very old woman. When I was finished the fiddlers in the orchestra beat softly on the backs of their instruments with their bows—that is their form of applause—and as for me, I went back up the stage, and had a good cry.

(To be continued.)



THE GREEK GALLEY

By George Cabot Lodge

THE sound of the sea, the sway of the song, the swing of the oar !
Out of the darkness, over the naked seas
 Our galley is come
 With a shiver and leap,
 As the blade bites deep
To the sway of back and the bend of knees,
 As she drives for home
Out of the darkness, over the naked seas,
To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the sweep of oar !

The scarlet stars swing low to the ocean's floor
 Made silver and pearl by the slow resurgent sun,
 And the waters break
 To a leprous wake,
 As over the sea the ripples shake
 Between dawn and dark, as for life's sweet sake
 The battle of life is fought and won.
 And evermore,
To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the swing of oar,
 We sever the sentient silences
 With our wind and way, where over the seas
The surf booms steady and strong on the scented shore.

Over the sea's unfurrowed fields
The miracle spreads and the darkness yields.
 O heart that breaks to the strain and stress
 Of sinews bent to the tempered oak,
The golden gates of the dawn express,
Sudden and soft as a girl's caress,
 A glimmer of grass and a flash of wing,
 An echo of prayer to the censer's swing,
 And the altar's pillar of purple smoke.
And over the spray that the rowers fling,
Wide over the tide where the foam-drifts cling,
As the rhythm of muscle and music swing
To the sound of the sea, the sway of the song, the sweep of the oar,
To the crash and cream of waves on the bountiful shore,
 The spring breaks scented over the sea !
 With a leap of sunlight under the lee,
 As she dips her side
 To the masterful tide
And lists till the bilge distils through the cypress floor.

Oh, the lift of blade, oh, the clinging and shifting of naked feet !
The coil of muscle that stiffens and swells to the delicate beat

The Greek Galley

Of breath in the nostrils, of blood in the brain,
 As the earth-smell steals to our sense again
 From the pebble-blue beach where the shadows lie wet and sweet!

We have fought in the noon for breath—
 To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the sweep of oar.
 Our bodies would swing at the oars in death,
 Nor the rhythm of muscle and music cease,
 Nor the weariness end, nor the sad surcease
 Of sorrow absolve us: but evermore
 Our bodies would swing to the pitiless oar
 Till the goal was reached,
 Till the galley was beached,
 Till we tasted the spring in the forests and pleached
 Gardens and vineyards of Greece on the plentiful shore.

The flurry of foam flecked red as the dawn looks over the trees,
 And ever the motion of song and the pulse of ineffable seas
 That empty and echoless break on the exquisite balance of air,—
 And tenderly winged on the morning, a perfumed and delicate breeze
 Where the scent of the sacrifice floats with the distant refrain of a prayer,
 Where the cry of a bird, and the whisper of grass, and the lowing of kine,
 Are borne through the thunder of waves and the smell of the brine.

And behold! We are come, we are there, we shall pass through the fringes
 of foam—
 To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the sweep of oar—
 And the galley be lifted and leap like our hearts for the rest that has come—
 A spot of sunlight rolls on the sunburnt floor!
 She shall shiver and strike through the Sundered spray,
 And the clean fresh sand where the ebb-tides play
 Be gored and gashed with her eager keel;
 And our feet shall feel
 The swash of sea and the crawl of sand
 As we leap to land
 And pause and kneel
 To the sound of prayer,
 While through the air
 The dawn expands till the shadows are passed
 And the noon is over the sea at last.

With our women and slaves, with our oxen and vines, we shall pass from the
 roar
 And the sound of the sea, the sway of the song, the sweep of the oar—
 And stand where the burden of spring on the brows of the hills
 Is heavy and wet—where the tolling of bells and the running of rills
 Persist in our ears—in the warmth of the sun and the wash of the wind,
 In the ceasing of struggle and peace of the mind—
 With the wandering passed—
 We are home at last!

PUNISHMENT AND REVENGE IN CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard



HE war in China has already developed, on the part of the allied powers, three distinct phases—resistance, punishment, and revenge. The first was natural, the second necessary. The third is criminal.

In the beginning the foreign residents, suddenly assailed, stubbornly defended themselves in Tien-tsin and Peking, or wherever the riot-wave caught them. Then, with the landing of large numbers of foreign troops, followed a period when the hostile Chinese were completely defeated in a number of engagements, and all organized opposition effectually stamped out. Tien-tsin had been relieved, Peking occupied, the country for hundreds of miles devastated and looted, and the remnants of armed antagonism torn into shreds or frightened into submission, when the Campaign of Revenge was inaugurated.

This third phase of the trouble, insidiously begun as early as the middle of September, though it then gallantly flaunted some of the colors of real war, culminated in the expedition to Pao-Ting-Fu and the subsequent operations in the south and west of Chihli Province. It may be unfair to place the entire responsibility for the Campaign of Revenge upon the Germans; but it is certain that it would have been promptly nipped in the bud had not Field Marshal Count von Waldersee appeared on the scene.

The Field Marshal, with his glitteringly decorated staff and picked army, reached China to find the war finished. This was evident to all, except badly scared foreign residents and subalterns fretting for a fight. The Field Marshal belongs in neither category, and so should have known the futility of a campaign without an enemy. Nevertheless, he industriously set out to conduct one. In this he was aided and abetted by men who, having done their share of the real work, might have been able to discriminate between making war,

and playing at it with living puppets for targets.

With the taking of Peking, the Boxer movement fell into pieces. During the few weeks which followed, its remnants left an occasional trace as they hastily scurried to cover. A few immobile mobs of half-armed stragglers, of uncertain runners, and utterly destitute of spirit or leadership, roamed about the country, gorging like vultures upon the sombre relics of war. Expeditions sent out by the allies from Tien-tsin and Peking penetrated far and wide. The veteran American cavalry leader, General James H. Wilson, scoured to the north and west of Peking, burned (under orders) some arsenals and temples and returned without having encountered a hostile force. Being a fighter, not a raider, General Wilson took his troops back to Peking and gave his opinion, which has since been fully verified, that the war was finished. Later the Japanese, Russians, and British made extensive reconnaissances, lasting for weeks and embracing a wide area, without developing an enemy. Then followed the period of missionary relief expeditions (called by the army "tribute excursions"), under military escort. These combed the country with a fine tooth, and were productive of nothing but loot, which was the real object. From Tien-tsin an allied expedition, aggregating four thousand troops with field and heavy artillery, laboriously marched forty miles, through water and mud, to Tu-liu, a large town on the Grand Canal where some forty thousand hostile Boxers were reported to be. The town, entered without a shot being fired, was found in the possession of a British non-commissioned officer and two men, who, while scouting ahead of the column, had lost their way and strayed into it, where the inhabitants received them hospitably and gave them food. Having looted and partially burned the town, the column retraced its steps to Tien-tsin, leaving footprints in the shape of charred villages on the landscape.

Still later, Lieutenant Gaussen, who may get a V. C. for gallantly rescuing a private of the Sixth United States Cavalry near Tien-tsin during the trying times of July, while scouting with his troop of Bengal Lancers found the main gate of Han-Wu decorated with the heads of forty Boxers, who had been decapitated by the Chinese authorities under the imperial edicts ordering the suppression of the society. Nearer the coast, the farcical attack on the Pei-Tang forts had resulted in their capture by the Russians and Germans after a resistance so feeble as to compel the belief that the Chinese commander merely fired a few shots to save his military honor, and then decamped. Quang-Chou and Shan-hai-Kuan, controlling the coal supply and railroad, so indispensable to the allies if they remained in China through the winter, were occupied without opposition, the imperial troops retiring without offering to fight and leaving the mines undamaged. These were all regular expeditions—supposedly war, and conducted in all seriousness and with a half-belief in the foe's hostile intent and ability to injure. Scores of small scouting parties and irregular looting excursions had also cobwebbed the country, until scarcely a square mile remained that had not been gone over; and all without encountering a hostile act that could not be directly traced to the aggression or wanton brigandage (it is nothing else) of the allied soldiery.

This condensed sketch of the principal operations of September and early October, embracing the period from the occupation of Peking to the move on Pao-Ting-Fu, conveys an idea of the situation, from a military stand-point, as it existed when Marshal von Waldersee reached North China. Not only had an enemy failed to show anywhere, but evidences of hostility on the part of the people were lacking. The Chinamen would not be human did not such hostility exist, but it was repressed. A veneer of oriental submission to the inevitable concealed sentiments which in a Western race would have found vent in reviling and insults, if not in surreptitious murder. The anti-foreign element realized that its bolt had failed, and that for the time it was beaten. China had bent her neck to the yoke (a galling yoke, too) of

the invaders. She wore her sackcloth with a meek countenance, and bore herself humbly.

Well might she cry quits. The juggernaut of war had crossed one of her most populous provinces, leaving a broad path of smoking villages and desolated homes, trampled on her walled cities and set foot in her capital. Thousands of her people had miserably perished. Millions more were shelterless, facing a bitter winter naked and without food. Had China been at war it would have been high time to terminate the hopeless conflict. But she was not at war, technically. She had merely been afflicted with an irruption which, in the cutting away, had left the nation torn and bleeding. Even her physicians, the countries called civilized, were beginning to shudder as they contemplated the gaping wound, while they rummaged for moral prescriptions with which to poultice it.

War, like all things, runs its course. It generally stops when one combatant expresses contrition and ceases to resist. That the Chinese had ceased, not only to attack, but to offer the slightest resistance when assailed, was so evident by the beginning of October that even the most obtuse European officer might have observed it. The fact that no bodies of armed and hostile Chinese existed anywhere in the locality affected by the war, had been established, by correct military method, beyond peradventure. It was everywhere supported by unmistakable social evidences. The inhabitants who had fled had conquered their well-founded alarm, and were returning to their ruined and dismantled homes. Habitations rose again among the ruins, shattered household effects were gathered, and customary occupations resumed. Civil law came from her retreat, in unfamiliar foreign guise, to hold the wavering scales of justice. The great business arteries, freed from stifling military ligatures, once more began to throb. Shops opened, and the streets filled with jostling and apparently good-humored throngs. In the fields, coolies again took up their flails and hoes. Everywhere were the unmistakable harbingers of peace. Some flickering embers of war—or rather a detestable imitation of it—still remained in Chihli Province. But such as still

glowed, were fanned—I state it flatly—by the allied troops.

To say some of the allies is to speak more exactly, although all must bear a certain degree of responsibility. Some of the powers were quick to realize the change in the complexion of affairs, and acted accordingly. The occupation of the forts along the gulf and adjacent to the railway which runs from Tang-Ku to Shan-hai-Kuan, the only port that can be kept open in winter, was a military necessity and justified by the circumstances. That being accomplished, Russia, Japan, and the United States, having, with England, done the fighting when it really needed to be done, declined to participate in any attempt to prolong it. To the lasting credit of the United States be it said that our conduct through this Chinese trouble has been straightforward and consistent. The Americans fought when there was need to fight, and quit fighting when the enemy threw up his hands. The methods of the Russians and Japs gave a sanguinary tinge to the conflict while it lasted, but they have refrained from kicking a fallen and helpless enemy. This they left to the Germans, who, entirely out of the real fighting, took the lead in the Campaign of Revenge, with England, Italy, and France as allies.

Though there was no hostile army in the field, though the Chinese imperial troops were busy snipping off the frayed ends of the Boxer insurrection, though dozens of scouting expeditions had failed to discover even a guerilla enemy, the war continued full blast on the crowded terrace of the Astor House in Tien-tsin. To sit and listen to the talk as it swung round the ever-shifting groups at the tables, one might gather that in all probability Tien-tsin would be besieged by hordes of Boxers before the week was out. Forty thousand armed fanatics were reported at Tsing-hai, as many more at Hiung-Liu, fully one hundred thousand at Pao-Ting-Fu, and so on to the limit of credulity, which with some people is a wide stretch indeed. You could hear of bloody engagements being fought by patrols only a few miles away, against overwhelming numbers of Boxers. Blood was being shed, and plentifully too. But the non-combatant Chinese population was

furnishing the blood. Nevertheless, the yarns were good ones, and thrilling, if you cared to listen.

The principal purveyor of these reports was the Foreign Resident. In China the Foreign Resident is an institution. His numbers are few, but his importance is big. He has infinite capacity to shed his blood, out of all proportion to the amount usually allotted to man by anatomical works, and may be massacred many times yet still survive. He is as full of apprehension as an egg of meat. Visions of Boxer armies haunt his couch and cloud his waking hours. You will hearken to his tales, perhaps, until you begin to understand that he is profiting greatly by the military occupation, and utilizing the unsettled conditions to line his pocket-book. He will tell you, in one breath, that the Boxers are sure to swoop down on Tien-tsin as soon as winter locks up North China, and that his wife and children are coming up from Shanghai on the next boat. He is a maze of hallucinations and contradictions, and you will end by paying no attention to him and looking at conditions as they actually are.

Still, the Foreign Resident has many people hypnotized. He usually prefaces his remarks with, "I've lived thirty years in China and ought to know something about these people;" and on the strength of it proceeds to fill the listener up. His influence was fading when the German army corps landed. Then his reports of great Boxer armies took a new lease of life. The Germans wanted an enemy very badly, and were eager to believe that one existed. The Foreign Resident had planted a huge and aggressive Boxer army at Pao-Ting-Fu, and was vigorously demanding the razing of that city, which had been the scene of the worst massacre of missionaries. The arduous task of taking Pao-Ting-Fu was hailed with enthusiasm by the newly arrived Germans. It was the opportunity they sought.

In October, when the Germans took the field against the phantoms raised by the Foreign Resident, the Pao-Ting-Fu expedition was not a new idea. It had been on the tapis for some time. Suggested in the beginning of September, it had been postponed from time to time for a variety of reasons. At one time it was

regarded as a military necessity, on the supposition that the place afforded the Boxers a mobilizing point from which they could descend with equal ease on Peking or Tientsin. Then, when the incorrectness of that view became evident, it was advocated as a measure of punishment, which meant revenge. Half a dozen dates had been fixed for the expeditionary force to start, but the weeks drifted by and still the chastisement of Pao-Ting-Fu was deferred. The country was as quiet as roving groups of brigands wearing the uniforms of the allied powers would permit it to be. Russia, Japan, and the United States had declined to participate in any more offensive operations, and were reducing the number of their troops in China as rapidly as circumstances would permit. General Chaffee, who is not given to braggadocio, had stated, in the presence of a number of officers, that he would undertake to march through China from the Great Wall to Canton with a single troop of cavalry. In my opinion, he could have dispensed with the troop of cavalry. Imperial edicts, ordering the people to welcome the foreign troops and commanding the suppression of the Boxers, had emanated from the fastnesses of Shansi Province, where the Emperor had taken refuge, and been published throughout the empire. The representatives of the powers assembled in Peking had been requested by Li Hung Chang not to attack the imperial troops, already engaged in ferreting out and arresting the Boxers, who had been declared criminals.

The belated Pao-Ting-Fu expedition was to have started early in October, but at the request of Marshal von Waldersee it was delayed in order to permit the Germans to participate. The Germans had, however, arrived so ill prepared to undertake a campaign that further postponements were necessary. They were practically destitute of field transport. In their predicament they endeavored to purchase from the United States Quartermaster at Tientsin, but General Humphrey refused to deplete his well-stocked corral, though he did lend the Field Marshal four mules to draw his private carriage.

These repeated delays were naturally annoying to the French and British, who had been for some time fully prepared to

move. They had, however, agreed to wait, and the British kept faith. There was one legitimate and urgent reason why some troops should be sent to Pao-Ting-Fu. The Green family, missionaries, were being held by the Fan-Ti as hostages, and it was reported that continued ill-treatment was injuring the health of its members. Several letters from Mr. Green had reached Tientsin, stating that the condition of himself and family was wretched, and begging for succor. General Lorne-Campbell, in command of the British force at Tientsin, had sent a messenger to the Fan-Ti commanding him to treat the Greens well or he would suffer death when the foreign troops arrived. The Fan-Ti replied that the Greens were being well provided for. All this time Chinese merchants and other persons were passing back and forth between Tientsin and Pao-Ting-Fu. They all agreed that the city was quiet and contained no Boxers, except such as might be in hiding.

The expedition was to consist of two divisions, one marching from Peking and the other from Tientsin, those cities being about equidistant from Pao-Ting-Fu. The Tientsin division mapped its plan of campaign as carefully as if it was a German army about to invade France. I do not imply that these precautions were not commendable. But that the German and British officers who planned them fully expected, or professed to expect, one or two battles before occupying Pao-Ting-Fu verges on the preposterous. Yet such expectations were entertained. To hold otherwise would be to accuse Marshal von Waldersee and General Lorne-Campbell of wittingly conducting an egregious farce. On the day the expedition left Tientsin, a German staff officer whose position placed him very close to the Field Marshal, told me, with all gravity, that the military authorities had reliable information that 80,000 Boxers, fully provided with rifles and artillery, blocked the way to Pao-Ting-Fu.

"We expect a big battle at Chao-pei-Khon, where they have a lot of gunboats on the canal," he told me. "If we beat them there they will probably fall back on their reinforcements at Pao-Ting-Fu, and we shall then have to take the city by assault. It will be a hot campaign."

I scanned him closely to see if he was in earnest, and decided that he was.

"If anybody will give me a thousand pounds," I said, "I will take a Chinese guide and capture Pao-Ting-Fu single-handed. There is not a hostile force in China formidable enough to make a squad of New York policemen sweat."

He scanned me to discover if I was in earnest, and decided, I think, that I was insane, for he politely excused himself and terminated the conversation. We parted with a mutually poor opinion of each other's intelligence. On that very day, as we learned later, a single battalion of French infantry had occupied Pao-Ting-Fu without firing a shot.

A rumor that this French column had struck across from Hu-si-wu in the direction of Pao-Ting-Fu had reached Tientsin several days before. Inquiry developed that the French battalion had really started, but the French authorities at Tientsin explained that the movement was designed as a reconnaissance. Nevertheless, it struck horror into the British and Germans. A scheme to get the French to wait until their allies could catch up was hastily devised. General Bouillard was offered command of the entire Tien-tsin division. His reply was ambiguous, but conveyed the impression that the reconnoitering battalion would only proceed a short distance and wait for the main column.

Finally, on October 12th, the Pao-Ting-Fu campaign was set in motion. Barnum's circus was never better advertised. Pao-Ting-Fu had even been formally warned of the wrath to come. The Tien-tsin division, some four thousand strong, marched in three columns. Its story can be told in few words. Suffice to say that the eighty thousand Boxers at Chao-pei-Khon did not materialize. The march was absolutely unopposed. At a village beyond Chao-pei-Khon a regiment of Bombay cavalry hacked to pieces a hundred or so supposed Boxers. An officer who saw this fight told me that all the Chinese thus slaughtered were unarmed. Most of them were sabred while on their knees praying for mercy. Even some of the Sepoy soldiers, who are not at all squeamish, shrunk before the task of hewing down helpless men. The division was delayed by dust-storms and did not reach Pao-Ting-Fu until October 22d.

It was three days behind the Peking division, which arrived a week after the battalion of French had occupied the city.

The Peking division of two thousand five hundred men (Germans, French, and British), commanded by General Gaselee, started on October 12th. General Gaselee seems to have had a more rational idea of the task before him than the commanders of the Tien-tsin column. He did not expect to encounter opposition. Li Hung Chang had dispatched runners from Peking to warn the imperial troops to keep out of the way of the foreign troops, who were to be treated as friends, not enemies. The Fan-ti and Tao-ti of Pao-Ting-Fu were also commanded to open the gates and provide food and quarters for the allies. Wu, the general in command of the Chinese imperial troops in that locality, tried hard to obey orders. In their efforts to keep out of the way of the Peking division, some of his soldiers bumped into the Tien-tsin division and were dispersed and deprived of their arms. Some of them were cut up by the Bombay cavalry. The remainder scattered in all directions.

The commander of the French battalion which took the city contented himself with occupying the gates and walls while he waited for the allies to come up, merely looting the treasury of 180,000 taels which it contained. He had been received cordially by the municipal officials and provided with food. On the day following his arrival, he dispatched a message to General Lorne-Campbell, from which this is quoted:

"You will be happy to learn that the gallant French soldiers under my command have succeeded in occupying Pao-Ting-Fu without slaughter."

I shall not attempt to depict the happiness of the British general when he received that message.

General Gaselee reached Pao-Ting-Fu October 19th, and billeted his command on villages outside the walls. A deputation of civic officials and prominent citizens waited upon him and volunteered to supply the troops with provisions, which had been collected in large quantities under Li Hung Chang's instructions, in anticipation of the arrival of the allies. For three days the troops remained outside the city, not even officers

being permitted to enter. The Germans and Italians were furious. Officers openly fumed, protesting that the French were looting the city and that there would be nothing left. October 22d the Germans, French, and Italians entered the city, which had been divided into four parts, each to be exclusively controlled by a different nationality. General Gaselee would not permit the British troops to enter, and issued stringent orders against looting. These orders were obeyed as well as such orders may be. The officers and men grumbled a bit. "We might as well not have come," they said.

Of the British it must be said that on this expedition they behaved rationally, with few exceptions, a compliment which cannot be paid their allies. Your Indian soldier is, when not rigidly curbed, the most ravenous looter in China; which may seem a rash assertion. The British paid for most of the provisions they consumed. The Germans, with exquisite irony, paid in due-bills on the Chinese Government. The French and Italians simply appropriated.

The effects of quartering the Germans, French, and Italians in the city soon became apparent. When they moved in, conditions were about normal. The streets teemed with life, and the shops and markets did business as usual. By the next day nearly all the shops were closed and the markets vacated, except in the quarter policed by the British. The major part of the population had disappeared. The ways were comparatively deserted. Carts trundled by French, German, or Italian soldiers, and laden with loot, could be seen everywhere. The town was evidently being pillaged deliberately and systematically. Now and then a woman's piercing scream broke from the muffling depths of a cluster of houses, and spent its echoes in the empty streets. Such sounds, with their sinister meaning, were frequent in the French and Italian quarters. Columns of smoke, lifting their snaky forms high above the thatched roofs, showed where fires were raging. Uncertainty and apprehension marked the faces of the residents who showed themselves. Coolies, who were to be had in any numbers when the allies arrived, were hard to find, and soldiers with bayonets coerced them at their tasks.

Three days of civilized rule accomplished a revolution.

When the allies occupied the city, a joint commission was appointed to investigate the outrages on and murders of the missionaries, and mete justice to the responsible authorities. This commission began sitting immediately in secret session. No correspondents were permitted to be present. Evidence was secured on which the Fan-ti and a number of officials were condemned to death. It was further decreed that the temple of the city's tutelary god be destroyed, as well as many other temples, and the gate-towers levelled. The corner of the wall, where some of the missionaries were executed, was also to be razed. These are degradations terrible to the Chinese mind. It was decided that the city should not be burned, provided all persons implicated in the anti-foreign riots were delivered to the commissioners. Thus was Pao-Ting-Fu to be punished.

Three days elapsed after the French reached the city, before the imprisoned Green family learned of their presence. A faithful Chinese servant conveyed to the French information of the Greens's predicament, and their release was immediately demanded of the Fan-ti. I shall not dwell here on the harrowing story of the suffering of the Greens, nor relate the details of the murder of the other missionaries at Pao-Ting-Fu. Evidence given before the joint commission developed that the women were not outraged before being put to death, which conveys a certain consolation. The mob must have been in some degree orderly, for a sort of trial was held before the missionaries were condemned. This does not palliate the offence. Rather does it aggravate, for it implies deliberation. The little Green girl, wasted by hardship and disease, died a few days after the allies reached Pao-Ting-Fu, and Mr. Green was not expected to survive. I can easily understand the indignation which the suffering of this unfortunate family, and those of other missionaries, will cause throughout the civilized world. There is a pathos in the helpless agony of children which powerfully strikes the heart-strings. But, to me, the spectacle of a Chinese baby torn from its dead mother and bayoneted or thrown to drown in a river, is as pathetic as if that child were white.

Such scenes have been common enough since the allied troops occupied China. The graves of the Simcox and Green children might be enclosed by a fence, each picket bearing the name of a Chinese boy or girl who has, within the three months just passed, suffered worse at the hands of men whose skins are white. Against the awful background of this war, the death of the few missionaries is lost in the mists of a ghastly perspective.

Had relief come sooner the little Green girl might have been saved. For full two months the situation of the family had been known in Tien-tsin and Peking. Several expeditions were organized to succor them, but the anxiety of the Germans to participate in some movement which could be given a color of importance caused it to be deferred. I assert this to have been the real reason, no matter what inconsequential excuses may be given. Nor can I conceive anything more ridiculous or farcical than this expedition when it did finally, with all the pomp of war, move on the enemy which the imagination of its leaders had conjured up. Any sane view of the situation would have sent a lieutenant and a troop of cavalry early in September to bring the Greens to Tien-tsin. Instead, a month later, seven or eight thousand troops, with a strong artillery, reached the city, to find it in the peaceful possession of a single battalion of Frenchmen. The taking of Pao-Ting-Fu, when it was taken, was a job for a sergeant and squad of police. Yet it was magnified into a campaign fit to baptize a field marshal's baton. And the little child was dead.

However, the Pao-Ting-Fu campaign was not without its battles. A few days after the city was taken, a British Indian soldier reported that he had been fired upon from a near-by village, and exhibited a wound in proof. A detachment of Lancers was despatched to punish the village, which it did with enthusiasm, impaling some scores of unarmed inhabitants on its lances. A correspondent who witnessed this fight (?) described it to me as a most sickening sight. "Pure murder," was his comment.

That same day a report reached Pao-Ting-Fu that a French patrol had fought a bloody fight to the eastward and suffered a loss of seventy. Investigation proved

that one Frenchman had been injured by the falling of some brick while he was battering in the door of a house. Unarmed Chinese, as usual, provided the "loss." This same French detachment was, a few days later, found on the road by which the British were returning to Tien-tsin. The British, as they approached a large village, heard a heavy cannonading, and sent forward a patrol to discover the cause. At their approach a French battery, which had been throwing shells into the village, ceased firing. An English officer rode up to the French commander and inquired what was going on.

"We are attacking this town," replied the French officer. "It is, as you see, heavily fortified" (the village had, like most Chinese towns, a mud wall around it). "My infantry will assault as soon as a reconnoitering party, which I have sent forward, returns."

Just then an officer who had his glasses levelled at the town discovered a group of Chasseurs d'Afrique, sitting under a tree near the gate. They were apparently enjoying a meal. Summoned to return they reported the town to be empty. The inhabitants, driven out by the shells, had fled. This village, owing probably to the presence of the British, escaped with being looted. Others were burned as well. The French are adepts at the art of war, as illustrated in the battle just described. Nothing had been done to provoke this attack. A German force, left at a large town between Peking and Pao-Ting-Fu to guard the line of communications, took advantage of General Gaselee's absence to march to a village where several hundred sadly puzzled Chinese imperial troops had camped. Without cause, and in complete disregard of the fact that the imperial troops were implicitly obeying Li Hung Chang's instructions to keep out of the way, the Germans attacked them. The Chinese commander promptly surrendered, and the Germans triumphantly marched back to their camp, carrying the arms and flags of the imperial troops, and two brass cannon. A week later, a member of Marshal von Waldersee's staff gave me a copy of an official report of the Pao-Ting-Fu expedition, in which this affair was gravely enumerated as an important success.

These incidents have been multiplied

ad libitum. They exemplify the third stage of the war. The Pao-Ting-Fu expedition furnished the excuse to march an army into a region hitherto only scratched by the hand of pillage. The expeditionary army was the body from which scores of smaller forces (called scouting parties, reconnaissances, or whatever you like that sounds military), issued forth, licensed to burn, loot, and murder, and fulfilling their license to the letter. These detachments scoured the country, living off it, and making war at will upon the inhabitants. Yes, literally making war, where no war existed.

Before the Pao-Ting-Fu expedition, sitting in his palace in Peking, Li Hung Chang said to me:

"The insurrection is over. The Boxers are crushed, and will be punished. I have said so. My edicts are now known. Have I not put down every insurrection in China within the last thirty years? *They know me.*"

And the aged statesman knew whereof he spoke.

A civilian who accompanied the expeditionary force had, when he left Tientsin, only a few dollars, and rode a borrowed horse. When he returned, he had two horses, four mules, one thousand taels in sice, and two carts laden with miscellaneous loot. At Pao-Ting-Fu he left the troops and returned over a part of the country where the allies had not been. He was accompanied only by a Chinese servant and guide. At each town and village through which he passed he announced himself to be a "top side English war man," and demanded tribute, which the head men promptly produced according to their wealth. Two nights he slept in walled towns, the only for-

eigner within twenty miles, and was entertained at the yamens of the Tao-tis, who knocked their heads on the floor in his presence. Armed only with a revolver, he travelled alone from Pao-Ting-Fu to Tien-tsin by unfrequented paths, far aside from the line of march of the returning column, and collected tribute by the way. He has already sold his loot and departed after more. This is a sample of what is daily occurring in North China. A reign of terror holds the land enthralled.

To the north, along the Gulf of Pechili, the French and Russians have been committing the most unpardonable atrocities. At Shan-hai-Kuan the market for produce was established three miles from the town, as the venders cannot be induced to come nearer the French and Russian camps. Even at Taku, Russian soldiers were detected robbing coolies of the fifteen cents a day which they receive for working at the United States quartermaster depot. Their common enemy having disappeared, the allies are bickering among themselves. Every day that large bodies of troops remain in China adds to the roll of murders and lengthens the list of burned villages. Their conduct is a provocation which may even wear through the miraculous patience of the Chinese and create a new war out of the ashes of the old. The present is a hiatus of irresponsibility. Seized with a vertigo of indiscriminating vengeance, the powers are trifling with the peace of the world. Events such as the months of September, October, and November brought to China have carried war back to the Dark Ages, and will leave a taint in the moral atmosphere of the world for a generation to come.



MODERN ATHENS

By George Horton

SECOND PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

THE Athenian who keeps house anywhere except on the widest and most fashionable streets is obliged to rise very early in summer, willy nilly. The fruit and vegetable peddlers are abroad while the morning star is still in the heavens, and they wake every sleeping thing save those who are waiting the trump of doom. Down the narrow streets they go in endless procession, yelling with brazen lungs a chorus of barbarous words, Greek, Turkish, Italian. In no other city of the world are the street-cries so varied, so harrowing, so vocally picturesque, so interesting. Some of them have flitted about the town from classic days, as deathless and as Greek as the owls of the Parthenon. Boys still sell little bundles of fat pine, in great demand as kindling wood, crying "Dhadhé!" (Δαδί!)* in at the open doors and windows.

* "Δαδior," Aristophanes, "Equites," 921.

The earliest of all the street-men is the vender of Salépi, which he cries with a sharp hammer-tap of the voice on the short "e." He struggles along through the half-light, carrying a huge samovar of brass, studded with hooks on which a dozen or more metal cups jingle and rattle. Salepi is a hot herb drink, of a mild, agreeable flavor, and is often taken in place of coffee. The salepi-seller comes just before dawn and steals away at sunrise, and is one of those distinctive features of a foreign city which the ordinary traveller never sees.

Nor do the men who sell milk and its various products lie in bed till the sun rises. There are a couple of European dairies in Athens, whose proprietors keep cows; but they do business mostly with the foreigners and with those Greeks who ape foreign manners. Your genuine Athenian believes the goat to be the proper



A PROMINENT CITIZEN

milk-producing animal, and he regards the cow in this connection about as we Americans do the mare. The milkman takes his animals with him, jangling their bells and sneezing. "Gála!" he shouts, a quick, startling cry with a "g," whose guttural quality is unattainable by adult learners and usually unperceived by them. When a customer comes to the door he strips the desired quantity into the proffered receptacle before her vigilant eyes, selecting one of the goats, and paying no attention to the others, who understand the business as well as he does. Patiently they stand about, chewing the cud or resting on contiguous doorsteps. When their master moves on, they arise and follow, more faithful than dogs. The obvious and wellnigh overpowering temptation to which the milkman is subjected, affects him in Greece as in America. In Greece it is taken for granted that he cannot resist and he is therefore obliged to take his animals with him. But even thus he is not above suspicion, for they tell of a rubber water-bag, carried inside the coat and provided with a tube reaching to the palm of the hand. Each time the milkman closes his hand over the udder he presses the bag between his arm and his body.

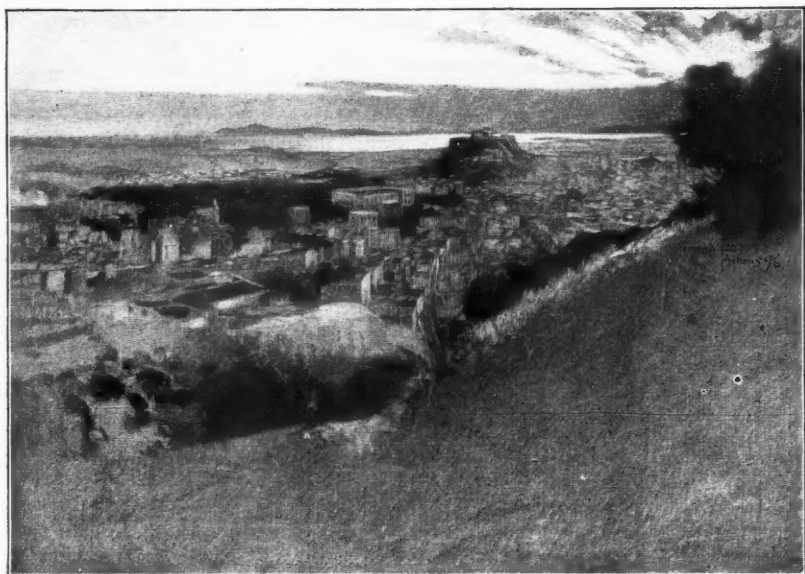
Gála is good Greek, and so is its genitive galaktos, but we cannot say as much for "giaourti," another of the most familiar street-cries of Athens—a barbaric sound resembling a howl, sud-

denly interrupted by a blow in the pit of the stomach. "Yo'wr-te," they pronounce it, sharp as the bark of a dog. The thing itself is curdled goat's milk in bowls that are carried in a tin box, cut up into pigeon-holes. Curiously enough, giaourti, when eaten with powdered sugar, is good.

"Voútyro! Voútyro!" That's the man selling white, unsalted butter from a stone crock, for the morning rolls. If you learn to like it once, salted butter tastes musty ever after.

These three varieties of merchant, who depend upon the goat for a livelihood, are for the most part stalwart shepherds in tight-fitting leggings and blouses with skirts reaching half way to the knees. They often wear tsarouchia and colored handkerchiefs tied about their heads, knotted at the back. Their barbaric, explosive shouts—"Gála!" "Yowrte!" "Voútyro!"—seem especially designed to awaken the sleeping city. They are followed by a melancholy cry, long drawn out: "Koulouria!" (Koo-loo-rei-ah). The koulouria man is a musical, mournful fellow, and if you listen, his voice will grow fainter and fainter in the dis-

A string
of
garlic
©



General View of Athens and the Acropolis.

tañce, with such perfect diminuendo that you fancy you hear it even when that is no longer possible. The koulouri is a species of hot roll, usually sold from a flat board which the vender carries on top of his head.

While on the subject of mournful cries, I must not forget the man who sells "pantoúfeles," dwelling for a long time on the "ou." The French scholar will recognize the word, pantoufles (slippers). They are carried through the streets slung two and two on a long stick, and are sold largely to servant girls who make their employers pay for them. Pantoúfles, about one pair a month, are a perquisite of service in Athens, according to unwritten law.

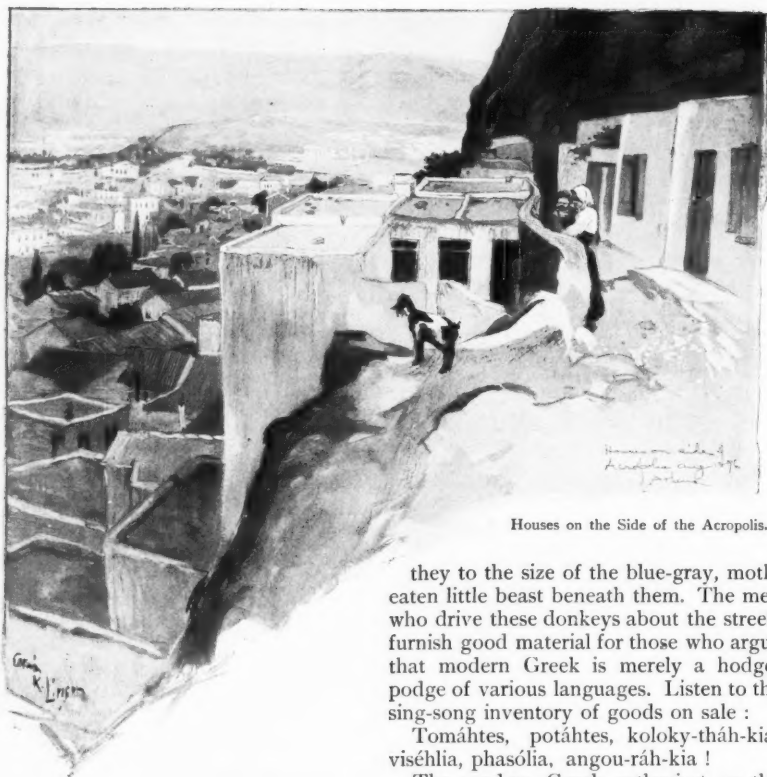
Then there are insinuating cries, uttered in an inquiring tone, that depend for their penetrating quality on a long "e," that favorite sound in modern Greek. Such are (phonetically spelled) Seeka, Stapheelia, radheekia, peenes (Figs, grapes, wild greens, pinnas).

The wild greens are sold from bags by very old, bent, and witch-like women, who become so associated with that one senile plaint, uttered in a cracked voice, that one no longer regards them as thinking and

talking women. They have ceased to be old gossips, they are birds of some ancient mythologic sort and that is their cry—"Radheekia ! Radheekia !"

The pinnas are enormous clams with a narrowish, flat shell. They are as wide as a man's hand, or wider, and a foot or more in length. They are carried in a flat basket, with the hinge ends in the centre, like the spokes of a wheel. Save for about a teacupful of clam at the hinge end, the shells are entirely empty. If you buy a half dozen the merchant chips a little hole in the shell of one and then empties the contents of the other five into the receptacle thus made.

The garlic vender carries his fragrant wares in long ropes, thrown over his shoulders. The Greek word for garlic is *σκόρδος*—a good old word and a good old plant, highly relished in Greece and believed to possess many mysterious, health-giving properties. It is also a sovereign prophylactic against the evil eye. The baby or the pet goat is quite safe against this evil, who wears a kernel of garlic in a little bag tied around the neck. Garlic is eaten raw by the peasantry and laboring classes with their bread, and for this rea-



Houses on the Side of the Acropolis.

son the Europeanized Athenians—the society people—pretend to abhor it. But this is only an affectation. They periodically retire to the country and have garlic debauches, and at such times the young ladies are not to be seen. No genuine Athenian can live three months without garlic. And why should he? 'Tis a classic plant, most respectable in its antiquity, and not to be disowned by people whose chief pride is their ancient lineage.

One of the most typical sounds in any Eastern city—and Athens is at least semi-Oriental—is the creak! creak! of the huge paniers which the patient little donkeys carry, one on each side. All that is visible of the approaching animal is the head, twisted around sideways and tied down to keep him from taking toll. The two great baskets, side by side and laden with fruit or vegetables, seem to move of their own accord, so disproportionate are

they to the size of the blue-gray, moth-eaten little beast beneath them. The men who drive these donkeys about the streets furnish good material for those who argue that modern Greek is merely a hodge-podge of various languages. Listen to the sing-song inventory of goods on sale:

Tomáhtes, potáhtes, koloky-tháh-kia, viséhlia, phasólia, angou-ráh-kia!

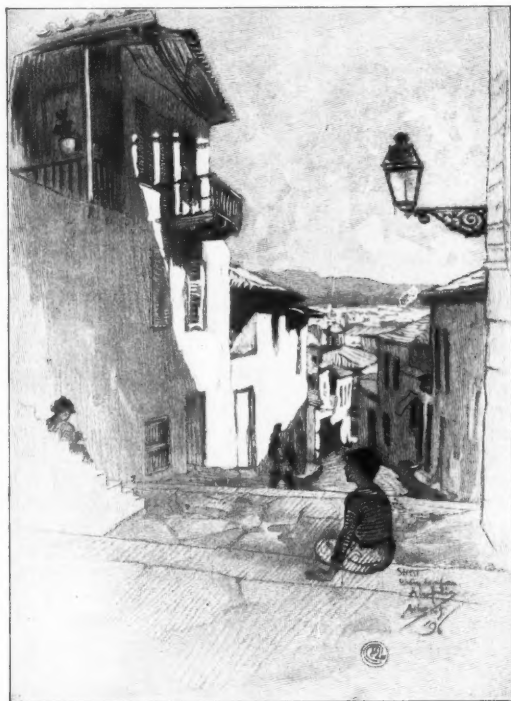
The modern Greek enthusiast, on the other hand, can reply that we have here three words of Greek derivation, applied to articles botanically akin to those eaten to-day—kolokinthia, phasolia, angouria (Vegetable marrow, beans, cucumbers). As for tomatoes and potatoes, it is perfectly legitimate to apply new names to them, as they are new things. By this sensible process such philological monstrosities are avoided as pomme de terre and pome d'oro.

The turkey merchant is the most wonderful of street venders. He arrives with two or three hundred birds, which he drives about town for a week or two, selling them one by one. He is armed with a long pole, with which he touches up lazy or quarrelsome birds. They gobble continuously, and he shouts above the din: "Gállous, Gallópoula, Gallopoules" (Turkey cocks, little turkeys, little hen turkeys)! When one drove meets an-

other face to face, or at right angles, they pass through without confusion, and no bird changes masters.

These are only a few of the street-cries of Athens which, mingled with the barking of dogs, the braying of donkeys, and the shouts of children, relieve the loneliness of the poorer quarters during the

who knows how to go about it. Tawny swarms of bees drift down the slopes of Hymettus in the early morning, and home again at night, and all day long they buzz among the purple blossoms of the wild thyme. Rustics lure them into antique conical hives, and betray their confidence by robbing them, selling the product with-



Street Leading Down from the Acropolis.

busy hours of the day. I cannot mention them all, but there is one other which I must not forget, "Meli ! Meli " (Honey, honey)! The vender is a shepherd from the slopes of Mount Hymettus, from the pages of the old poets. He carries a branch in his hand, to which is attached, by its base, a great triangle of honey made from flowers of the wild thyme. He does not get far nor shout many times.

But do not despair of obtaining all the Hymettus honey you want, even if you do not happen to see this shepherd. The thing is easy enough for the housekeeper

out difficulty to Athenian families. Who tastes the genuine Hymettus honey will find no cause of disillusionment, Professor Mahaffy to the contrary notwithstanding ("Rambles in Greece," page 156). The genial professor seems to have formed his unfavorable impression from the honey furnished him at some hotel table, which may not have been a fair sample.

The street pedler and his donkey are not seen in their greatest glory on the principal thoroughfares, the streets known as Hermes, Kephissia, University, Academy, Stadion. These all debouch into



Typical Greek House.

Constitution Square, like rivers into a lake. Hermes Street is where the ladies do their shopping; Kephissia is lined with modern residences, and is a fashionable drive; University and Academy streets are named after the beautiful buildings which adorn them, and the Hodos Stadiou connects the Square of the Constitution with Concord Square, between which plies a line of noisy *vis-a-vis*, or four-seated wagons drawn by equine skeletons. These latter are driven furiously to and fro with much hissing and cracking of long whip-lashes and more bi-lingual profanity. The poor animals are kept in motion continually, whether business be dull or brisk, for, like bicycles, they have a tendency to fall down when quiescent. There were never any horses in the world so lean as they, except those of the old Fifth Avenue stage line in New York.

One has but to strike off at right angles from any of the principal arteries at almost any point to get into a genuine "native quarter," to get among the homes of Greeks who dwell in Athens winter and summer, who earn their living in the various industries of the city, and whose men folks take their recreation at the little cafés which are as thick as saloons in an American city. There is nothing in Athens

which corresponds exactly to our tenements. Labor and materials are cheap, and a family of very moderate means can own its own house, invariably a two-story building of stone and stucco, surrounded by an adobe wall. Within the court thus formed there is sure to be a tree or two, and a few flowers. The northern slopes of the Acropolis, the regions about the so-called Theseion, the Areopagus and the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, the lower approach to Lycabettus, and the road to Phaleron are crowded thick with these dwellings.

The old city extended, as indicated by the traces of the ancient wall, on the south to a little ways beyond the theatre of Dionysus; on the east, to the Arch of Hadrian, including in Roman times the Zappéion district; and on the north, about to Stadion Street and the Dipylon, taking in Pnyx Hill. It thus appears that the modern town has greatly outgrown, in respect of area, its glorious forerunner, though we must take into account that there were many suburbs in old times outside the walls.

The place of the tenement is taken in the modern capital of Greece by the *avlé*, or court, and the houses built around three sides of it. This court is usually shaded

by a large tree or two, and in its floor of beaten earth is scooped out a little basin, kept full of water from the bryse, or common hydrant.

Here the ducks of the various families make friends and disport together, and the numerous dogs and chickens satisfy their thirst. Each family occupies on an average two rooms, from which, it is needless to say, children of all ages overflow until the court resembles the playground of a public school.

The café, like the saloon in Anglo-Saxon and Celtic cities, is the club of the poor. It consists of a hospitable room for winter and a shaded bit of sidewalk, or a little court for summer. Here the men of the neighborhood gather to play dominoes, to talk politics or business or to arrange marriages. Black coffee at from five to twenty lepta the cup (one to four cents) is the universal beverage, and the cigarette and the narghile are the only modes of smoking. The narghile is most affected by the old-time Athenians, those who cling to the fast-disappearing fustanella or bracha, or who still wear it in their hearts. The latter is the island costume, breeches of strong homespun whose voluminous seat hangs like a bag between the knees and reaches nearly to the ground. To be the genuine thing, it should be of cloth whose thread was twisted by patient fingers from a tuft of

snowy wool nesting in the crotch of an old-fashioned distaff. (When we use the word "old-fashioned" in this connection,

we are thinking of fashions coeval with the Pyramids and Mycenæ.) Throughout the country regions and islands of Greece all the cloth that is used in the household is made by hand from the wool; and upon the back streets of Athens estimable peasant women may be seen standing in the doorways twirling spinning-whorls similar to those used by the handmaidens of Helen of Troy.

Hand-looms are still in use in the Greek capital, as they are in the villages, and the silk-spinner, with his portable wheel, is a common sight in shaded alleys—a reminder of the times when the great ladies of Venice arrayed themselves sumptuously in Greek silk and when it was made into



"In his stately flowing robe."

trousers for the indolent beauties of a thousand Turkish harems.

After the café, the *fóurno* (oven) is the institution which plays the largest part in the lives of an Athenian neighborhood. Very little baking is done in Greek kitchens, a wise arrangement due to the warm climate. The stove is merely a cube of masonry, breast high, with holes on the upper surface in which charcoal is burned for broiling steaks and boiling pots. A flue, opening on the face of the cube, furnishes a draft, and the children of the



The Nike Apteros and the Propylaea, Acropolis.

household are called into frequent requisition to fan this flue with a turkey's wing when the pot refuses to boil. To the *fournò* are carried all roasts, and children or servants are continually running to and fro with copper pans containing a leg of lamb garnished with potatoes, a grinning goat's head reposing in a bed of tomatoes, tomatoes themselves, stuffed with minced goat's meat, or a large fish twisted into a semicircle and seasoned with onions and parsley. The various sweetmeats mentioned above are also baked at the *fournò*, which consists of a great cave wherein a fire is built. When the cave is sufficiently hot the fire is pushed back and the bread and waiting dishes are put in. No other impression of childhood lingers so vividly in the mind of the expatriated Greek as that of the neighborhood oven. When the doors are thrown open at night, disclosing that great cavern of fire, a dozen silent, dark-eyed children are sure to be looking in through the low stone archway of the shop, and the kindly baker with his long-handled rake pulling out the fragrant

loaves or turning the stone or copper platters, makes a picture very like that which they have been taught concerning the Evil One. The loaves, of coarse, wholesome bread, are piled on a platform by the wide window and, when you choose one, the baker jumps up among them with his bare feet and throws it to you.

The fragrance which wafts from his place is due to the wild thyme which he burns in his oven, brought to him from the slopes of Hymettus and the other contiguous hills on donkeys. The bread is made of meslin, in round loaves, each weighing an oke (two pounds and five-eighths) and selling for 60 lepta (about eight cents). The price is fixed by law, and the least disposition on the part of the bakers to raise prices or to give underweight arouses an instant storm of popular indignation—as happened when a youthful Chicago operator

attempted not long ago "to corner" the wheat market of the world.

Among the rank and file of Greeks, about the only ones who ever taste white bread are the priests and their families, who eat the fine loaves brought to the churches for communion purposes. This one fact is typical of the social standing of the *Papas* or priest, who is a man of immense influence and honor among the Greeks, who have not been corrupted by the fashionable scepticism of the age. His hand is kissed by his parishioners, his opinion on all matters is received with the greatest deference, he is the central figure in the most vital ceremonies of the community—birth, marriage, death. The two classes that add most to the picturesque effect of the streets and cafés are the priests and officers. That the service of Mars and that of the Prince of Peace are considered equally desirable in Greece is evident from the fact that there are over eight thousand priests to a population of two millions, and



An Athens Kitchen.

that there is one officer to every twelve men in the army. The concentration of all classes in such a city as Athens, causes one to meet at every turn a group of officers or a priest in his stately flowing robe and tall, thatched hat. The priests wear their hair and beards long that they may be as distinct as possible from the Western clergy, and they perhaps marry for the same reason—though a bishop must be a single man. On official occasions they let down their long back hair, of which they are often justly proud. Papas Ioannes Pappageorgios, now located at the village of Poros, has reddish brown hair which flows in a magnificent waving mane nearly to his hips. He is a sort of male Lady Godiva. All the ceremonials of the Greek Church are pompous and impressive to the highest degree attainable, and the wardrobe of the priest is adequate to his entire *répertoire*.

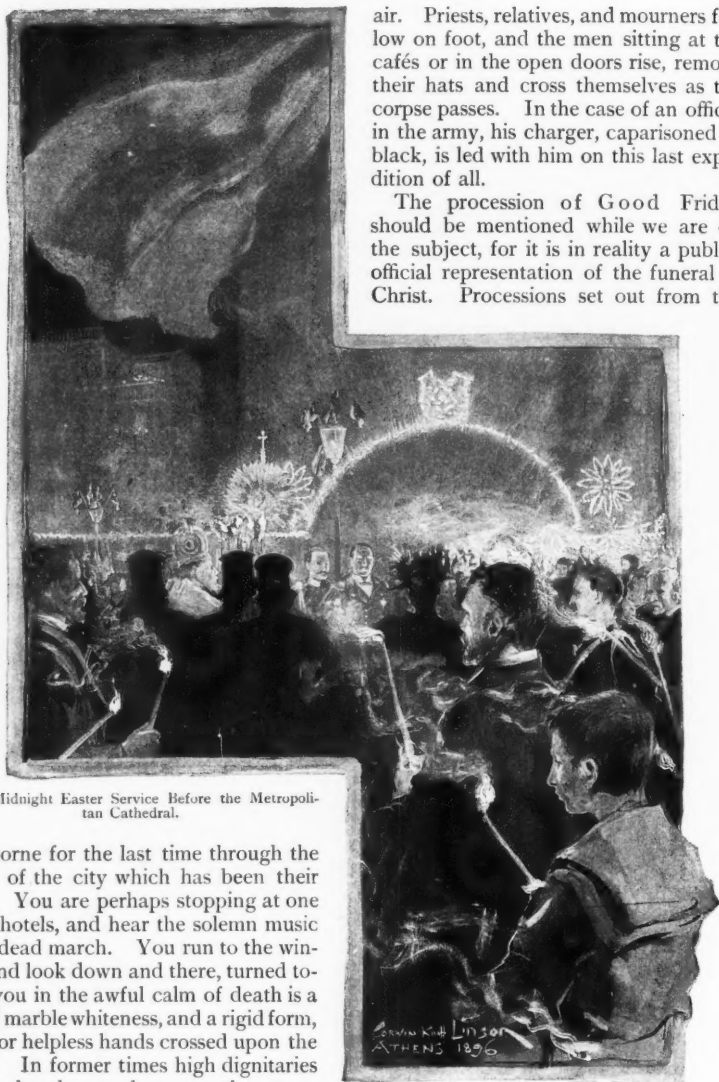
Marriage and death furnish the most picturesque processions. The *dot* system prevails, and unions are usually arranged on business principles. The bride's proeka, or dowry, consists of furniture and other useful articles as well as of money, and these are carried to the residence selected for the young couple by a frolic throng of friends, headed by music—usually a couple of violins and a guitar. When the parties are sufficiently wealthy, carriages are hired and piled full of beds and bedding, chairs,

wardrobes, bureaux, cooking utensils, etc. A special display is made of the silk pillows which the bride has embroidered with her own fair hands. A separate carriage is devoted to these, and they are arranged conspicuously on the seats.

The possibility of getting an unexpected view of the corpse, which is carried exposed in a shallow coffin, renders a Greek funeral procession a spectacle which nervous foreigners would do well to avoid. Old men and women arrayed in sombre black, young girls and children in white and half buried in flowers—all the dead are



For the Baker's Oven.



Yearly Midnight Easter Service Before the Metropolitan Cathedral.

thus borne for the last time through the streets of the city which has been their home. You are perhaps stopping at one of the hotels, and hear the solemn music of the dead march. You run to the window and look down and there, turned toward you in the awful calm of death is a face of marble whiteness, and a rigid form, the poor helpless hands crossed upon the breast. In former times high dignitaries of the church were borne to the grave, seated in a chair placed upon an elevated platform. But this display was too spectacular even for the Athenians, and it was finally abandoned. The coffin-lid, upholstered with richly embroidered silk and hung with a huge wreath, is carried at the head of the processions, which derive additional pomp from the numerous banners and symbols of the Church held high in

air. Priests, relatives, and mourners follow on foot, and the men sitting at the cafés or in the open doors rise, remove their hats and cross themselves as the corpse passes. In the case of an officer in the army, his charger, caparisoned in black, is led with him on this last expedition of all.

The procession of Good Friday should be mentioned while we are on the subject, for it is in reality a public, official representation of the funeral of Christ. Processions set out from the

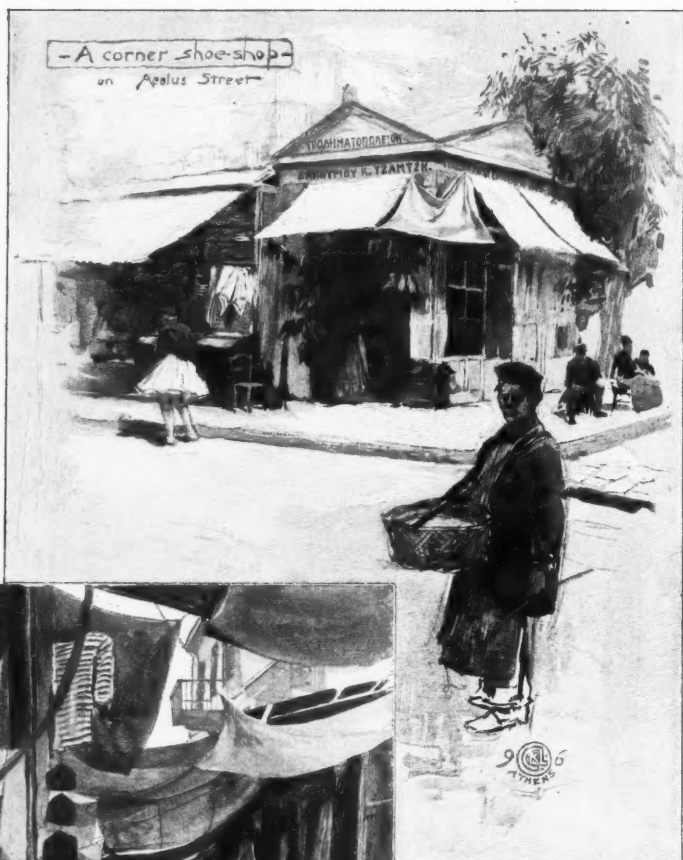
various churches by night, carrying all the sacred banners and emblems. They are led by a number of priests escorting an embroidered velvet figure of the Christ and followed by an interminable line of mourners, bearing lighted candles. The principal procession starts from the Metropolitan church, and is furnished with a squad of soldiers who march with re-



A Wedding Among the People.

versed arms and with a military band that plays a dirge. Sometimes two or three long lines of lighted candles can be seen at the same time, winding down toward Constitution Square from different parts of the city. This ceremony brings the personality of Christ home with great vividness to the common people, occurring as it does at a time when long fasting has rendered them peculiarly susceptible to impressions of an emotional or imaginative nature. The Greeks are honest and grim fasters. There are about one hundred and fifty-three fast days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, when life is sustained by means of bread and green olives, red caviare, garlic, sea urchins (echini), ink fish, lobsters, and such other denizens of the sea as are popularly thought to be "without blood."

Greek ritual worship reaches its high tide on the eve before Easter, at which time services are conducted in the Metropolitan church by the Metropolitan himself. Quite early in the evening the worshippers begin to arrive at the sacred edifice, which is soon filled to stifling, and a great throng gathers in the square without, where a platform has been erected, that is filled early in the evening by Greek lay dignitaries and official foreigners. The service is long and impressive, but through it all the vast audience is awaiting the moment when the venerable priest shall light his candle, symbolical of the light which shall break upon the eyes of the dead in Christ when they arise from the tomb. As the hour of midnight approaches, the eagerness of the throng in the square be-



Shoe Lane.

comes more and more intense. At last a sigh of relief is heard. Someone clinging to a pillar or sitting upon the steps of the platform has seen within the church. They are lighting their candles there, they are coming out. Sporadic tips of flame flicker into being at far distances apart, they bloom in solid patches like little wind-blown stars scampering in troops into the sky, the streets become rivers of twinkling candles, they wink and flare in a hundred windows. The venerable Metropolitan, superb in flowing robes and vestments embroidered in gold, emerges from the church with his suite and mounts to the platform. A hush falls upon that devout throng and

the litany continues. At last the tremendous announcement is made, in a voice of solemn conviction, "Christos Aneste" (Christ is risen), and every candle in the square—in all the tributary streets and in all the windows is raised and lowered three times, once for the Father, once for the Son, and once for the Holy Spirit. The Easter service is ended, the long fast is over. Great joy seizes upon all hearts and a feeling of brotherhood and love overflows. Women sob in the excess of emotion and enemies kiss each other with the kiss of peace, murmuring "Christ is risen, He is risen indeed!"

Then the congregation breaks up and goes home, still carrying the lighted candles that soon scatter all over the city, like little lines and squads of moving stars. The first thing the Greek does when he reaches home is to light, from his candle, the lamp which burns before the eikon, then he breaks the long fast with a dish of soup, made from the entrails and feet of the Easter lamb, seasoned with egg and lemon. But a small portion is taken, for it is necessary to prepare the stomach for the feasting of the morrow. It is a pretty poor Greek who cannot afford at least a piece of lamb on Easter Sunday, although he may not eat meat any other day of the year.

It will be seen that the Church does much toward the entertainment of the people. These theatrical ceremonials will be very interesting and suggestive to the student who remembers that the drama has always had its origin in religion; that it sprang in Greece from the worship of Dionysus, and in England from the mystery plays. To the ordinary observer, theatrical pageants seem very much at home in a kingdom so small that one can well imagine he is observing it from a box or a seat in the parquette—an effect that is height-

ened by a background of ruins, mediæval churches, crooked streets, and perhaps a chorus of Albanians in ballet-dancing costume—the King's guard—in front of the palace. And ever and anon there is a fanfare announcing that some member of the royal family has started on a drive, or is just returning from one.



Smoking a Narghile.

From Athens to Phaleron is the favorite carriage promenade, and when His or Her Majesty sets forth, all the fashion of the city is not far behind. Arrived at the beach the King and Queen or the King and his daughter walk up and down in the most democratic manner possible, usually followed by a fat dachshund.

Kephissia, a few miles up in the mountains, and Phaleron, are often referred to as the "two lungs" of Athens. There are many fine villas at both places, and their contiguity to the capital renders it

possible to get out of the heat at any time in less than an hour.

Foreigners must obtain their ideas of Greek customs and character mostly from the public and out-of-door manifestations. There are but three or four Greek houses in all Athens open to them, a form of exclusiveness which was inflicted upon the English during the occupancy of Corfu and which occasioned much bitter criticism. My knowledge of the Greek character leads me to believe that they keep their doors shut from shyness rather than from motives of economy. The Greek cannot quite rid himself of so many hundreds of years of Turkish influence, and his house has borrowed seclusion from the harem. You may stay for weeks in a country village without ever seeing a pretty young girl. But do not deceive yourself: many a roguish pair of eyes has been "taking stock" of you through closed shutters, and if your bearing lacks in the least essential of dignity you have been the subject of uncomplimentary laughter; for the Greek maiden hath a shrewd wit and is much given to ridicule. In Athens the married ladies of wealth, who have travelled abroad, go about with more freedom, but the girls are ferociously chaperoned. The window-cushion is found in all the houses, a long pillow upon which the ladies rest their elbows while they gaze down into the street. Hours are spent in this occupation, which is quite typical of the peasant's ideal of a lady—a woman who has nothing to do. Indeed, there is a saying among the poor people, "She sits on her balcony and eats pumpkin seeds." But I would not convey the idea that the "New Woman" is

entirely unknown in Athens. She has made her appearance there and, so far, is doing a world of good. Her example is putting her charming sisters more and more in touch with the western world, where they belong. Mrs. Calirhoe Parren is editor of a woman's paper, the *Ephemeris ton Kyriou* (The Ladies' Journal), which advocates increased education and

independence on the part of women; and Maria Kalopothakes, daughter of the missionary, is an excellent surgeon, who has a hospital of her own and treats the poor free of charge.

Shopping is a more elaborate, time-consuming and minute process even than with us. The Oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and there is often three or four hours of patient will contest before a compromise is reached. The patron asks "How



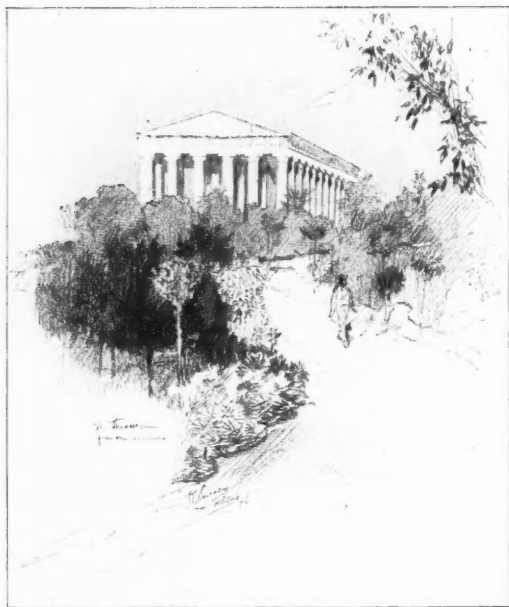
A Greek Papas.

much is this piece of silk?" "One dollar a yard" is the reply. "Thirty cents" is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apoplectic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost ninety-five cents. The lady takes a seat with a sigh, and, after twenty minutes, inquires, innocently, "Finally, thirty cents?" "Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, ninety-five cents." "Kaiemeni!" sighs the lady, sarcastically (You poor thing)! There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring, good-naturedly, that she has been swindled, and that she will never come back again. The business part of the



Drawn by C. K. Linson.

An Old Byzantine Church.



The Theseion from the Gardens.

town is largely composed of streets devoted to single industries. Thus the brass workers are all together on a thoroughfare appropriately called "Hephæstus Street." They hammer out of brass such things as cooking implements, dippers for making coffee, tall candle-sticks. The din of their pounding is deafening. "Shoe Lane" is a quaint, narrow street, much frequented by tourists. It is festooned with tsaroukia, the shoes worn by the peasantry, with elaborately ornamented belts, tobacco-pouches and similar articles, which the workmen make sitting at their benches in wide-open doors.

I know of no city in the world that has so few beggars as Athens. The Greek is too proud by nature to take kindly to soliciting alms. Those that do exist take up the business as a profession, and are a sort of annex to the Church. They exemplify the saying of Christ, "The poor ye have with ye always," and are cheap and convenient objects for the practice of Christian charity. Despite the existence of the one lepton piece ($1/5$ cent), kept in circulation solely for the beggars, many of them are wealthy. For the benefit of

those contemplating a trip to Athens, I will mention that the only effective way to rid one's self of a beggar is to jerk the head backward or slightly to elevate the eyebrows—the way that the gods said "No" in Homeric times.*

I have spoken mostly about Greek Athens, because that is the phase of the city which one cannot know without long residence in the shadow of the Acropolis—certainly not without a speaking command of the language. As for the hotels, the public buildings, the museums, the more important of the ancient monuments, behold, are they not written down in the chronicles of Murray and Baedeker? In many respects Athens is the most delightful of all Mediterranean towns, as a place of residence. It is, as it was in Roman times, a sentimental capital and a resort of scholars. One is sure to meet there sooner or later, on terms of charming intimacy, the best of the world's scholars, writers, artists, sculptors, and architects. The diplomatic set is the same as the diplomatic set in all other capitals, and the circle of interesting people thus brought together is

* ἀνέυεθε δὲ παλλὰς, Iliad 6, 311.

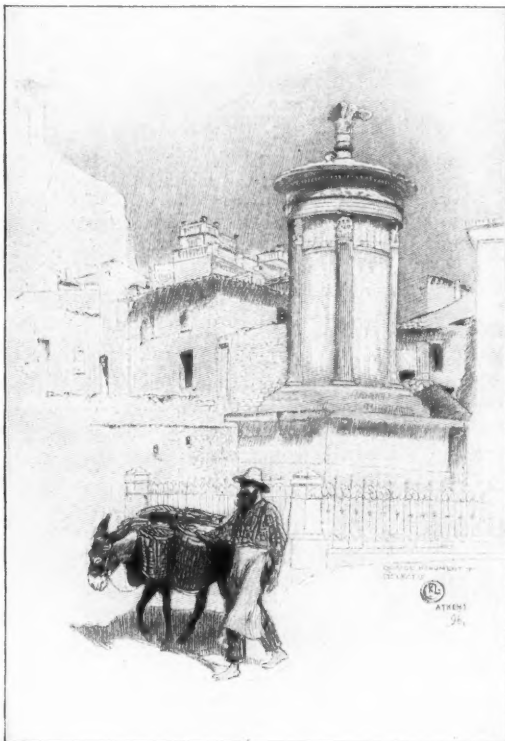
augmented by the archæological institutes of France, Germany, England, and the United States.

The American Institute of Classical Studies is a beautiful building whose balconies command a view of Hymettus, the Attic plain and the distant sea. Its learned director, Dr. Rufus B. Richardson, has greatly distinguished himself by his discoveries at Corinth, where the school is now carrying on excavations. Rich people who wish to advance the cause of science and sustain the lustre of the American name in a peaceful field, should not forget this most excellent and ably conducted institute. They should emulate the example of Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin of Bryn Mawr, who has recently founded a scholarship for young women wishing to finish their studies at Athens, and of other enlightened gentlemen who have made contributions to the excavation fund. Under most favorable circumstances the Americans must be wide awake to keep pace with Drs. Dorpfeldt and Homolle of the German and French schools. Nor are the Greeks themselves behind in this branch of investigation, led as they are by the able and energetic

Dr. Kavvadias, to whose labors are largely due the fact that the National Museum is admirably arranged and contains treasures of inestimable value. Herein many lectures of the various schools are given, and rooms are let furnished to students. Much of the work on a great publication that is soon to be brought out by American students under the direction of Professor Charles Waldstein, embodying the results of the excavations at the Argive Heræum, has been done in a room of the Athens museum. Mr. Herbert De Cou, formerly instructor in Sanscrit, and later in Greek at the University of Michigan, is working there now on the bronze department of

the book. He was sent over by the Archæological Society of America.

The classical graduate of one of our colleges should be able to read news items in the daily papers almost from the start.



Choragic Monument of Lysicrates.

The editorials are a different matter. There are about fifty papers printed in the city, daily, weekly, and monthly, of which the principal are the *Asty*, *Acropolis*, and *Neologos*, each morning; the *Estia* and *Ephemeris*, afternoon sheets, and the *Kodon* and *Romeos*, weeklies. The *Acropolis* claims a daily circulation of 10,000.

There is not much solidarity among the literary workers of Athens, nor does there exist any school of enthusiasts as in London or Paris. A few names, however, are worthy of mention, of men who are working along original lines and interpreting the native life and character. Demetrius Bikelas is known in America for his

"Tales of the Ægean," which has been translated into English. His short story, "The Plain Sister," should be included in all collections, however limited in number, which aim to give the best short stories of modern literature. Mr. Bikelas is wealthy and resides, during a portion of each year, in a pretty house which he has recently built. He speaks English perfectly. His translations from Shakespeare are the best that exist in modern Greek.

George Drosines is the author of many poems and several novels, among which are "A Campaigner's Tales," "The Herb of Love," "Amaryllis."

George Soures is, perhaps, the best known of Athenians among the Athenians themselves. He is editor of a satirical weekly *Soures's Romeos*, written entirely in verse, even to the date and the advertisements. He has a biting wit, encyclopædic knowledge, a keen gift of ridicule, and remarkable facility in versification. He is familiarly known as "The Modern Aristophanes," and is a real power in a land where ridicule is feared even more than bullets.

Among the modern playwrights the one man who has written tragedy worthy of comparison with, say, that of Sardou, is Demetrius Vernardakes, the famous philologist. His "Fausta" is a work of considerable merit. There are a host, too, of minor poets, and many of them have written songs that have caught the popular

fancy, and are sung by moonlight by the fishermen of the Ægean, or at early dawn by the lone watchers of the vineyards. Is there a Greek living who does not know "To Proto Astro," by Ioannes Polemes? I can think of nothing that brings back to my mind more sweetly the land of purple sunsets, of glorious moonlights, of great memories, of softest skies, of all enfolding seas. I hear it now in fancy, sung by students to the soft throbbing of a guitar. I smell again the breath of the pepper-trees that line the street of beautiful Queen Amaliea, long dead, and I hear the ecstasy of the nightingales deep in the King's garden :

NIGHT'S FIRST STAR.

The first of all the stars of night
In heaven is shyly beaming,
The waves play in their gowns of white
While mother sea lies dreaming.

Among the leaves on gentle wing
A balmy zephyr flutters,
The nightingale begins to sing
And all love's sorrow utters.

For you the zephyr sighs, my love,
In passion low and tender,
For you the little stars above
Dispense their yearning splendor.

For you the tiny waves, ashore
Their garnered foam are bringing;
For you his love-song, o'er and o'er,
The nightingale is singing.

For you from yonder mountain high
The moon pours out her measure,
For you all day I moan and sigh,
My little dear, my treasure !



A Funeral Procession.

THE PLACE OF ABANDONED GODS

By Arthur Colton



HE hut was built two sides and the roof of sodded poles; the roof had new clapboards of birch bark, but the rest had once belonged to a charcoal burner; the front side was partly poled and partly open, the back was the under-slope of a rock. For it stood by a cliff, one of the many that show their lonely faces all over the Cattle Ridge, but this was more tumultuous than most, full of caves made by the clumsy leaning boulders; and all about were slim young birch-trees in white and green, like the demoiselles at Camelot. Old pines stood above the cliff, making a soft, sad noise in the wind. In one of the caves above the leafage of the birches we kept the idols, especially Baal, whom we thought the most energetic; and in front of the cave was the altar-stone that served them all, a great flat rock and thick with moss where ears of corn were sacrificed, or peas or turnips, the first-fruits of the field; or, of course, if you shot a chipmunk or rabbit, you could have a burnt offering of that kind. Also the altar-stone was a council chamber and an outlook.

It was all a secret place on the north side of the Cattle Ridge, with cliffs above and cliffs below. Eastward, half a mile, lay the Cattle Ridge Road, and beyond that the Ridge ran on indefinitely; southward, three miles down, the road took you into Hagar; westward the Ridge, after all its leagues of length and rigor of form, broke down hurriedly to the Wyantenaug River, at a place called the Haunted Water, where stood the Leather Hermit's hut and beyond which were Bazilloa Armitage's bottom-lands and the Preston Plains railroad station. The road from the station across the bridge came through Sanderson Hollow, where the fields were all over cattle and lively horses, and met the Cattle Ridge Road to Hagar. And last, if you looked north from the altar-stone, you saw a long, downward sweep of woodland, and on miles and miles

to the meadows and ploughed lands toward Wimberton, with a glimpse of the Wyantenaug far away to the left. Such were the surroundings of the place of abandoned gods. No one but ourselves came there, unless possibly the hermit. If anyone had, it was thought that Baal would pitch him over the cliffs in some manner, mystically. We got down on our hands and knees, and said, "O, Baal!" He was painted green, on a shingle; that is, most of him; but his eyes were red. It was reached from the Cattle Ridge Road by trail, for the old wood road below was grown up to blackberry brambles, which made one scratched and bloody and out of patience, unless it were blackberry time.

And on the bank, where the trail drops into the climbing highway, there Aaron and Silvia were sitting in the June afternoon, hand in hand, with the filtered green light of the woods about them. We came up from Hagar, the three of us, and found them. They were strangers, so far as we knew. Strangers or townsmen, we never took the trail with anyone in sight; it was an item in the Vows. But we ranged up before them and stared candidly. There was nothing against that. Her eyes were nice and blue; at the time they contained tears. Her cheeks were dimpled and pink, her brown dress dusty, and her round straw hat cocked a bit over one tearful blue eye. He seemed like one who had been growing fast lately. His arms swung loosely as if fastened to his shoulders with strings. The hand that held her small hand was too large for the wrist, the wrist too large for the arm, the arm too long for the shoulders. He had the first growth of a downy mustache, a feeble chin, a humorous eye, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat and a faded black coat, loose and flopping to his knees. A carpet-bag lay at his feet, but half full and fallen over with an air of depression. He seemed depressed in the same way.

"What's she crying for?" asked Moses Durfey, stolidly.

Aaron peered around at her shyly.

"She's skeered to go home. I ain't skeered, but I mote be 'fore I got there."

"What's your name?"

"Wa-all——"

He hesitated. Then, with loud defiance:

"It's Mr. an' Mrs. Bees."

A red squirrel clambered down a low-hanging branch overhead, and chattered sharply, scattering flakes of bark. Aaron, still holding Silvia's hand, leaned back on the bank and looked up. All lines of trouble faded quickly from his face. He smiled, so that his two front teeth stood out startlingly, and held up a long forefinger.

"Cherky little cuss, ain't he?"

The squirrel became more excited. Aaron's finger seemed to draw him like a loadstone. He slid down nearer and nearer, as far as the branch allowed, to a foot or two away, chattering his teeth fearfully. We knew that anyone who could magnetize so flighty and malicious a person as a red squirrel, must be a magician, however simple he might be otherwise. Aaron snapped his finger and the squirrel fled.

"We'd better be movin', Silvy."

Silvia's tears flowed the faster, and the lines of trouble returned to Aaron's face.

"Why don't she want to go home?" persisted Moses, stolidly.

We drew close beside them now and sat on the bank, Moses and I by Aaron, Chub Leroy by Silvia. Chub was thoughtful. Silvia dried her eyes and said, with a gulp:

"It's pa."

"That's it." Aaron nodded and rubbed his sharp nose. "Ol' man Kincard, it's him."

They both looked at us trustfully. Moses saw no light in the matter.

"Who's he?"

"He's my father-in-law. He ain't goin' to like it. He's a sneezer. What he don't like gen'ally gets out o' the way. My snakes! He'll put Silvy up the chimney an' me in the stove, an' he'll light the fire."

He chuckled and then relapsed into trouble. His emotions seemed to flit across his face like sunbeams and shadows on a wall, leaving no trace behind them, or each wiped out by the next.

"Snakes! We might jes' as well set here."

Silvia wept again. Moses's face admitted a certain surprise.

"What'll he do that for?"

While Aaron told their story, Silvia sometimes commented tearfully on his left, Moses stolidly on his right, and the red squirrel with excitement overhead; Chub and I were silent; the woods for the most part kept still and listened too, with only a little sympathetic murmur of leaves and tremble of sunbeam and shadow.

The Kincard place, it seemed, lay five miles away, down the north side till you cleared the woods, and then eastward among the foothills. Directly across the road stood the four-roomed house where the Bees family once lived. It was "rickety now and rented to rats." The Bees family had always been absent-minded, given to dying off and leaving things lying around. In that way Aaron had begun early to be an orphan and to live with the Kincards. He was supposed to own the old house and the dooryard in front of it, but the rats never paid their rent, unless they paid it to the ol' man or the cat; and Mr. Kincard had a low opinion of Aaron, as being a Bees, and because he was built lengthways instead of sideways and knew more about foxes than cows. It seemed to Aaron that a fox was in himself a more interesting person; that this raising more potatoes than you could eat, more tobacco than you could smoke, this making butter and cheese and taking them to Wimberton weekly, and buying nothing much except mortgages and bank accounts, somewhere involved a mistake. A mortgage was an arrangement by which you established strained relations with a neighbor, a bank account something that made you suspicious of the bank. Now in the woods one dealt for direct usefulness, comfort, and freedom of mind. If a man liked to collect mortgages rather than fox skins, it was the virtue of the woods to teach tolerance; but Mr. Kincard's opinion of Aaron was low and active. There was that difference between a Kincard and a Bees point of view.

Aaron and Silvia grew up a few years apart on the old spread-out farm, with the wooded mountain-side heaving on the

south and stretching east and west. It was a neighborhood of few neighbors, and no village within many miles, and the ol' man was not talkative commonly, though he'd open up sometimes. Aaron and Silvia had always classed themselves together in subdued opposition to their grim ruler of destiny. To each other they called him "the ol' man," and expressed by it a reverential but opposed state of mind. To Aaron the undoubted parts of life were the mountain-side of his pleasures and the level fields of his toil. Wimberton was but a troubled glimpse now and then, an improbable memory of more people and houses than seemed natural. Silvia tended to see things first through Aaron's eyes, though she kept a basal judgment of her own in reserve.

"He always licked us together since we was little," said Aaron, looking at Silvia with softly reminiscent eye. "It was two licks to me for Silvy's one. That was square enough, an' the ol' man thought so. When he got set in a habit he'd never change. It was two to me for Silvy's one."

Aaron told him, but a week now gone, that himself and Silvia would wish to be married, and he had seemed surprised. In fact he came at Aaron with the hoe-handle, but could not catch him, more than a lonesome rabbit. Then he opened up astonishingly, and told Aaron of his low opinion of him, which was more spread-out and full of details than you'd expect. He wasn't going to give Aaron any such "holt on him as that," with a guarantee deed, whatever that was, on eternity to loaf in; and he set him the end of the week to clear out, to go elsewhere forever. To Aaron's mind that was an absurd proposal. He wasn't going to do any such foolishness. He sold his collection of skins to a farmer named Shore, and one morning borrowed a carpet-bag and came over the Cattle Ridge hand in hand with Silvia.

From Preston Plains they hired a team, drove over the line into York State, and were married. The farmer named Shore laid that out for them. He had a back score of trouble with the ol' man.

"Silvy's got a cat," added Aaron, "an' she ketches rats to please herself. Silvy thinks she oughter ketch rats to be obligin'. Folks that live up these trees don't act that way. No more did Shore."

Here Aaron looked shrewd and wise.

"I wish Sammy was here," murmured Silvia, lovingly.

"Firs' rate cat," Aaron admitted. "Now, we didn't marry to oblige each other. Each of us obliged hisself. Hey?"

Silvia opened her eyes widely. The idea seemed a little complicated. They clasped hands the more tightly.

"Now," said Aaron, "Silvy's skeered. I ain't skeered, but I mote be when I got there."

A blue-jay flew shrieking down the road. Aaron looked after with a quick change of interest.

"See him! Yes, sir. You can tell his meanness the way he hollers. Musses folks' eggs."

Aaron no longer surprised us now, nor did Silvia. We accepted them. We had standards of character and conduct, of wisdom and of things possible, but they were not set for us by the pulpit, the statute book, or the market-place. We had often gone forth on expeditions into the mystical beyond, always with a certain purpose to achieve there, and always at some point it had been necessary to come home and face the punishment, if there were any, and have supper, and go to bed. Home could not be left permanently and another existence arranged, any more than the feet could be taken from the earth permanently. It had been found impractical. Aaron and Silvia were like ourselves. They might conceive of living away from the farm-house under the mountain-side a few days. They shrank from facing old Kincard with his hoe-handle or horse-whip, but one must go back eventually. We recognized that their adventure was bold and peculiar; we judged the price likely to be appalling; we gave them frank admiration for both. None of us had ever run away to be definitely married, or suffered from a hoe-handle or a horse-whip, and yet all these were things to be conceived of and sympathized with.

"I knowed a blue-jay," went on Aaron, thoughtfully, "that lived near the end o' Shore's land, an' he never 'peared to like anything agreeable. He used to hand around other folks' nests and holler till they was distracted."

Silvia's snuffling caught his ear, and

once more the rapid change passed over his face.

"Wa-all," he said, "the ol' man'll be lively, that's sure. I'd stay in the woods, if it was me, but women"—with a large air of observation—"has to have houses."

"We've got a haouse," broke in Chub, suddenly.

We exchanged looks furtively.

"They'll have to take the Vows," I objected.

"We've took 'em," said Aaron. "Parson——"

"You'll have to solemn swear," said Moses. "Will you solemn swear?"

"I guess so."

"And if you tell, you hope you drop dead."

The blue-jay flew up the road again, shrieking scornfully. The red squirrel trembled and chattered his teeth on the branch overhead. All else in the woods were silent while Aaron and Silvia took the Vows.

And so we brought them, in excitement and content, to the place of the abandoned gods. Baal lurked far back in his cave, the cliff looked down with lonely forehead, the distant prospect was smooth and smoky. Neither the gods nor the face of the world offered any promise or threat. But Aaron and Silvia seemed to believe in the kindness of not-human things. Silvia fell to chattering, laughing, in unforeboding relief from sudden and nearby evil.

Aaron had a surprising number of silver dollars, due to Shore and the fox skins, by means of which we should bring them supplies from Hagar; and so we left them to the whispering gossip of leaves, the lonely cliff, the lurking Baal, and the smooth, smoky prospect.

No doubt there were times to Aaron and Silvia of trembling awe, dumb delight, conversations not to the point, so that it seemed more successful merely to sit hand in hand and let the moon speak for them, pouring light down silvery gulfs out of the abundant glory within her. Glory within and silvery gulfs—in fact, the moon expressed it for them. There could be seen, too, the dawn, as pink as Silvia's cheeks, but, after all, not so interesting. A hermit thrush sang of things holy at dawn, far down the woodland, while the birch-leaves trembled delicately and the breeze was the

sigh of a world in love; and of things quietly infinite at sunset in the growth of rosy gloom.

"It's nice," Silvia might whisper, leaning to Aaron, the action true and sufficient, the words something that might have been worse if it had tried to be better.

"That's a hermit-thrush down there, Silvy. He opens his mouth, and oh, Lord! Kingdom's comin'."

"Yes!"

"Little brown chap with a scared eye. You don't ever see him hardly."

"You don't want to, do you, Aaron?" after a long silence.

"Don't know as you do."

There would be a tendency, at least, to look at things that way, and talk duskily as the dusk came on, and we would leave them on the altar-stone to take the trail below.

But early in the afternoon it would be lively enough, only Silvia had a prejudice against Baal, that might have been dangerous if Baal had minded it; but he did her no harm. She referred to Elijah and those prophets of Baal, and we admitted he had been downed that time, for it took him when he wasn't ready, and generally he was low in his luck ever since. But we had chosen him first for an exiled dignity who must needs have a deadly dislike for the other dignity who had once conquered him vaingloriously, and so be in opposition to much that we opposed, such as Sunday-school lessons, sermons, and limitations of liberty. It might be that our reasonings were not so concrete and determined, but the sense of opposition was strong. We put it to Silvia that she ought to respect people's feelings, and she was reasonable enough.

Old Kincard, it seemed, was an interesting and opinionated heathen, and Silvia had not experienced sermons and Sunday-schools. That explained much. But she had read the Bible, which her mother had owned before she died at some obscure period, and we could follow her there, knowing it to be a book of naturally strong points, as respects David for instance, Joseph, and parts of Revelations.

Aaron did not care for books, and had no prejudice toward any being or supposition that might find place in the woods. Anyway the altar-stone was common to

many gods and councils, and we offered it to Silvia, to use as she liked. I judge she used it mostly to sit there with Aaron, and hear the hermit-thrush, or watch the thick moonlight pour down the scoop of the mountain.

That stretch of the Wyantenaug which is called the Haunted Water is quiet and of slow current, by reason of its depth, and dark in color, by reason of the steep fall of the Cattle Ridge and the pines which crowd from it to the water's edge. The Leather Hermit's hut stood up from the water in the dusk of the pines.

He came to the valley in times within the memories of many who would speak if they were asked, but long enough ago to have become a settled fact; and if any did not like him, neither did they like the Wyantenaug to flood the bottom lands in spring. The pines and the cliffs belonged to the Sandersons, who cared little enough for either phenomenon. But this was known, that he had suffered conviction of sin in the tan yards of some distant city, and then the widening of a hidden crease in his brain to a crevasse, into which fell, with a crash, all purposes and desires save one. He had fled away from the city, called by him "Destruction," and came into Wyantenaug Valley as a hermit and prophet, whose business in this world, henceforth, was silence and solitude, with now and then the denunciation of a certain sin in some one person. These denunciations, from their rarity and distinctness, were matters of date and chronicle in the valley. Bazilloa Armitage was denounced under the head of a man with a muck rake, on June 2, 1875. People whom the hermit denounced did not forget it, or wish it to happen again. It might be funny, but it did not sound so. There was too much system and conviction in it. One could not enjoy it personally, unless, perhaps, his humor lay so deep as not to be stirred to ordinary occasions.

We often met him on the Cattle Ridge, saw him pass glowering through the thicket with shaggy gray beard and streaming hair. Sometimes he wore a horse-robe over his leathern vestment. He was apt to be there Sundays, wandering about, and maybe trying to make out in what respect he differed from Elijah the Tishbite; and although we knew this, and knew it was in him to

cut up roughly if he found out about Baal, being a prophet himself both in his looks and his way of acting, still he mostly went to and fro on the other side of the crest, where he had a trail of his own; and you could not see the altar-stone from the top of the cliff, but had to climb down till you came to a jam of boulders directly over it.

We did not know how long he may have stood there, glowering down on us. The smoke of the sacrifice was beginning to curl up. Baal was backed against a stone, looking off into anywhere and taking things indifferently. Silvia sat aside, twirled her hat scornfully, and said we were "silly." Aaron chewed a birch-twig, and was very calm.

We got down on our hands and knees, and said, "O, Baal!"

And the hermit's voice broke over us in thunder and a sound as of falling mountains. It was Sunday, June 26, 1875.

He denounced us under the heads of "idolators, gone after the abomination of the Assyrians; babes and sucklings, old in sin, setting up strange gods in secret places; idle mockers of holy things, like the little children of Bethel, whereby they were cursed of the prophet and swallowed of she-bears;" three headings with subdivisions.

Then he came down thumping on the left. Silvia shrieked and clung to Aaron, and we fled to the right and hid in the rocks. He fell upon Baal, cast him on the altar-fire, stamping both to extinction, and shouted:

"I know you, Aaron Bees and Silvia Kincard!"

"N-no, you don't," stammered Aaron. "It's Mrs. Bees."

The hermit stood still and glared on them.

"Why are you here, Aaron and Silvia Bees?"

Aaron recovered himself, and fell to chewing his birch-twig.

"Wa-all, you see, it's the ol' man."

"What of him?"

"He'd lick us with a hoe-handle, wouldn't he, hey? An' maybe he'd throw us out, after all. What'd be the use? Might as well stay away," Aaron finished, grumbling. "Save the hoe."

The hermit's glare relaxed. Some recollection of former times may have passed

through his rifted mind, or the scent of a new denunciation drawn it away from the abomination of Assyria, who lay split and smoking in the ashes. He leaped from the altar-stone, and vanished under the leafage of the birches. We listened to him crashing and plunging, chanting something incoherent and tuneless, down the mountain, till the sound died away.

Alas, Baal-Peor ! Even to this day there are twinges of shame, misgivings of conscience, that we had fled in fear and given him over to his enemy, to be trampled on, destroyed and split through his green jacket and red eye. He never again stood gazing off into anywhere, snuffing the fumes of sacrifice and remembering Babylon. The look of things has changed since then. We have doubted Baal, and found some restraints of liberty more grateful than tyrannous. But it is plain that in his last defeat Baal-Peor did not have a fair chance.

Concerning the hermit's progress from this point, I can only draw upon guesses and after report. He struck slantingwise down the mountain, left the woods about at the Kincard place, and crossed the fields.

Old Kincard sat in his doorway smoking his pipe, thick-set, deep-chested, long-armed, with square, rough-shaven jaws, and steel-blue eyes looking out of a face like a carved cliff for length and edge. The hermit stood suddenly before and denounced him under two heads—as a heathen unsoftened in heart, and for setting up the altar of lucre and pride against the will of the Lord that the children of men should marry and multiply. Old Kincard took his pipe from his mouth.

"Where might them marriers an' multipliers be jes' now?"

The hermit pointed to the most westward cliff in sight from the doorway.

"If you have not in mind to repent, James Kincard, I shall know it."

"Maybe you'd put them ideas o' yourn again?"

The hermit restated his position accurately on the subject of heathen hearts and the altar of lucre.

"Ain't no mistake about that, hermit ? Wa-all, now——"

The hermit shook his head sternly, and strode away. Old Kincard gave a subterranean chuckle, such as a volcano might

give purposing eruptions, and fixed his eyes on the western cliff, five miles away, a grayish spot in the darker woods.

Alas, Baal-Peor !

Yet he was never indeed a wood-god. He was always remembering how fine it had been in Babylon. He had not cared for these later devotions. He had been bored and weary. Since he was gone, split and dead, perhaps it was better so. He should have a funeral pyre.

"And," said Chub Leroy, "we'll keep his ashes in an urn. That's the way they always did with people's ashes."

We came up the Cattle Ridge Road Monday afternoon, talking of these things. Chub carried the urn, which had once been a pickle-jar. Life still was full of hope and ideas. The hermit must be laid low in his arrogance. Apollo, now, had strong points. Consider the pythoness and the oracle. The hermit couldn't prophesy in the same class with a pythoness, it wasn't likely. The oracle might run,

He who dwells by the Haunted Water alone,
He shall not remain, but shall perish.

We came then to the hut, but Silvia would have nothing to do with Baal's funeral, so that she and Aaron wandered away among the birches, that were no older than they, young birches, slim and white, coloring the sunlight pale green with their leaves. We went up to the altar-stone, and made ready the funeral, and set the urn to receive the ashes, decently, in order. The pyre was built four-square, of chosen sticks. We did not try to fit Baal together much ; we laid him on as he came. And when the birch-bark was curling up and the pitchy black smoke of it was pouring upward, we fell on our faces and cried :

"Alas, Baal ! Woe's me, Baal !"

It was a good ceremony. When you are doing a ceremony, it depends on how much your feelings are worked up, of course, and very few, if any, of those we had done—and they were many—had ever reached such a point of efficiency as the funeral of Baal Peor. Moses howled mournfully, as if it were in some tooth that his sorrow lay. The thought of that impressiveness and luxury of feeling lay

mellow in our minds long after. "Alas, Baal!"

Somebody snorted near by. We looked up. Over our heads, thrust out beyond the edge of the bowlders, was a strange old face, with heavy brows and jaws and grizzled hair.

The Face was distorted, the jaws working. It disappeared, and we sat up, gasping at one another across the funeral pyre, where the black smoke was rolling up faster and faster.

In a moment the Face came out on the altar-stone, and looked at us with level brows.

"What ye doin'?"

"My goodness!" gasped Moses. "You aren't 'nother hermit?"

"What ye doin'?"

Chub recovered himself.

"It's Baal's funeral."

"Jes' so."

He sat down on a stone and wiped the Face, which was heated. He carried a notable stick in his hand.

"Baal! Wa-all, what ailed him?"

"Are you Silvia's ol' man?" asked Chub.

"Jes' so—er—what ailed Baal?"

Then we told him—seeing Baal was dead and the Vows would have to be taken over again anyway—we told him about Baal, and about the Leather Hermit, because he seemed touched by it, and worked his face and blinked his sharp hard eyes uncannily. Some hidden vein of grim ideas was coming to a white heat within him, like a suppressed molten stratum beneath the earth, unsuspected on its surface, that suddenly heaves and cracks the faces of stone cliffs. He gave way like that at last, and his laughter was the rending tumult of an earthquake.

Aaron and Silvia came up through the woods hastily to the altar-stone.

"I say," cried Chub. "Are you going to lick 'em? It's two to Aaron for one to Silvia."

"Been marryin' an' multiplyin', hev ye?"

He suppressed the earthquake, but still seemed mostly interested in Baal's funeral.

Aaron said, "She's Mrs. Bees, anyhow."

"Jes' so. Baal's dead. Wa-all! That hermit's some lively."

"We'll get an oracle on him," said Moses. "What you going to do to Aaron and Silvia?"

Here Silvia cast herself on the ol' man suddenly and wept on his shoulder. We had often noticed how girls would start up and cry on a person.

Maybe the earthquake had brought up subsoils and mellowed things; at least Kincard made no motion to lick someone, though he looked bored, as any fellow might.

"Oh, wa-all, I don't know—er—what's that there oracle?"

"He who dwells by the Haunted Water alone, He shall not remain, but shall perish."

It's going to be like that," said Chub. "Won't it fetch him, don't you think?"

"It oughter," said the ol' man, working his jaw. "It oughter."

The black smoke had ceased, and flames were crackling and dancing all over the funeral pyre. The clearer smoke floated up against the face of the lonesome cliff. Aaron and Silvia clasped hands unfrightened. The ol' man now and then rumbled subterraneously in his throat. Peace was everywhere, and presently Baal-Peor was ashes.



A JUBILEE PRESENT

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



THE Room of Gold, in the British Museum, is probably well enough known to the inquiring alien and the travelled American. A true Londoner, however, I myself had never heard of it until Raffles casually proposed a raid.

"The older I grow, Bunny, the less I think of your so-called precious stones. When did they ever bring in half their market value in £. s. d.? There was the first little crib we ever cracked together—you with your innocent eyes shut. A thousand pounds that stuff was worth; but how many hundreds did it actually fetch? The Ardagh emeralds weren't much better; old Lady Melrose's necklace was far worse; but that little lot the other night has about finished me. A cool hundred for goods priced £405; and £35 to come off for bait, since we only got a tanner for the ring I bought and paid for like an ass. I'll be shot if I ever touch a diamond again! Not if it was the Koh-i-noor; those few whacking stones are too well known, and to cut them up is to decrease their value by arithmetical retrogression. Besides, that brings you up against the Fence once more, and I'm done with the beggars for good and all. You talk about your editors and publishers, you literary swine. Barabbas was neither a robber nor a publisher, but a six-barred, barbed-wired, spike-topped Fence. What we really want is an Incorporated Society of Thieves, with some public-spirited old forger to run it for us on business lines."

Raffles uttered these blasphemies under his breath, not, I am afraid, out of any respect for my one redeeming profession, but because we were taking a midnight airing on the roof, after a whole day of June in the little flat below. The stars shone overhead, the lights of London

underneath, and between the lips of Raffles a cigarette of the old and only brand. I had sent in secret for a box of the best; the boon had arrived that night; and the foregoing speech was the first result. I could afford to ignore the insolent asides, however, where the apparent contention was so obviously unsound.

"And how are you going to get rid of your gold?" said I, pertinently.

"Nothing easier, my dear rabbit."

"Is your Room of Gold a roomful of sovereigns?"

Raffles laughed softly at my scorn.

"No, Bunny, it's principally in the shape of archaic ornaments, whose value, I admit, is largely extrinsic. But gold is gold, from Phoenicia to Klondike, and if we cleared the room we should eventually do very well."

"How?"

"I should melt it down into a nugget, and bring it home from the U. S. A. to-morrow."

"And then?"

"Make them pay up in hard cash across the counter of the Bank of England. And you *can* make them."

That I knew, and so said nothing for a time, remaining a hostile though a silent critic, while we paced the cool black leads with our bare feet, softly as cats.

"And how do you propose to get enough away," at length I asked, "to make it worth while?"

"Ah, there you have it," said Raffles. "I only propose to reconnoitre the ground, to see what we can see. We might find some hiding-place for a night; that, I am afraid, would be our only chance."

"Have you ever been there before?"

"Not since they got the one good, portable piece which I believe that they exhibit now. It's a long time since I read of it—I can't remember where—but



We crawled together into the gardens.—Page 222.

I know they have got a gold cup of sorts worth several thousands. A number of the immorally rich clubbed together and presented it to the nation; and two of the richly immoral intend to snaffle it for themselves. At any rate we might go and have a look at it, Bunny, don't you think?"

Think! I seized his arm.

"When? When? When?" I asked, like a quick-firing gun.

"Now—the sooner the better—while old Theobald's away on his honeymoon."

Our medico had married the week before, nor was any fellow-practitioner taking his work—at least not that considerable branch of it which consisted of Raffles—during his brief absence from town. There were reasons, delightfully obvious to us, why such a plan would have been highly unwise in Dr. Theobald. I, however, was sending him daily screeds, and both matutinal and nocturnal telegrams, the composition of which afforded Raffles not a little enjoyment.

"Well, then, when—when?" I began to repeat.

"To-morrow, if you like."

"Only to look?"

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The limitation was my one regret.

"We must do so, Bunny, before we leap."

"Very well," I sighed. "To-morrow it is!"

And the morrow it really was.

I saw the porter that night, and, I still think, bought his absolute allegiance for the second coin of the realm. My story, however, invented by Raffles, was sufficiently specious in itself. That sick gentleman, Mr. Maturin (as I had to remember to call him), was really, or apparently, sickening for fresh air. Dr. Theobald would allow him none; he was pestering me for just one day in the country while the glorious weather lasted. I was myself convinced that no possible harm could come of the experiment. Would the porter help me in so innocent and meritorious an intrigue? The porter hesitated. I produced my half-sovereign. He was lost. And at half-past eight next morning—before the heat of the day—Raffles and I drove to Kew Gardens in a hired landau which was to call for us at mid-day and wait until we came. The porter had assisted me to carry my invalid down-stairs, in a carrying-chair hired (like

the landau) from Harrod's Stores for the occasion.

It was little after nine when we crawled together into the gardens; by half-past my invalid had had enough, and out he tottered on my arm; a cab, a message to our coachman, a timely train to Baker Street, another cab, and we were at the British Museum—brisk pedestrians now—not very many minutes after the opening hour of 10 A.M.

It was one of those glowing days which will not be forgotten by many who were in town at the time. The Diamond Jubilee was upon us, and Queen's weather had already set in. Raffles, indeed, declared it was as hot as Italy and Australia put together; and certainly the short summer nights gave the seas of wood and asphalt and the continents of brick and mortar but little time to cool. At the British Museum the pigeons were crooning among the shadows of the grimy colonnade, and the stalwart janitors looked less stalwart than usual, as though their medals were more than they could support. I recognized some habitual Readers going to their labor underneath the dome; of mere visitors we seemed among the first.

"That's the room," said Raffles, who had bought the two-penny guide, as we studied it openly on the nearest bench; "number 43, up-stairs and sharp round to the right. Come on, Bunny!"

And he led the way in silence, but with a long methodical stride which I could not understand until we came to the corridor leading to the Room of Gold; there he turned to me for a moment.

"A hundred and thirty-nine yards from this to the open street," said Raffles, "not counting the stairs. I suppose we *could* do it in twenty seconds, but if we did we should have to jump the gates. No, you must remember to loaf out at slow march, Bunny, whether you like it or not."

"But you talked about a hiding-place for a night?"

"Quite so—for all night. We should have to get back, go on lying low, and saunter out with the crowd next day—after doing the whole show thoroughly."

"What! With gold in our pockets——"

"And gold in our boots, and gold up the sleeves and legs of our suits! You leave

that to me, Bunny, and wait till you've tried two pairs of trousers sewn together at the foot! This is only a preliminary reconnoitre. And here we are."

It is none of my business to describe the so-called Room of Gold, with which I, for one, was not a little disappointed. The glass cases, which both fill and line it, may contain unique examples of the goldsmith's art in times and places of which one heard quite enough in the course of one's classical education; but, from a professional point of view, I would as lief have the ransacking of a single window in the West End as the pick of all those spoils of Etruria and of ancient Greece. The gold may not be so soft as it appears, but it certainly looks as though you could bite off the business ends of the spoons, and stop your own teeth in doing so. Nor should I care to be seen wearing one of the rings; but the greatest fraud of all (from the aforesaid standpoint) is assuredly that very cup of which Raffles had spoken. Moreover, he felt this himself.

"Why, it's as thin as paper," said he, "and enamelled like a middle-aged lady of quality! But, by Jove, it's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in my life, Bunny. I should like to have it for its own sake, by all my gods!"

The thing had a little square case of plate-glass all to itself at one end of the room. It may have been the thing of beauty that Raffles affected to consider it, but I, for my part, was in no mood to look at it in that light. Underneath were the names of the plutocrats who had subscribed for this national gewgaw, and I fell to wondering where their £8,000 came in, while Raffles devoured his two-penny guide-book as greedily as a school-girl with a zeal for culture.

"Those are scenes from the martyrdom of St. Agnes," said he . . . "translucent on relief . . . one of the finest specimens of its kind." I should think it was! Bunny, you Philistine, why can't you admire the thing for its own sake? I should like to have it only to live up to. There never was such rich enamelling on such thin gold; and what a good scheme to hang the lid up over it, so that you can see how thin it is! I wonder if we could lift it, Bunny, by hook or crook?"



"Going to run me in, officer?" said he.

"You'd better try, sir," said a dry voice at his elbow.

The madman seemed to think we had the room to ourselves. I knew better, but, like another madman, had let him ramble on unchecked. And here was a stolid constable confronting us, in the short tunic that they wear in summer, his whistle on its chain, but no truncheon at his side. Heavens! how I see him now: a man of medium size, with a broad, good-humored, perspiring face, and a limp, dark mustache. He looked sternly at Raffles, and Raffles looked merrily at him.

"Going to run me in, officer?" said he. "That *would* be a joke—my hat!"

"I didn't say as I was, sir," replied the

policeman. "But that's queer talk for a gentleman like you, sir, in the British Museum!" And he wagged his helmet at my invalid, who had taken his airing in frock-coat and top-hat, the more readily to assume his present part.

"What!" cried Raffles, "simply saying to my friend that I'd like to lift the gold cup? Why, so I should, officer, so I should! I don't mind who I say it to. It's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in all my life."

The constable's face had already relaxed, and now a grin peeped under the limp mustache. "I daresay there's many as feels like that, sir," said he.

"Exactly; and I say what I feel, that's

A Jubilee Present

all," said Raffles, airily. "But seriously, officer, is a valuable thing like this quite safe in a case like that?"

"Safe enough as long as I'm here," replied the other, between grim jest and stout earnest. Raffles studied his face; he was still watching Raffles; and I kept an eye on them both, without once putting in my word.

"You appear to be single-handed," observed Raffles. "Is that wise?"

The note of anxiety was capitally caught; it was at once personal and public-spirited, that of the enthusiastic savant,

afraid for a national treasure which few appreciated as he did himself. And, to be sure, the three of us now had this treasury to ourselves; one or two others had been there when we entered; but now they were gone.

"I'm not single-handed," said the officer, comfortably. "See that seat by the door? One of the attendants sits there all day long."

"Then where is he now?"

"Talking to another attendant just outside. If you listen you'll hear them for yourself."



We listened, and we did hear them, but not just outside. In my own mind I even questioned whether they were in the corridor through which we had come; to me it sounded more as though they were just outside the corridor.

"You mean the fellow with the billiard-cue who was here when we came in?" pursued Raffles.

"That wasn't a billiard-cue! It was a pointer," the intelligent officer explained.

"It ought to be a javelin," said Raffles, nervously. "It ought to be a poleaxe. The public treasure ought to be better guarded than this. I shall write to the *Times* about this—you see if I don't!"

All at once, yet somehow not so suddenly as to excite suspicion, Raffles had become the elderly busybody with nerves; why, I could not for the life of me imagine; and the policeman seemed equally at sea.

"Lor' bless you, sir," said he, "I'm all right; don't you bother your head about me."

"But you haven't even got a truncheon!"

"Not likely to want one, neither. You see, sir, it's early as yet; in a few minutes these here rooms will fill up; and there's safety in numbers, as they say."

"Oh, it will fill up soon, will it?"

"Any minute now, sir."

"Ah!"

"It isn't often empty as long as this, sir. It's the Jubilee, I suppose."

"Meanwhile, what if my friend and I had been professional thieves? Why, we could have overpowered you in an instant, my good fellow!"

"That you couldn't; leastways, not without bringing the place down about your ears."

"Well, I shall write to the *Times* all the same. I'm a connoisseur in all this sort of thing, and I won't have unneces-



Nor did they hear the dull crash.—Page 226.

sary risks run with the nation's property. You said there was an attendant just outside, but he sounds to me as though he were at the other end of the corridor. I shall write to-day!"

For an instant we all three listened; and Raffles was right. Then I saw two things in one glance. Raffles had stepped a few inches backward, and stood poised upon the ball of each foot, his arms half raised, a light in his eyes. And another kind of light was breaking over the crass features of our friend, the constable.

"Then shall I tell you what I'll do?" he cried, with a sudden clutch at the whistle-chain on his chest. The whistle flew out, but it never reached his lips. There were a couple of sharp smacks, like double barrels discharged all but simultaneously, and the man reeled against me so that I could not help catching him as he fell.

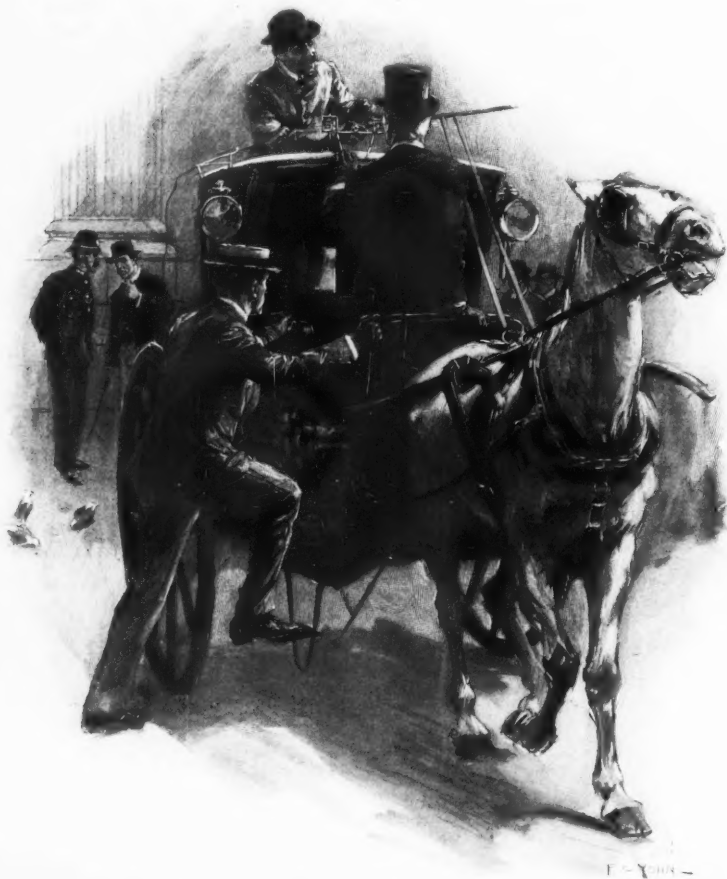
"Well done, Bunny! I've knocked him out—I've knocked him out! Run you to the door and see if the attendants have

heard anything, and take them on if they have."

Mechanically I did as I was told. There was no time for thought, still less for remonstrance or reproach, though my surprise must have been even more complete than that of the constable before Raffles knocked the sense out of him. Even in my utter bewilderment, however, the instinctive caution of the criminal did not desert me. I ran to the door, but I sauntered through it, to plant myself before a Pompeian fresco in the corridor; and there were the two attendants still gossip-

ing outside the further door; nor did they hear the dull crash which I heard, even as I watched them out of the corner of each eye.

It was hot weather, as I have said, but the perspiration on my body seemed already to have turned into a skin of ice. Then I caught the faint reflection of my own face in the casing of the fresco, and it frightened me into some semblance of myself as Raffles joined me with his hands in his pockets. But my fear and indignation were redoubled at the sight of him, when a single glance convinced me that





The porter and I staggered up-stairs with my decrepit charge.—Page 229.

his pockets were as empty as his hands, and his mad outrage the most wanton and reckless of his whole career.

"Ah, very interesting, very interesting, but nothing to what they have in the museum at Naples or in Pompeii itself. You must go there some day, Bunny. I've a good mind to take you myself. Meanwhile—slow march! The beggar hasn't moved an eyelid. We may swing for him if you show indecent haste!"

"We!" I whispered. "We!"

And my knees knocked together as we came up to the chatting attendants. But Raffles must needs interrupt them to ask the way to the Prehistoric Saloon.

"At the top of the stairs."

"Thank you. Then we'll work round that way to the Egyptian part."

And we left them resuming their providential chat.

"I believe you're mad," I said bitterly as we went.

"I believe I *was*," admitted Raffles; "but I'm not now, and I'll see you through. A hundred and thirty-nine yards, wasn't it? Then it can't be more than a hundred and twenty now—not as much. Steady, Bunny, for God's sake. It's *slow* march—for our lives."

There was this much management. The rest was our colossal luck. A hansom was being paid off at the foot of the steps outside, and in we jumped, Raffles shouting



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

He bid the cup of gold a ridiculous farewell.—Page 230.

"Charing Cross!" for all Bloomsbury to hear.

We had turned into Gower Street, without exchanging a syllable, when he struck the trap-door with his fist.

"Where the devil are you driving us?"

"Charing Cross, sir."

"I said King's Cross! Round you spin, and drive like blazes, or we miss our train! There's one to York at 10.35," added Raffles as the trap-door slammed; "we'll book there, Bunny, and then we'll slope through the subway to the Underground, and so to ground *via* Baker Street and Earl's Court."

And actually within half an hour he was seated once more in the hired carrying chair, while the porter and I staggered up-stairs with my decrepit charge, for whose shattered strength even one hour in Kew Gardens had proved too much! Then, and not until then, when we had got rid of the porter and were alone at last, did I tell Raffles, in the most nervous English at my command, frankly and exactly what I thought of him and of his latest deed. Once started, moreover, I spoke as I have seldom spoken to living man; and Raffles, of all men, stood my abuse without a murmur; or rather, he sat it out, too astounded even to take off his hat, though I thought his eyebrows would have lifted it from his head.

"But it always was your infernal way," I was savagely concluding. "You make one plan, and you tell me another——"

"Not to-day, Bunny, I swear!"

"You mean to tell me you really did start with the bare idea of finding a place to hide in for a night?"

"Of course I did."

"It was to be the mere reconnoitre you pretended?"

"There was no pretence about it, Bunny."

"Then why on earth go and do what you did?"

"The reason would be obvious to anyone but you," said Raffles, still with no unkindly scorn. "It was the temptation of a minute—the final impulse of the fraction of a second, when Roberto saw that I was tempted, and let me see that he saw it. It's not a thing I care to do, and I sha'n't be happy till the papers tell me the poor devil

is alive. But a knock-out shot was the only chance for us then."

"Why? You don't get run in for being tempted, nor yet for showing that you are!"

"But I should have deserved running in if I hadn't yielded to such a temptation as that, Bunny. Why, it was a chance in a hundred thousand! We might go there every day of our lives, and never again be the only outsiders in the room, with the billiard-marking Johnnie practically out of earshot at one and the same time. It was a gift from the gods; not to have taken it would have been flying in the face of Providence."

"But you didn't take it," said I. "You went and left it behind."

I wish I had had a Kodak for the little smile with which Raffles shook his head, for it was one that he kept for those great moments of which our vocation is not devoid. All this time he had been wearing his hat, tilted a little over eyebrows no longer raised. And now at last I knew where the gold cup was.

It stood for days upon his chimney-piece, this costly trophy whose ancient history and final fate filled newspaper columns, even in these days of Jubilee, and for which the flower of Scotland Yard was said to be seeking high and low. Our constable, we learnt, had been stunned only, and, from the moment that I brought him an evening paper with the news, Raffles's spirits rose to a height inconsistent with his equable temperament, and as unusual in him as the sudden impulse upon which he had acted with such effect. The cup itself appealed to me no more than it had done before. Exquisite it might be, handsome it was, but so light in the hand that the mere gold of it would scarcely have poured three figures out of melting-pot. And what said Raffles but that he would never melt it at all!

"Taking it was an offence against the laws of the land, Bunny. That is nothing. But destroying it would be a crime against God and Art, and may I be spitted on the vane of St. Mary Abbot's if I commit it!"

Talk such as this was unanswerable; indeed, the whole affair had passed the pale of useful comment; and the one course left for a practical person was to

shrug his shoulders and enjoy the joke. This was not a little enhanced by the newspaper reports, which described Raffles as a handsome youth, and his unwilling accomplice as an older man of blackguardly appearance and low type.

"Hits us both off rather neatly, Bunny," said he. "But what they none of them do justice to is my dear cup. Look at it; only look at it, man! Was ever anything so rich and yet so chaste? St. Agnes must have had a pretty bad time, but it would be almost worth it to go down to posterity in such enamel upon such gold. And then the history of the thing. Do you realize that it's five hundred years old and has belonged to Henry the Eighth and to Elizabeth among others? Bunny, when you have me cremated, you can put my ashes in yonter cup, and lay us in the deep-delved earth together!"

"And meanwhile?"

"It is the joy of my heart, the light of my life, the delight of mine eye."

"And suppose other eyes should catch sight of it?"

"They never must; they never shall."

Raffles would have been too absurd had he not been thoroughly alive to his own absurdity; there was, nevertheless, an underlying sincerity in his appreciation of any and every form of beauty, which all his nonsense could not conceal. And his infatuation for the cup was, as he declared, a very pure passion, since the circumstances debarred him from the chief joy of the average collector, that of showing his treasure to his friends. At last, however, and at the height of his craze, Raffles and reason seemed to come together again as suddenly as they had parted company in the Room of Gold.

"Bunny," he cried, flinging his newspaper across the room, "I've got an idea after your own heart. I know where I can place it after all!"

"Do you mean the cup?"

"I do."

"Then I congratulate you."

"Thanks."

"Upon the recovery of your senses."

"Thanks galore. But you've been damnably unsympathetic about this thing, Bunny, and I don't think I shall tell you my scheme till I've carried it out."

"That will be time enough."

"It will mean your letting me loose for an hour or two under cloud of this very night. To-morrow's Sunday, the Jubilee's on Tuesday, and old Theobald's coming back for it."

"It doesn't much matter whether he's back or not if you go late enough."

"I mustn't be late. They don't keep open. No, it's no use your asking any questions. Go out and buy me a big box of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits; any sort you like, only they must be theirs, and absolutely the biggest box they sell."

"My dear man!"

"No questions, Bunny; you do your part and I'll do mine."

Subtlety and success were in his face. It was enough for me, and I had done his extraordinary bidding within a quarter of an hour. In another minute Raffles had opened the box and tumbled all the biscuits into the nearest chair.

"Now newspapers!"

I fetched a pile. He bid the cup of gold a ridiculous farewell, wrapped it up in newspaper after newspaper, and finally packed it in the empty biscuit-box.

"Now some brown paper. I don't want to be taken for the grocer's young man."

A neat enough parcel it made, when the string had been tied and the ends cut close; what was much more difficult was to wrap up Raffles himself in such a way that even the porter should not recognize him if they came face to face at the corner. And the sun was still up. But Raffles would go, and when he did I should not have known him myself.

He may have been an hour away. It was barely dusk when he returned, and my first question referred to our dangerous ally, the porter. Raffles had passed him unsuspected in going, but had managed to avoid him altogether on the return journey, which he had completed by way of the other entrance and the roof. I breathed again.

"And what have you done with the cup?"

"Placed it!"

"How much for? How much for?"

"Let me think. I had a couple of cabs, and the postage was a tanner, with another twopenny for registration. Yes, it cost me exactly five-and-eight."

"*It cost you?* But what did you *get* for it, Raffles?"

"Nothing, my boy."

"Nothing!"

"Not a crimson cent."

"I am not surprised. I never thought it had a market value. I told you so in the beginning," I said, irritably. "But what on earth have you done with the thing?"

"Sent it to the Queen."

"You haven't!"

Rogue is a word with various meanings, and Raffles had been one sort of rogue ever since I had known him; but now, for once, he was the innocent variety, a great gray-haired child, running over with merriment and mischief.

"Well, I've sent it to Sir Arthur Bigge, to present to her Majesty, with the loyal respects of the thief, if that will do for you," said Raffles. "I thought they might take too much stock of me at the G. P. O. if I addressed it to the Sovereign herself. Yes, I drove over to St. Martin's le Grand with it, and I registered the box into the bargain. Do a thing properly if you do it at all."

"But why on earth," I groaned, "do such a thing at all?"

"My dear Bunny, we have been reigned over for sixty years by infinitely the finest

monarch the world has ever seen. The world is taking the present opportunity of signifying the fact for all it is worth. Every nation is laying of its best at her royal feet; every class in the community is doing its little level—except ours. All I have done is to remove one reproach from our fraternity."

At this I came round, was infected with his spirit, called him the sportsman he always was and would be, and shook his daredevil hand in mine; but, at the same time, I still had my qualms.

"Supposing they trace it to us?" said I.

"There's not much to catch hold of in a biscuit-box by Huntley & Palmer," said Raffles; "that was why I sent you for one. And I didn't write a word upon a sheet of paper which could possibly be traced. I simply printed two or three on a virginal post-card—another half-penny to the bad—which might have been bought at any post-office in the kingdom. No, old chap, the G. P. O. was the one real danger; there was one detective I spotted for myself; and the sight of him has left me with a thirst. Whiskey and Sullivans for two, Bunny, if you please."

Raffles was soon clinking his glass against mine.

"The Queen," said he. "God bless her!"

COMING RAIN

By Joseph Russell Taylor

HUNG in the shining north, light showers—
As over a breast of silks and flowers
Like dusky unbound hair—
Trail weeping; but the west is dark,
And the rain-crow's tripping voice, O hark!
Treads down the echoing air!
Hark, how the bobolinks ripple and bubble!
Out of the orchard what rapture of robins!
And look, the brown-thrush up and facing the storm
With a shaken jubilant splendor and storm of song
And more than the heart can bear!
O look and listen! the last lights glisten,
Save for the moment's glare,
O look and harken! the valleys darken,
Fade, for the rain is there!

THE SONS OF SLEEP

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Now the wayfaring, now the restless Earth,
Descrying on her dim and trackless verge
The dear, awaited dawning of the night,
Moves slowly in a languor of desire,
And slips into the haven of her sleep.

Like dropping of the sweet and gradual rain,
Full flooding all the parchèd doors of growth,
The multitudinous lips of all the flowers,
The whispering insistence of dry leaves,
All cool and rill-like flowing, falls our sleep.

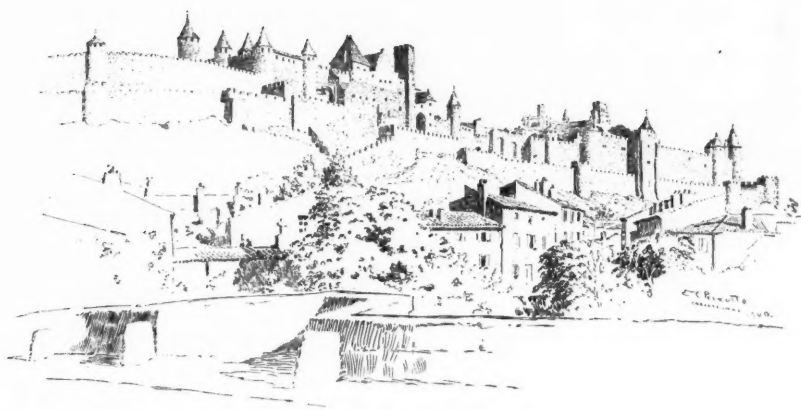
As the long thunderous surge of ocean waves
That lull eternally the listening shore,
Slow sweeping in from vast and caverned depths,
Comes the white tide that washes loose our souls,
To drown them tenderly in depths of sleep.

Soft stealing like the swathed and plumèd dusk,
Enwrapped in shadows, shod with silences,
Unceasing, unresisted, unobserved,
Embosoming the lapsed and languid earth,
Slips o'er the sons of men close-feathered sleep.

By day they walk diverse and isolate,
Sunken in self they skulk their separate ways,
Poor fugitives of Fate, awhirl in time,
Groping for fellow-hands they dare not grasp,
Grudging the thriftless hours they yield to sleep.

But now, relaxed and drifting with that stream
Whereon they taste soft moments of the voyage
Whose unknown port no seaman of us all
Evaded ever, these swift, swarming souls
As one glad band of brothers sink in sleep.

Surely the great and tireless Heart of all,
Grievèd by day for their perversity,
Joys in them as they lie, breast soft on breast,
Hand locked in hand, a fathom deep in dreams,
And brims anew the cooling wells of sleep !



The Castle and Walls from the Old Bridge.

CARCASSONNE

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS*

WE may have read much of the Cité of Carcassonne and seen many photographs of its walls and towers, yet we do not seem in any way prepared, in our latter-day civilization for the strangeness of aspect of this mediæval city, crowning the rolling hills in which it is built with the silhouette of its double line of ramparts and the profile of its innumerable slate-roofed towers of irregular size, its crenellated castle and its fortress church. And strange to say, this *chef d'œuvre* of feudal fortification, carefully restored by Viollet-le-Duc and kept in splendid repair by an enlightened administration, is comparatively little visited by tourists, though seen from one of the much-travelled railways of southern France.

Yet one who spends a day or two in wandering along its well-kept *chemin de rondes* on whose broad flag-stones the spurred heels of steel-clad knights still seem to ring, or peeps through the long slits of the *meurtrières* or down the abysses of the machicolations, or climbs the wind-

ing stairs of its turrets, cunningly guarded by doors at unlooked-for angles, will come away with an object-lesson on feudal warfare which will light up the pages of history with a new interest. Every detail of barbican and portcullis, of drawbridge and postern-gate, of *hourds* and *volets*—every cunning system of attack and defence from the strong but ill-laid masonry of the Visigoth to the perfections of St. Louis and Philip the Hardy can here be studied from the life.

It takes but little imagination to people the silent streets of the Cité with armored crossbowmen, to see the populace rushing to the walls to pour boiling oil and hurl the very masonry of their houses upon the soldiers of the King.

After its redoubtable defences were completed this virgin city was never taken, for, during the whole period of the Middle Ages, when all the southwest of France was ravaged by the wars with England, and city after city was attacked and taken by Edward the Black Prince, the Cité of Carcassonne alone was deemed impregnable and only gave itself up when all of Languedoc had fallen before the conqueror.

Now from the top of the beetling walls

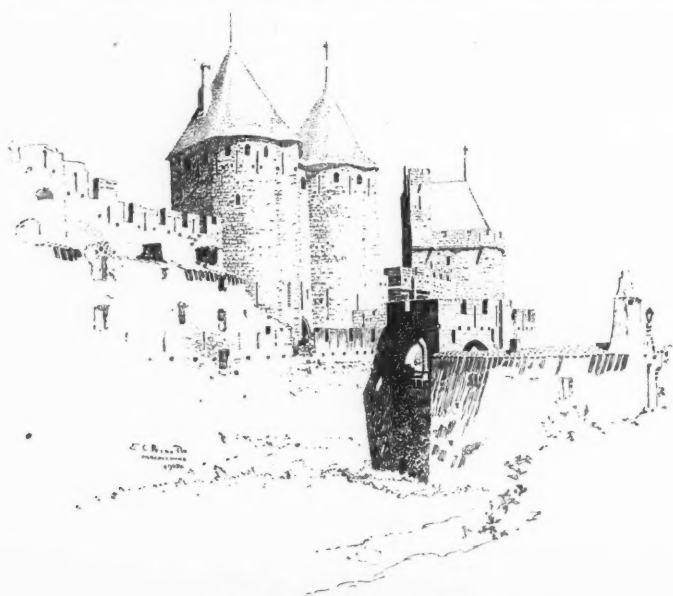
* See, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1899, and August, 1900, similarly illustrated papers on the Château of Chinon and Loches by the same author.

one looks over smiling valley lands—vineyards and orchards—far over to the sombre Montagne Noire on the one hand and to the snow-clad peaks of the Pyrénées on the other. Below, near us, flows the river Aude, spanned by its twelfth-century bridge, and on its far bank the new city of Carcassonne, itself six hundred years old and to-day a commercial town of some importance.

Within the walls of the old upper city, the narrow little streets are almost deserted—a few old women knitting or gossiping in the cool corners, a cat slinking along in the tiny shadows of the high southern sun. It was on one of those first hot days of June when I wandered through these little lanes as the noon hour approached, seeking to make arrangements for my lunch, so that I might be spared the descent of the long hill to my hotel in the new town. A turning of the street brought me before a café, but there I was told that they served no meals. Just beyond, in the rue de l'Aude, I met the wife of the *conciergerie* of the fortifications, a fresh-looking, kindly faced woman, to whom I explained my dilemma. But no, there was no place where Monsieur could dine.

I hinted—yes, it *was* a hint, and I confess it—that all I wanted was a bit of bread, an egg, and a salad, and she took the cue by saying, "*Pardi—I can provide that if Monsieur is not too exigeant.*" So we entered a neat little house, where I busied myself looking at photographs until lunch was announced.

My cover was laid at a round table in the corner of the kitchen, with the custodian himself beside me and Madame across the table. But instead of the meagre meal which I had suggested, I found prepared a veritable little feast. The "best linen" was on the table, which was arranged with care, and on it were carefully disposed a rosy dish of radishes, fresh olives, sliced *saucisson d'Arles*, a pickled mackerel, and cold ham. Monsieur filled my glass with a charming grace and asked me to sample his wine, for it would be of special interest to me, having been grown on the very ramparts of Carcassonne! Yes, the little vineyard was just in front of the church of St. Nazaire, and they pressed the wine themselves. The sausage, too, proved to be native-born, and the ham was its own brother, for they were made from two little white pigs



The Porte Narbonnaise and Barbican.

which the custodian himself had raised the winter before ! So the luncheon passed—the eggs, the *tomates farcies* cooked in olive-oil and served in an earthen dish, the fresh crisp salad, *roquefort* and fruits—relished with a running fire of small talk and anecdote from my host and hostess. Then the coffee was ground in a little mill before my eyes, its delicious aroma filling the air, and served so strong and hot. An hour

later, when, as I rose to say good-by, my hand strayed toward my pocket, Madame lifted up her hands and cried, "*Mais, Monsieur, vous plaisantez !*" Happy people who have enough to give some away, and take in and feast a perfect stranger at their board—kindly folks of the Midi with their warm southern temperament, who carry, as my host expressed it, their hearts within their hands !



The Cathedral and Archbishop's Palace from the Banks of the Tarn, Albi.

ALBI

By Ernest C. Peixotto

THE little local train had just traversed an uninteresting stretch of meadow-land when the huge red mass of the Cathedral of Albi loomed into view—a mass most imposing in size, but not picturesque when viewed thus over the flat grain-fields.

From the station I hurried through a succession of modern French provincial streets, some attempting to be boulevards by lining up their rows of young plane-trees, dotting the dazzling roadway with

their scanty shade, others filled with ill-stocked shops and paved with the roughest cobbles. Soon, however, the streets narrowed; the houses took on a quainter aspect, huddled closer together for mutual support and protection, thrust out their upper stories on heavy corbels and raised their roof-lines into pointed gables and high-peaked dormer-windows; and finally, an abrupt turning brought me into the market-place. It was nine in the morning, and the market was at its height—and such

a market!—one of those southern marts, where every bright color is displayed at once, where every heap of gray-blue cabbages and every pile of rich red berries and golden apricots is sheltered by an umbrella of a different hue—green, red, blue, purple—where every woman wears a bright kerchief or a knot of gay ribbon. And such a clatter of tongues, and such animation! How interesting the coifs! The old women in little, close-fitting caps, with wide double ruffles round the face, framing it in an aureole of white; the young women with their hair bound in gay plaid kerchiefs, covered by large straw hats of curious fashion, with low crowns bound by wide bands of velvet ribbon.

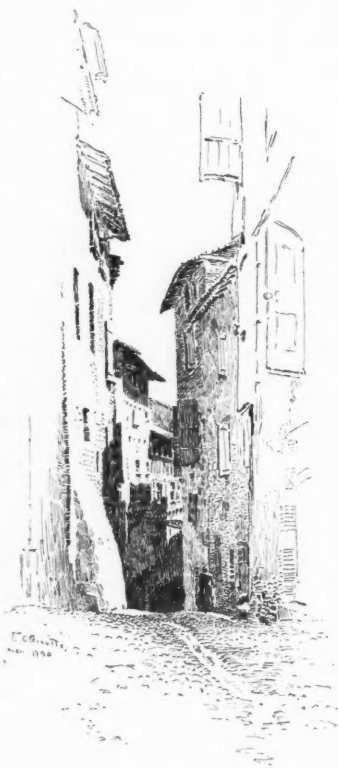
Behind this animated scene, brilliant in the glare of the hot southern sun, towers the red-brick apse of the Cathedral of Ste. Cecilia. Half way up to its roof-line, thick and solid walls, devoid of detail, seem by their threatening masses to defy all attack, and fill the mind with a feeling of mysterious fear. The upper half of these gigantic walls is pierced by long slits of windows, like loopholes, and the entire church, from basement to balustrade, is strengthened by round, tower-like buttresses, so that one is tempted to ask, "Is this a fortress—is it a church?" As we look at the crenellated portal of Dominique-de-Florence, it, too, is a castle gate, though decorated with statues of the Virgin and saints. But beyond it, we catch a glimpse of the marvellous baldaquin of the south portal in the richest flamboyant Gothic, and we say that surely

must be the entrance to a temple of God. The interior leaves no vestige of doubt in the mind—its soaring arches, its chapels, its rood-screen, whose stone is as delicately wrought as a piece of Valenciennes lace, whose canopied niches are peopled with countless statues and enriched with tracteries of details so intricate that the mind is appalled at the power of imagination of

him who conceived them; its delicate frescoes of the Last Judgment, with Giotto-like figures moving in landscapes of rare simplicity—all tell us that it is religious faith alone which has accomplished such marvels.

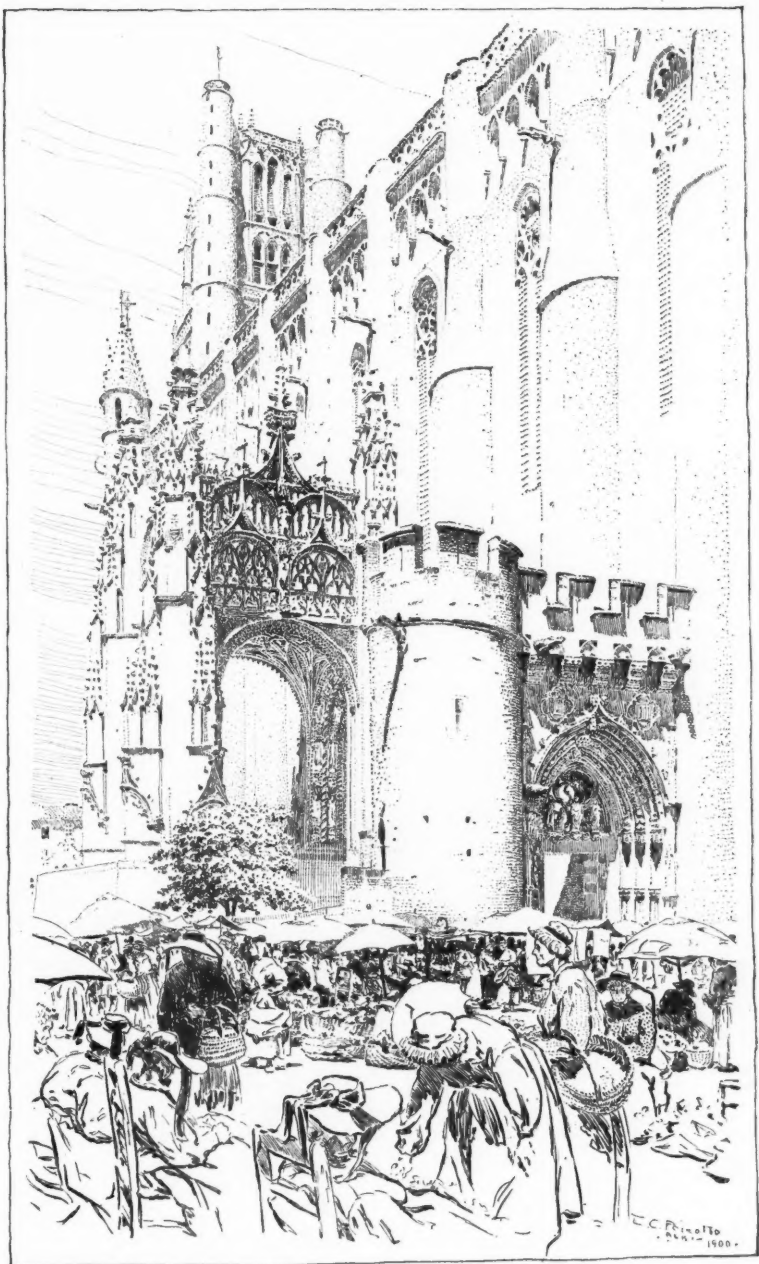
Around the Cathedral wind the crooked little streets of the old city which sought protection under its frowning walls and encircling ramparts—a twisting labyrinth of by-ways and alleys where the sun seems to bestow its rays regretfully—streets so narrow as to be quite impassable for wagons, where the passers-by are suddenly seen in a ray of sunshine as it squeezes in between the tall buildings, and then are swallowed up completely in the darkness beyond.

But the place where we liked best to linger was across the Tarn in the suburb of



Side Street, Albi.

La Madeleine. There in a garden, under the shade of a group of locust-trees, sitting in the cool, tall grasses, we passed the late afternoon hours. And what a view to look upon! Below us the broad river flowed lazily by. Across it the steep hill-side is shored up by long arcaded embankments, each supporting a lovely garden, whose flowers, trellises, and clamoring vines glow in the warm sunshine.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Albi Cathedral from the Market-place.

Groups of houses with rich ochre walls, bright shutters of green and blue, little iron-railed balconies and red-tiled roofs string their irregular course along the bluffs, ending in the prison-like mass of the archbishop's palace. Above, dominating all this rustic beauty, towers the glorious mass of the cathedral, its lofty west tower gorgeously transfigured by the setting sun, glowing like a coral in all the shades of red from shell-pink to richest crimson, detaching its luminous mass from the deep blue sky.

After the heat of the summer day, a delicious coolness refreshes the sun-beaten town, and every door and window is flung wide open. Each occupant abandons his four walls and sucks a breath of fresh air and simple amusement on the promenade. Here the giant sycamores and chestnuts interlace their century-old branches in a vaulted canopy of dark-green foliage and a darkness lowers; a veiled mystery, born of the approaching night, envelops the shadowy avenue. The massive tree-trunks—vague yet mighty columns—become solid walls as they disappear in the far

perspective, to where the city lights twinkle in the distance. Scattered among the trees, glow colored lanterns. Here a glint catches the falling waters of a fountain, lighting the sparkling jets of crystal; then a gleam falls full upon the white-gowned maidens as they walk arm in arm; or touches the red epaulets and white gloves and spats of the soldiers. The clear voices of the young people ring out in merry laughter, mothers tend their babes in arms, workmen drag their heavy-nailed boots as they shuffle along, while old men, showing an ample expanse of white waistcoat, lean heavily on their canes as they grumble their deep-rooted convictions to their companions. Gay little *kiosques* blaze out their attractions. Shooting-galleries and wheels of fortune, alluring chances in all sorts of seductive lotteries, make easy game of the soldiers. The military band blows forth its lustiest notes, and young and old forget their daily toil for bread—forget their burdens borne in the midday sun—and are happy in the night shadows under the spreading branches.



Albi.

THE SENSE OF NONSENSE

By Carolyn Wells



ON a topographical map of literature, Nonsense would be represented by a small and sparsely settled country, neglected by the average tourist, but affording keen delight to the few enlightened travelers who sojourn within its borders. It is a field which has been neglected by anthologists and essayists; its only serious recognition, so far as we know, being a few pages in a certain "Treatise of Figurative Language," which says: "Nonsense; shall we dignify that with a place on our list? Assuredly will vote for doing so everyone who hath at all duly noticed what admirable and wise uses it can be, and often is, put to, though never before in rhetoric has it been so highly honored. How deeply does clever or quaint nonsense abide in the memory, and for how many a decade—from earliest youth to age's most venerable years."

Perhaps, partly because of this neglect, the work of the best nonsense writers is less widely known than it might be.

But a more probable reason is, that the majority of the reading world does not appreciate or enjoy real nonsense, and this, again, is consequent upon their inability to discriminate between nonsense of integral merit and simple chaff.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it. Never in the tongue
Of him that makes it,

and a sense of nonsense is as distinct a part of our mentality as a sense of humor, and is by no means identical therewith.

It is a fad at present for a man to relate a nonsensical story, and then if his hearer does not laugh he says, gravely: "You have no sense of humor. That is a test story, and only a true humorist laughs at it." Now, the hearer may have an exquisite sense of humor, but he may be lacking in a sense of nonsense, and so the story gives him no pleasure. De Quincey said, "None but a man of ex-

traordinary talent can write first-rate nonsense." Only a short study of the subject is required to convince us that De Quincey was right; and he might have added, none but a man of extraordinary taste can appreciate first-rate nonsense. As an instance of this, we may remember that Edward Lear, "the parent of modern nonsense-writers," was a talented author and artist, and a prime favorite of such men as Tennyson, and the Earls of Derby; and John Ruskin placed Lear's name at the head of his list of the best hundred authors.

The sense of nonsense enables us not only to discern pure nonsense, but to consider intelligently nonsense of various degrees of purity. Absence of sense is not necessarily nonsense; any more than absence of justice is injustice.

Etymologically speaking, nonsense may be either words without meaning, or words conveying absurd or ridiculous ideas. It is the second definition which expresses the great mass of nonsense literature; but as there is a small proportion of written nonsense which comes under the head of language without meaning, it may be well to dispose of that first.

But again, there are verses composed entirely of words without meaning, which are not nonsense literature, because they are written with some other intent.

The nursery rhyme, of which there are almost as many versions as there are nurseries,

Eena, meena, mona, mi,
Bassalona, bona, stri,
Hare, ware, frown, whack,
Halico, balico, we, wi, wo, wack,

is not strictly a nonsense-verse, because it was invented and used for "counting out," and the arbitrary words simply take the place of the numbers 1, 2, 3, etc.

Also, in the case of the nonsense-verses with which students of Latin composition are sometimes taught to begin their efforts, where words are used with no relative

meaning, simply to familiarize the pupil with the mechanical values of quantity and metre. It is only nonsense for nonsense' sake that is now under our consideration.

Doubtless the best and best-known example of versified words without meaning is "Jabberwocky." To us who know our *Alice* it would seem unnecessary to quote this poem here, but it is a fact that among the general reading community, the appreciators of Lewis Carroll are surprisingly few.

A man who writes for the leading literary reviews, when asked recently if he had read "Alice In Wonderland," replied, "No; but I mean to. It is by the author of 'As In a Looking-Glass,' is it not?"

Jabberwocky.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought.
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through, and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves
And the mome raths outgrabe

Although (notwithstanding Lewis Carroll's explanations) the coined words are absolutely without meaning, the rhythm is perfect and the poetic quality decidedly apparent, and the poem appeals to the nonsense-lover as a work of pure genius. Bayard Taylor is said to have recited "Jabber-

wocky" aloud for his own delectation until he was forced to stop by uncontrollable laughter.

Here is another nonsense-verse of great merit, though compared with "Jabberwocky" it is unmusical.

When sporgles spanned the floreate mead
And cogwogs gleet upon the lea,
Uffia gopped to meet her love
Who smeeged upon the equat sea.

Dately she walked aglost the sand;
The boreal wind seet in her face;
The moggling waves yalped at her feet;
Pangwangling was her pace.

This verse, when published, was merely signed H. R. W.

But of far greater interest and merit than nonsense of words, is nonsense of ideas. Here, again, we distinguish between nonsense and no sense. Ideas conveying no sense are often intensely funny, and this type is seen in some of the best of our nonsense literature.

A perfect specimen is the bit of evidence read by the White Rabbit at the Trial of the Knave of Hearts:

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

One charm of these verses is the serious air of legal directness which pervades their ambiguity, and another is the precision with which the metrical accent coincides

exactly with the natural emphasis. They are marked, too, by the liquid euphony that always distinguishes Carroll's poetry. Contrast the following, written by Henry Coggswell Knight in 1815 :

Lunar Stanzas.

Night saw the crew like pedlers with their packs
Altho' it were too dear to pay for eggs ;
Walk crank along with coffin on their backs
While in their arms they bow their weary legs.

And yet 'twas strange, and scarce can one suppose
That a brown buzzard-fly should steal and wear
His white jean breeches and black woollen hose,
But thence that flies have souls is very clear.

But, Holy Father ! what shall save the soul,
When cobblers ask three dollars for their shoes?
When cooks their biscuits with a shot-tower roll,
And farmers rake their hay-cocks with their
hoes.

Yet, 'twere profuse to see for pendant light,
A tea-pot dangle in a lady's ear ;
And 'twere indelicate, although she might
Swallow two whales and yet the moon shine
clear.

But what to me are woven clouds, or what,
If dames from spiders learn to warp their looms?
If coal-black ghosts turn soldiers for the State,
With wooden eyes, and lightning-rods for
plumes ?

Oh ! too, too shocking ! barbarous, savage taste !
To eat one's mother ere itself was born !
To gripe the tall town-steeple by the waste,
And scoop it out to be his drinking-horn.

No more ; no more ! I'm sick and dead and gone ;
Boxed in a coffin, stifled six feet deep ;
Thorns, fat and fearless, prick my skin and bone,
And revel o'er me, like a soulless sheep.

As nonsense, this is irreproachable, and among the best examples of the early writers. It differs from the *Evidence* verses in that its absurdities are introduced by means of incongruous substantives ; while in Carroll's poem almost no substantives are used. The "Lunar Stanzas," too, are faulty in metrical construction, and lacking in euphony.

Compare the stanza beginning

But what to me are woven clouds, etc.

with Lewis Carroll's

Yet what are all such gayeties to me,
Whose thoughts are full of indices and surds,

$$x^2 + 7x + 53 \\ = \frac{11}{3}.$$

A well-known one of an older type is Thomas Moore's

Nonsense.

Good reader, if you e'er have seen
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids with their tresses green
Dancing upon the western billow.
If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper-hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,
The fairy train their ringlets weave
Glancing along the spangled green
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me ! what a deal you've seen !

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Bishop Corbet wrote the following nonsense :

Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches,
Or like a lobster clad in logic breeches,
Or like the gray fur of a crimson cat,
Or like the mooncalf in a slipshod hat,
E'en such is he who spake, and yet, no doubt,
Spake to small purpose when his tongue was out.

A slightly different type is found in verses that refer to objects in terms the opposite of true, thereby suggesting ludicrous incongruity.

Here is one from *Punch* :

Ballad of Bedlam.

Oh, lady wake ! the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant skies,
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away ;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While through the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
Then, lady wake ! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free ;
Till the creation I am thine,
To some rich desert fly with me.

Another :

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west ;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest.
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.

Another of this kind is the tale from *Mother Goose* of three children, which

was first published in 1662 and was sung So with Bret Harte's
to the tune of "Chevy Chase."

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you too that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

Slightly different from these is the nonsense-verse that uses word-effects, which have been confiscated by the poets and tacitly given over to them.

A fair example of this is

Blue Moonshine.

Mingled aye with fragrant yearnings,
Throbbing in the mellow glow,
Glint the silvery spirit-burnings,
Pearly blandishments of woe.

Aye! forever and forever,
Whilst the love-lorn censers sweep,
Whilst the jasper winds dis sever
Amber-like the crystal deep,

Shall the soul's delirious slumber,
Sea-green vengeance of a kiss,
Teach despairing crags to number
Blue infinities of bliss.

Also this touching quatrain :

Oh! to be wafted away
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Makes the earth of a dusty to-morrow.

The following verses by Barry Pain are in a similar vein, but in their mechanical form they belong to the department of parody.

The lilies lie in my ladies' bower,
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to roost);

They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand,
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to roost);

She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to roost).

Swiss Air.

I'm a gay tra, la, la,
With my fal, la, la, la,
And my bright—
And my light—
Tra, la, le. [Repeat.]

Then laugh ha, ha, ha,
And ring, ting, ling, ling,
And sing fal, la, la,
La, la, le. [Repeat.]

A refrain of nonsense-words is a favorite diversion of many otherwise serious poets.

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
is one of Shakespeare's many musical nonsense-refrains.

Burns gives us :

Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?
I go and ago,
If he's 'mang his freens or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
I go and ago;
And eaten like a weather haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

And an old ballad, written before the Reformation, has for a refrain :

Sing go trix,
Trim go trix,
Under the greenwood tree.

While a celebrated political ballad is known by its nonsense-chorus,

Lilliburlero bullin a-la.

Mother Goose rhymes abound in these nonsense refrains, and they are often fine examples of onomatopœia.

II

By far the most meritorious and most interesting kind of nonsense is that which embodies an absurd or ridiculous idea, and treats it with elaborate seriousness. The greatest masters of this art are undoubtedly Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll. These two contemporary Englishmen were men of genius, deep thinkers and hard workers.

Lear was an artist-draughtsman, his subjects being mainly ornithological and zoölogical. Lewis Carroll (Charles L. Dodg-

son) was an expert mathematician and a lecturer on that science in Christ Church, Oxford.

Both these men numbered among their friends many of the greatest Englishmen of the day. Tennyson was a warm friend and admirer of each, as also was John Ruskin.

Lear's first nonsense-verses, published in 1846, are all written in the form of the well-known stanza beginning:

There was an old man of Tobago.

He asserts that this form of verse (which has since come to be known by the name of "Limerick") was not invented by him, but was suggested by a friend as a useful model for amusing rhymes. It proved so in his case, for he published no less than two hundred and twelve of these "Limericks," of which the following are fair specimens:

There was an old man of Thermopylæ.
Who never did anything properly;
But they said: "If you choose
To boil eggs in your shoes,
You cannot remain in Thermopylæ."

There was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they said, "Does it trot?"
He said: "Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikon Floppsikoa bear."

There once was a man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an old person of Wick,
Who said, "Tick-a-Tick, Tick-a-Tick,
Chickabee, Chickabaw,"
And he said nothing more,
This laconic old person of Wick

There was an old person of Woking,
Whose mind was perverse and provoking;
He sat on a rail,
With his head in a pail,
That illusive old person of Woking.

In regard to his verses, Lear asserted that "nonsense, pure and absolute," was his aim throughout; and remarked further, that to have been the means of administering innocent mirth to thousands was surely a just excuse for satisfaction. He pursued his aim with scrupulous consistency, and his absurd conceits are fantastic and ridiculous, but never cheaply or vulgarly funny.

Twenty-five years after his first book came out, Lear published other books of nonsense verse and prose, with pictures which are irresistibly mirth-provoking. Lear's nonsense-songs, while retaining all the ludicrous merriment of his Limericks, have an added quality of poetic harmony. They are distinctly *singable*, and many of them have been set to music by talented composers. Perhaps the best-known songs are "The Owl and The Pussy-Cat," and "The Daddy-Long-Legs and The Fly."

Lear himself composed airs for "The Pelican Chorus," and "The Yonghy-Bonghy Bò," which were arranged for the piano by Professor Pomè, of San Remo, Italy. One stanza of each of these songs will show the rhythmical movement of the lines as well as their delicious absurdity.

On the coast of Coromandel
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
Two old chairs and half a candle,
One old jug without a handle,
These were all his worldly goods;
In the middle of the woods,
These were all the worldly goods
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

King and Queen of the Pelicans we;
No other Birds so grand we see!
None but we have feet like fins!
With lovely leathery throats and chins!
Plofskin, Pluffskin, Pelican Jee!
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican Jill!
We think so then, and we thought so still!

As a fair example of Lear's most characteristic work, perhaps "The Pobble" is as good as any:

The Pobble Who Has No Toes.

The Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we;
When they said, "Some day you may lose them
all;"
He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink;
For she said, "The World in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
Swam across the Bristol Channel;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
 And when boats or ships came near him,
 He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell
 So that all the world could hear him.
 And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
 When they saw him nearing the farther side,
 "He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
 Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore—
 The shore of the Bristol Channel,
 A sea-green Porpoise carried away
 His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
 And when he came to observe his feet,
 Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
 His face at once became forlorn
 On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
 From that dark day to the present,
 Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
 In a manner so far from pleasant.
 Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
 Or crafty mermaids stole them away,
 Nobody knew; and nobody knows
 How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
 Was placed in a friendly Bark,
 And they rowed him back and carried him up
 To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
 And she made him a feast at his earnest wish,
 Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
 And she said, "It's a fact the whole world
 knows,
 That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

Although like Lear's in some respects,
 Lewis Carroll's nonsense is of a somewhat
 more refined type. There is less of the
 grotesque and more poetic imagery. But
 though Carroll was more of a poet than
 Lear, both had the true sense of nonsense.
 Both assumed the most absurd condi-
 tions, and proceeded to detail their con-
 sequences with a simple seriousness that
 convulses appreciative readers, and we
 find ourselves uncertain whether it is the
 manner or matter that is more amusing.
 Lewis Carroll was a man of intellect and
 education; his funniest sayings are often
 based on profound knowledge, or deep
 thought.

Like Lear, he never spoiled his quaint
 fancies by over-exaggerating their quaint-
 ness or their fancifulness, and his ridicu-
 lous plots are as carefully conceived, con-
 structed, and elaborated, as though they
 embodied the soundest facts. No funny
 detail is ever allowed to become *too* funny;
 and it is in this judicious economy of ex-
 travagance that his genius is shown. As
 he remarks in one of his own poems:

Then, fourthly, there are epithets
 That suit with any word—
 As well as Harvey's Reading Sauce
 With fish, or flesh, or bird.

Such epithets, like pepper,
 Give zest to what you write;
 And, if you strew them sparely,
 They whet the appetite:
 But if you lay them on too thick,
 You spoil the matter quite!

It is more difficult to quote from Car-
 roll than from Lear, for Lewis Carroll's
 greatest works, the "Alice" books, are
 coherent and continuous tales. But many
 of the poems are detachable, and one of
 the best is the song which is called

Ways and Means.

I'll tell thee everything I can;
 There's little to relate.
 I saw an aged aged man,
 A-sitting on a gate.

"Who are you, aged man?" I said,
 "And how is it you live?"
 His answer trickled through my head
 Like water through a sieve.

He said, "I look for butterflies
 That sleep among the wheat:
 I make them into mutton-pies,
 And sell them in the street.

"I sell them unto men," he said,
 "Who sail on stormy seas;
 And that's the way I get my bread—
 A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan
 To dye one's whiskers green,
 And always use so large a fan
 That they could not be seen.

So, having no reply to give
 To what the old man said,
 I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"
 And thumped him on the head.

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
 Or set limed twigs for crabs;
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls
 For wheels of Hansom cabs.

"And that's the way" (he gave a wink)
 "By which I get my wealth—
 And very gladly will I drink
 Your Honor's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
 Completed my design
 To keep the Menai Bridge from rust
 By boiling it in wine.

I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that old man I used to know—
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,
Whose face was very like a crow,
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,
Who seemed distracted with his woe,
Who rocked his body to and fro,
And muttered mumbly, and low,
As if his mouth were full of dough,
Who snorted like a buffalo—
That summer evening, long ago,
A-sitting on a gate.

Both Lear and Carroll suffered from the undiscerning critics, who persisted in seeing in their nonsense a hidden meaning—a cynical, political, or other intent, veiled under the apparent foolery. Lear takes occasion to deny this in the preface to one of his books, and asserts not only that his rhymes and pictures have no symbolical meaning, but that he “took more care than might be supposed to make the subjects incapable of such misinterpretation.”

Likewise, “Jabberwocky,” was declared by one critic to be a translation from the German, and by others its originality was doubted. The truth is, that it was written by Lewis Carroll at an evening party; it was quite impromptu, and no ulterior meaning was intended. “The Hunting of the Snark” was also regarded by some as an allegory, or, perhaps, a burlesque on a celebrated case in which the *Snark* was used as a personification of popularity, but Lewis Carroll protested that the poem had no meaning at all.

Certain verses which occur at intervals in “Sylvie and Bruno” are characteristic bits of Carroll’s nonsense.

He thought he saw a Banker’s clerk
Descending from the ‘bus;
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus,
“If this should stay to dine,” he said,
“There won’t be much for us!”

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was

The middle of next week,
“The one thing I regret,” he said,
“Is that it cannot speak!”

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed;
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
“Poor thing,” he said, “poor silly thing!
It’s waiting to be fed!”

A favorite trick of the Nonsensists is the coining of words to suit their needs, and Lear and Carroll are especially happy in their inventions of this kind.

Lear gives us such gems as scroobious, meloobious, ombliferous, borascible, slo-baciously, himmeltanious, flumpetty, and mumbian; while the best of Lewis Carroll’s coined words are those found in “Jabberwocky.”

III

ANOTHER of the great Nonsensists is W. S. Gilbert. Unlike Lear or Carroll, his work is not characterized by absurd words or phrases; he prefers a still wider scope, and invents a ridiculous plot. The “Bab Ballads,” as well as Mr. Gilbert’s comic opera librettos, hinge upon schemes of ludicrous impossibility, which are treated as the most natural proceedings in the world. The best known of the “Bab Ballads” is no doubt “The Yarn of the ‘Nancy Bell,’” which was long since set to music and is still a popular song. In addition to his talent for nonsense, Mr. Gilbert possesses a wonderful rhyming facility, and juggles cleverly with difficult and unusual metres.

The Ballads are long and the following extracts are couplets from

Ferdinando and Elvira, or the Gentle Pieman.

“Love you?” said I, then I sighed, and then I
gazed upon her sweetly—
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly
neatly—

“Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear
one, that I may know—
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible vol-
cano?”

But she said, “It isn’t polar bears, or hot vol-
canic grottoes,
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely
cracker mottoes.”

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, Chi-
na, Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted, at a pastrycook his
doorway.

And he chirped and sang and skipped about, and
laughed with laughter hearty,
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a
party.

And I said, "O, gentle pieman, why so very,
very merry?
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven
sherry?"

"Then I polish all the silver which a supper-
table lacquers;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find
inside the crackers."

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle
pieman, you astound me!"
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a
crowd around him,
And I rushed away, exclaiming, "I have found
him! I have found him!"

Here are a few verses from

Gentle Alice Brown.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve
you, would it not?
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners, I'm the most unhappy
one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and
gone and done!"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy
from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little
check,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a
silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heav-
ily, my dear.
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to
fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown
apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and
flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not
expect to find;
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish
tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly
twelve-and-six."

In regard to his Bab Ballads, Mr. Gil-
bert gravely says that "they are not, as a

rule, founded on fact," and remembering
their gory, and often cannabalistic tenden-
cies, we are grateful for this assurance. An
instance of Gilbert's appreciation of other
people's nonsense is his parody of Lear's
verse:

There was an old man in a tree
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?"
He replied, "Yes, it does!"
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

The parody attributed to Gilbert is
called "A Nonsense-Rhyme in Blank
Verse:"

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't,
But I thought all the while 'twas a Hornet!"

Thackeray wrote spirited nonsense, but
much of it had an under-meaning, political
or otherwise, which bars it from the field
of sheer nonsense; the nearest to it is the
familiar "Little Billee."

The sense of nonsense is no respecter
of persons; even staid old Dr. Johnson
possessed it, though his nonsense-verses
are marked by credible fact and irrefutable
logic. Witness these two examples:

As with my hat upon my head
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child
But still the child squealed on.

The Doctor is also responsible for,

If a man who Turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than a father.

The statement of self-evident or inevi-
table truth, when some unusual or extraor-
dinary occurrence is looked for, is a dis-
tinct department of nonsense.

"The Sun" is by J. Davis:

The Sun, yon glorious orb of day,
Ninety-four million miles away,
Will keep revolving in its orbit
Till heat and motion reabsorb it.

This quatrain is by Gelett Burgess:

My feet they haul me round the house,
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer them and
They ride me everywhere.

The following bits of similar nonsense are anonymous:

The Autumn leaves are falling,
Are falling here and there.
They're falling through the atmosphere
And also through the air.

The night was growing old
As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold,
And her shoes were full of feet.

How very sad it is to think
Our poor benighted brother
Should have his head upon one end,
His feet upon the other.

Under this type may be included Longfellow's

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very good indeed
And when she was bad she was horrid.

In contrast to these are the verses which are content to give merely a hint of their real meaning—a mild expression of feeling, where a burst of passion might naturally be expected.

By rhetoricians this might be called *litotes* or *meiosis*, but our consideration of nonsense deals with the spirit of the work and not with its mechanical construction.

Examples of insufficient results are:

Susan poisoned her grandmother's tea;
Grandmamma died in agonee.
Susan's papa was greatly vexed,
And he said to Susan: "My dear, what next?"

Baby sat on the window-seat;
Mary pushed Baby into the street;
Baby's brains were dashed out in the "arey."
And mother held up her forefinger at Mary.

Cleopatra, who thought they maligned her,
Resolved to reform and be kinder.

"If, when pettish," she said,

"I should knock off your head,

Won't you give me some gentle reminder?"

I dined with a friend in the East, one day,
Who had no window-sashes;

A sunbeam through the window came
And burnt his wife to ashes.

"John, sweep your mistress away," said he,
"And bring fresh wine for my friend and me."

Among our best writers there are few who have not dropped into nonsense, or semi-nonsense, at one time or another. A poem that is nonsense to the unlettered, though to the Greeks not entirely foolishness, is from the pen of Dr. O. W. Holmes:

Æstivation.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames;
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, aneheling, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripe.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine.

To me also, no verdurous visions come
Save you exiguous pool's confervascum,—
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous chump,—
Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump!

This small extract is from Swinburne's best contribution to nonsense-lore:

Nephelidia.

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn
through a notable nimbus of nebulous noon-
shine,

Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that
flickers with fear of the flies as they float,
Are they looks of our lovers that lustroously lean
from a marvel of mystic miraculous moon-
shine,

These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that
thicken and threaten with sobs from the
throat?

Tennyson gives a bit of fanciful nonsense in

Minnie and Winnie.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell,
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell,
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

Thomas Hood's fun depends mainly on puns, but "Faithless Nelly Gray" is

among the nonsense classics and here are two stanzas :

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms ;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, " Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second Foot ! "

So far as we know, Kipling has never printed anything which can be called nonsense-verse, but it is doubtless only a question of time when that branch shall be added to his versatility. His " Just So " stories are capital nonsense-prose, and the following rhyme proves him guilty of at least one Limerick :

There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck ;
When they said, " Are you friz ? "
He replied, " Yes I is—
But we don't call this cold in Quebec. "

Eugene Field's delightful verses are rarely real nonsense, but the Dinkey-Bird nearly approaches it :

In an ocean, way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go ;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me,
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the Amfalula Tree.

The tale of Mr. Finney and his Turnip has been attributed to Longfellow, but the evidence is not conclusive.

According to Gelett Burgess, the test of good nonsense is its quotability ; and his work stands this test admirably, for what absurd rhyme ever met with such instant and wide-spread popularity as

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one ;
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.

The Lark, which Mr. Burgess edited for two years, is the only periodical which has ever been devoted entirely to intelligent nonsense. On its pages may be found the following :

I'd never dare to walk across
A Bridge I could not see ;
For much afraid of falling off,
I fear that I should be.

I wish that my Room had a Floor ;
I don't so much care for a Door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore !

The Roof it has a lazy time
A-lying in the sun ;
The walls they have to hold him up,
They do not have much fun.

I'd rather have habits than clothes,
For that's where my intellect shows.
And as for my hair,
Do you think I should care
To comb it at night with my toes ?

Another from *The Lark* is the production of Mr. Bruce Porter :

It was an indigent Hen,
Who picked up a corn now and then ;
She had but one leg
On which she could peg,
And behind her left ear was a wen.

The most familiar bit of nonsense-prose is by S. Foote, and it is said that Charles Macklin used to recite it with great gusto :

" She went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. ' What, no soap ? ' so he died. She imprudently married the barber, and there were present the Pickaninnies, the Joblilies, the Gayrulies, and the Grand Panjandrums himself with the little round button on top, and they all fell to playing catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

An old nonsense-verse, attributed to an Oxford student, is the well-known,

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, " Pray which leg comes after which ? "
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.

College songs contain many bits of funny nonsense, which, however, are too crude to deserve serious consideration.

These two sporadic verses are unclassified :

There was a young maid who said, " Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye ?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

Mary Jane was a farmer's daughter,
Mary Jane did what she oughter.
She fell in love—but all in vain !
Oh, poor Mary ! oh, poor Jane !

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT was a striking and curious idea that was entertained by John Bright that, in course of time, only noble motives and noble personages would be made the themes of literature. Far away and problematical as such a consummation may seem, the dramatic motives used by novelists and playwrights have certainly undergone, with the passing of centuries, some very notable modifications. It has not, for

The Decline of
Hatred.

instance, been remarked how small is the use that latter-day literature finds it possible to make of hatred as a great dramatic passion. By this I mean, of course, personal hatred, hatred from man to man. Hatred of certain causes and principles we have everywhere treated, hatred of theories and ideas. But individual, personified enmity, intense enough to last a lifetime, and bending all the events of existence to its malignant will, is employed very charily nowadays in any literary or dramatic work that aims to be a faithful presentment of the conditions of modern life, of progressive society. There is plenty of treachery, of base betrayal, of evil-wishing, but all this malice is shown as being directed toward any individual whatever who may chance to stand in the way of another's selfish advancement; it is far more rarely exhibited as concentrated with unswerving, fatalistic tenacity against the welfare of one particular man. We have no repugnance to delineations of unappeasable hatred, rising to the lurid grandeur of inextinguishable passion, if the personages involved are depicted as belonging to the classes of society into which the elements of civilization have as yet inadequately penetrated. And it does not matter whether those classes are sought for among the mountaineers of Sicily or Montenegro or Tennessee, or whether they come from those lower districts of the great modern cities that supply occupation to the police courts. For it is well enough recognized that there are social layers in every progressive population, in which all the signs and instincts of savagery can be found as persistently alive as in the most retrograde of semi-barbarous communities. But hatred as an overpowering passion, a great dramatic motive, introduced into the midst of studies of the civilized manners and morals of to-day, would make us uneasy, and

shock us as bad art, because out of focus. When Balzac paints his terrible Cousine Bette, pursuing for years a whole family with her envious fury, and working relentlessly for its ruin, he lays stress upon her anti-social nature in all respects, and is careful to stamp her clearly as one of the untamed units that modern society bears along in its current, but that really belong to a past stage of human evolution.

Since the passion of love has, according to Mr. Henry Finck, and indeed all thoughtful historians of the subject, gathered complexity, tenderness, and romantic and emotional force, with the onward movement of the race—since, though more restrained, it is really far greater than in primitive man—this rather discredited position in which the opposite passion of hatred now finds itself may advantageously be thought upon by those who hold pessimistic views of the moral betterment of mankind. It is not stating the case truthfully to say that we have less passion altogether in these days. It appears to be true that we have less possibly of this one black passion. That seems much to suggest in the face of some of the dark shadows of modern existence. But such things must be judged in large masses. Literature and the drama are mouldings of our life, and if a Thackeray or an Ibsen will not dare, in constructing a tragic story out of the materials of the passions he sees about him, to make too great use of exclusive hatred for one human being as a motive, it is because (in its most headlong, unreasoning manifestations) this motive is actually losing somewhat of its hold on the nature of men. The element in antique tragedy that gives it its tremendous dramatic effect is, precisely, in almost every case, hatred. No ancient ever brought love forward with greater power to wring the soul than Edmond Rostand brings it forward in the shape of Cyrano. But love with the ancient dramatist—and love in the tales of mediæval writers—is foiled by hatred as great as itself: the love of the step-mother of Hippolytus by the avenging hatred of a goddess; the love of the maiden of the Middle Ages by the hatred of clansmen, the inherited feuds of families. And as to that last presentation of hatred—hatred carried on from one generation to another as a duty to

forebears—it is of course an especially magnificent mine of pathetic, and what our modern writers would call "stunning," situations. As a reality, however, how dead beyond resuscitation is this dramatic motive! The modern son may be loyally attached to his father's friends. His father's enemies may wax fat and kick, but there shall be no espousal by him of buried quarrels.

In a word, to be a "good hater" has ceased, in the most advanced view of the present, to be a "picturesque" accomplishment. And that surely is significant. Far and long as may be the way between the first subduals of animal instincts and their ultimate extirpation at the millennium, it is indubitable that when certain failings can no longer be invested with an air of splendor that takes the imagination they are really on the home-stretch. Hatred could be handled in the noble style when men saw in all nature-forces deities that would avenge, as a personal outrage to them, all human wrong-doing. Hatred in that august connection had dignity; a dignity that lingered long about the conception of hating. Now and then the drag-net of the contemporary newspaper will bring to the surface some strange history of animosity hugged through a lifetime, and wreaking itself in final vengeance on the victim. The history startles the cultivated reader as if it came from another world. And yet he may reflect that it is really only a few centuries since passions of this sort were, given due cause, not felt to be lowering to otherwise fine characters; since they were, indeed, in certain circumstances enjoined and fostered, as a proof of a chivalrous spirit. When men and women hate violently to-day in books and plays they are not fine characters; and their evil machinations, powerful as they may be on the destinies of others, have not the *furia* and the grand manner of the great passions. The moralist may, if he look at the matter with insight, have cause for satisfaction in this; though it is conceivable that the novelist and the dramatist should sometimes regret, in the change, a loss of the matchless opportunities that come of the treatment of all the primal, elemental emotions.

RECENT discussion of social questions, and still more of certain burning political questions, has been pervaded by the increasing use of a term that seems to me to be substantially misapplied

—seems indeed peculiarly to be one of the words without wisdom that darken counsel.

It is the term "commercialism," employed to denote tendencies toward hard and crafty selfishness, toward greed and unfairness, chicane and the deliberate sacrifice of the rights of others. Some of those who have shown the greatest fondness for this word, and have packed it with the most offensive implication, have been themselves men of affairs, honorably successful in business, who ought to know how really wide of the mark it is. Others—they are naturally the more numerous and less scrupulous—are politicians who find in the word a convenient appeal to passions from which those suffer most who know little of commerce save as the field of gains they can not attain and can only dimly apprehend. Still another class to whom the term seems particularly attractive, and who may well be excused for not understanding the error of its application, includes the ministers of the gospel, who rightly seek to judge the duties of the hour by the sublime but difficult teachings of the founder of their religion.

Probably the general use of "commercialism" in the unfavorable sense has been much aided by the increasing study of German and French social and economic writers, especially the latter, with many of whom of the more extreme type the sum of all things hard, mean, cruel, and narrow is expressed in what has become at once an epithet of contempt and a party war-cry—*le bourgeois*. France has even imposed this phrase on Germany, and it glows oddly on many a rough and ragged German page. But Germany is not likely to incur from the spirit it embodies the trials and perils through which France has passed and is passing. The Teutonic mind tempers its sentiments too readily in the cold bath of practical interests and is, moreover, blessed with a plentiful lack of the logic that has wrought such mischief in French life. It may evolve, as the tradition has it, a camel from its inner consciousness, but it does not essay to hitch the camel to the cart or the chariot in actual life. The French mind—by which, of course, I can mean only the mind of those Frenchmen with whom a foreign student of French literature and journalism can become imperfectly acquainted—is apt to be as limited as it is logical. It makes little practical allowance for that inevitable margin of defect in

Why Commercialism?

the premises and equally inevitable mental twist which are about the only sure and stable elements in any problem to which human beings address themselves. It is on this account that it has built up a notion so cynical and so perverted of the qualities of the class to which France, after her indomitable peasantry, owes most of her advancement, especially in the last century. The *bourgeoisie*, which French socialists and many French social economists, airily aided by the swarm of lighter writers, present as petty, grasping, and tricky, has not only given to the country the greatest number of its men of light and leading, but has been the chief force in that mighty process by which despotism, at once sordid and splendid, has been replaced by a system of substantial justice and equality in rights and opportunities.

Why, indeed, in any country fairly to be called free, should the essential spirit of trade be supposed to be base, and commercialism be used as a term to describe what is least generous and enlightened in politics and in society? Doubtless the traits implied exist in trade, but they are not dominant; they are not characteristic. There is hypocrisy among the clergy; we do not designate that unpleasant tendency in other classes as clericalism. There is craft and deceit among lawyers; but legalism is not an epithet of reproach. The fact is, as I see it, that there is no occupation in which men engage from any motive that is on the whole conducted more honorably, and the net result of which for the race is more beneficent, than commerce. It is not avowedly philanthropic, and its fleets are not openly chartered for Altruism. The object of those who pursue it is unquestionably material gain, an object not wholly unknown in any pursuit with which I am acquainted. But, to use a famous phrase of Lord Salisbury's, "the nature of things, if you please, or the Providence of God, if you please to put it so," has decreed that over any great area and through any long period commerce advances and can advance only in equal step with order, peace, and fair dealing. Even on a small scale and in the ordinary enterprises of a trading community, the common sense of mankind recognizes, as the lesson of experience, that "honesty is the best policy," and, despite the conspicuous instances of successful rascality, the ancient adage is justified. As for the lesson to be learned in the larger field, it is

not so easily grasped, but I think it can be found there. A journalist of my acquaintance used to say that S. P. Q. R. on the Roman standards stood for "Small Profits and Quick Returns." What is true is that where the Roman banners went there went a more general and stable order, greater security for life and property, and greater opportunity for the peaceful and gainful occupations of men than had before been known. The Roman had the inspired wit to know that the tribute he sought could most easily and richly be had from peoples relatively contented and industrious, and trade and civilization marched with his legions over his well-built roads toward the farthest corners of the known world. Within the last century, the *par Britannica*—enforced at the point of the bayonet in a hundred little wars, no doubt, but still established—has been the condition precedent of the extension of a world-wide commerce, and the general order and justice and prosperity thus advanced has been due to the need of English traders for paying customers. Commercialism in its true historic and scientific sense implies qualities and tendencies the reverse of those usually attributed to it in the practice of which I complain. We shall do better in our fight with the vices of society and politics if we call them by their proper names, and drop an epithet at once inaccurate and offensive.

THE movement directed toward the beautifying of public school-houses, which is becoming more and more marked, is one of the most important that have taken place in connection with the cause of education in America. The architectural beauty and dignity of certain school-buildings erected not only in the larger cities but even in the small townships, in some States, have recently been noticeable. Where nothing has yet been done tending to improve upon the old-time, barrack-like school-house, it is at least freely admitted in principle that a school should be outwardly acceptable to the eye. It is also now admitted that it should, whenever possible, be inwardly adorned, with reproductions—casts, engravings, fine photographs—of beautiful things: the masterpieces of architecture, painting, sculpture. The significance of all this lies in the recognition it implies of a fact that hitherto has received little or no practical acknowledgment

The Unconscious Aesthetic Education.

in our American life. We have always acted, in many ways, as if we assumed that the sense of the beautiful could be acquired as some persons acquire wealth, as some others get learning, and others again make shoes; that it could be obtained, that is, by putting forth will-power and taking an industrious interest in the subject. But the present effort, to make the school-building a place that shall exert an enlightening influence on the æsthetic nature of the most youthful scholar, shows a growing understanding that the love and the perception of beauty do not come to anyone merely by willing that they shall. Reading, study, observation, a sincere desire for communion with the beautiful, may deepen, intensify, and illuminate such love and perception. But the essence, the germ, of them, to be truly vital, must have been built into the constitution before there was any conscious exercise whatever of the will with regard to them. If the appropriate means of cultivation be brought to bear soon enough, a child who has in any degree the right gifts comes to feel confusedly what beauty is, and has his imagination and his emotions surely enlarged and uplifted while profoundly unaware of the process of absorption.

In the many usually bootless comparisons made between the American and the European education (bootless because so much is to be said on both sides), the latter has of course always had the undisputed advantage granted to it at this point. There is a juster conception in European countries of what the development of the æsthetic nature means, and of what it entails. The necessary elements for the unconscious æsthetic education of early youth lie, moreover, under the hand there. They do not need to be sought for. It is, on the contrary, almost impossible to keep out of their way. School-buildings in Europe have indeed had, usually, nothing to boast of over ours. Some of the great public schools of England excepted, they are generally not conspicuous for charm. The average French school, for both sexes, and of all grades, has in fact always been noted for its barrenness, its gloom, its uncompromising ugliness. Many are the Frenchmen who have looked back with enduring depression and resentment to their school years, and the present effort of M. Demolins to introduce English ideas of wholesome cheer and of out-door sports into the scholas-

tic establishments of his countrymen is felt to be a much-needed reform. But the immediate environment, at home or at school, can better afford to be uninspiring, where especial streams of suggestion, historical, legendary, poetic, and plastic, flow in upon the receptive boy and girl from the outer life. Such boyish reminiscences as those of George du Maurier in "Peter Ibbetson," such lovely pictures of little girlhood in Paris as Mme. Alphonse Daudet has preserved and collated out of her own experience, give the measure of what those sources of suggestion can be to a really imaginative child. Cut off from such influences—from parks full of historical associations to play in, century-old galleries to be taken to on holiday afternoons, the sight of historic buildings, ruins, fountains—it is certain that the youthful American is, as to his æsthetic side, at a disadvantage. It is foolish to seek to disguise or deny the disadvantage. It is far better to look at it frankly for what it is, and then try to supply whatever substitutes our own conditions may yield for these missing forces of æsthetic formation.

And since we are continually putting up new schools and more schools, noble architecture in them seems to be one of our best substitutes. Its silent lessons of symmetry, order, restraint, and dignity are enforced with that unhurried, unwearied persistence that tells at last on the most heedless. The public school gives to many children who come from ignorant or badly managed homes, their first idea of what authority, and the proper submission to authority, signify. They are incalculably more apt to be made to feel that these are beneficent instead of irksome things, if the outward forms under which they present themselves are chastened and impressive, rather than mean and slovenly. It was the Greek idea that all the public buildings of a republic should have a character that would help to educate its inhabitants to become worthy citizens. The American public school has this function primarily. And we have yet, as a people, to learn fully how much such an end is aided, how much the elements of moral character are developed, by that unconscious æsthetic education that comes from spending years, early in life, face to face for many hours each day, with the fruits of art, with work of man that is rightly, honestly, and beautifully done.

THE FIELD OF ART

ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE
MUTUALITY, NOT INDIVIDUALITY

I

THE Field of Art for October, 1900, was occupied by discussion of ways and means. The question was as concerning architecture—the fine art of architecture—and the demand was for fuller and better means of proceeding, for more obvious ways out of an embarrassment. The whole world of art needs to have the means made more perfect and the ways made more obvious; but this need is not because of fault in the sculptors' or the painters' methods so very much; the sculptors and painters are not doing so badly. It is in the art upon which all arts depend that better means of work and clearer ways to achievement must be sought.

How was it in Paris just now at the summer-long show by the banks of the Seine? Consider all that: the vast collection of modern sculpture of which a large proportion was well worth gathering together; the much larger show of paintings, of which again a still larger proportion was of value; the models, the decorative pieces, the pastels, the prints from line and from etching, the jewelry of artistic design, the bronze and the silver, the furniture from traditional and from novel designs—all making a brave show and (here is the *crux*) all housed in buildings as unintelligent and as uninteresting as if they were not newly erected in ambitious, wealthy, and artistical Paris. The Palace of Fine Art was, indeed, merely dull, merely a non-existence, in an artistic sense, but the buildings filling the Esplanade des Invalides and those lining the 'Champ de Mars were hideous; they were shocking to the eyes alike of experienced students and of wide-awake beginners. Where was the architecture which was to strengthen and sustain all that painting and all that sculpture? Where was the chance offered by the builder to that nobler carving and coloring which as compared to the carving and coloring of little movable ob-

jects is as Harvard University to a dancing-school? There were, indeed, the architectural sculptures of the frieze on the west front of the Palace of Fine Art and that on the Porte Binet; and there was a fountain and a great specimen of terra-cotta architecture from the Sèvres factory, of all of which much might be said. France has great workmen and great artists even in the despised and neglected fine art of architecture, but these are, and their works in the great Exposition were, exceptions indeed. As to what the managers of the exhibition thought of the aid which architecture might give to the graphic and plastic arts, to the arts of expression and of record, may be judged by the fact that there was absolutely no place for the display of decorative windows of glass, stained, painted, or worked in translucent mosaic. The Germans hammered up some booths in which their own windows, made avowedly of American opalescent glass, could be seen, but France gave no display which would not have been inadequate to a county fair, nor did the Exposition provide for the glass of France, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, or the United States any hall, gallery, or room, however inadequate, in which that important architectural art could be considered. Or as to architectural sculpture—the writer is not aware that a single object or structure in the whole vast Exposition was in any way concerned with that. The clay-modelled, colored, and glazed pieces of sculpture cited above were there as exhibits of ceramic ware, nor would even the artistic and intelligent management of the Sèvres factory have claimed for their creations that they were qualified to speak for and to represent the architectural sculpture of the period.

In short, the Paris exhibition was one continuous symphony of triumphant hope for the fine arts other than that most vast of all and primarily the most important, the art of architecture. As to that fine art the exhibition was a wail, a long-drawn note of despair.

To comment upon our seemingly hopeless state comes Mr. Wight, designer of the Na-

tional Academy of Design building in New York, thirty-five years ago, of the Street Art Building at Yale College, the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, and other such structures in close sequence, but who now for many years has been outside of the actual profession. He has to do actively with building, and critically in official position under the State Government of Illinois with the examining and licensing of architects. He writes of the proposed gathering of a certain number of architects together, architects who shall agree to work in absolute harmony as to the style to be followed and the methods of design. Whether such an alliance takes the form of a business enterprise or whether it organizes itself as a closely limited society of men of one mind agreeing together to be bound, and that for a certain length of time, by definite rules; whether also it be a large or a small association, and whether it be limited to one city or one State, or might gradually become as wide as the nation—all that is probably indifferent to Mr. Wight and to those who think as he does. Indifferent? Well, not indifferent, but each and all of those conditions must be felt to be inessential. The essential thing is to get agreement among a certain number of men.

There may be other proposals. Other possible schemes may be suggested even in these columns. For the present we have to consider Mr. Wight's proposal; and let him who thinks ill of the avowed necessity of sinking individuality in mutuality know that neither in the days of great architecture nor in the present time does anybody know who has designed a building—who is responsible for the good or the bad in an architectural design. In the present time it is notorious that the secrets of an architectural office are like those of the Council of Ten, and this not merely in the sense that the merit or demerit of a design is chargeable upon we know not whom among the chief and his senior employees, but also because it is almost inconceivable that any design be exclusively the work of one man. The chief brings home the notes of what is absolutely essential in the plan, and perhaps a suggestion or two as to how the outside had better be treated. One of his "designers" takes this up and works it out, and the chief overrules him in this and in that, and the client comes in and overrules the chief and all, and puts everything in a different train of conclusion. The

designer of the Capitol at Albany is just as far to seek as the designer of the Cathedral of Rheims.—R. S.

II

A SYMPOSIUM was held in Chicago not so long ago. It was held at a well-known club composed of literary men, one of the traditions of which club is that its name or object shall never be mentioned in print. Several of its members who happen to be architects took part in this symposium. The subject was, "Can Architecture again become a Living Art?" It will be seen from the wording of this question that the demise of architecture was assumed, and that whoever cared to argue its resurrection or the contrary must first assent to this premise. The result was naturally unsatisfactory. There was no chance for anyone who believed that at the present time there was any vitality left in the art of architecture. Yet to those who accepted this dogma there was an endless field for that speculation in which the participants naturally indulged.

The Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects found the subject of this symposium, modified and thoughtfully considered, to be just the one to excite its interest. The subject had been considered before, though cursorily, by various writers, but it had not been made sufficiently hackneyed to be dull. In fact it affected the whole being of everyone who might call himself an architect. It took strong hold upon the present writer, who, at that time, had retired from professional practice, and was thereby enabled to do his thinking without prejudice or self-interest. He proposed to the Illinois Chapter to make this the subject for an entire winter's discussion, dividing it into two parts, thus making it possible for anyone who desired to do so to assert, affirm, and prove that architecture was still a living art. But whether it was on account of the fact that at that time the architects found but little to do in the way of creating architecture, or because it seemed in each man's experience that the world of architecture had come to an end, or for any other reason unknown, only one member ventured to raise his voice in maintaining that architecture was still alive. The nature of the two questions to be considered was such that a full opportunity was given to those who would demonstrate not only that architecture was dead, but why it was dead.

Throughout this paper it is assumed that the architect as a professional man, practising a calling which dates only from the time of Philibert de l'Orme in France and from that of Inigo Jones in England, has come to stay—and that we must make the best of him. Before 1540 in France, before 1580 in England, all the great architecture of history was created, we do not know exactly how, but certainly not by professional architects. It is not, therefore, a question, Whether architecture can become a living art with or without architects as the main instruments of its evolution, but rather, Can this evolution of light from chaos be the handiwork of the architectural profession as it is now constituted? In the course of discussion at the meeting of the Illinois Chapter, one gentleman thought that under certain conditions of education this wished-for result might follow. Another speaker demanded that architects should become missionaries, that they should enter politics and make their views heard wherever they might; but he said also that each individual among them must live up to his ideals and *that individuality which is strong may become fraternal*. This is the only suggestion which this speaker made that could lead up to the formation of guilds, fraternal corporations for the performance of those duties which are now undertaken by individuals.

III

WHAT was said in the debate above described would need no explanation nor amplification unless it should be for the elaboration of a scheme for the organization of corporate architectural guilds. It may be necessary to furnish such comment, if it were to convince some sceptics that the suggestion is not altogether chimerical. It might be necessary to prove that from a business point of view such companies would not be inconsistent with modern business methods. In that case, however, the author would be accused of proposing to organize architectural trusts and combinations; or even conspiracies, for all these are words flung at one who suggests anything tending to bury or conceal individuality for the sake of the common good to be derived from association and fraternity. I will, therefore, add only this, namely, that the corporate guilds could only be organized by architects coming together

in groups composed of kindred spirits sufficient in number for complete business organizations in which the interests and reputations of the individuals are merged into those of the corporation.

We have seen during ten years past the operation of what the profession has nicknamed "plan factories," in which a successful architect, or firm of architects acting as the principal, has organized a large establishment having departments presided over by experts in the different branches of building construction, to which is added a *department of designing*, these heads of departments all being employees with great numbers of subordinates under them. The largest of these establishments is the one which the United States Government has maintained for the last forty years, and which is known as the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. Yet the most active and prominent architects in the United States, some of whom are said to maintain "plan factories" themselves, have waged a relentless warfare against the methods of designing Government buildings which have been practised in the Government office for the last twenty years, and that for the reason that these methods were detrimental to the progress of architectural art in our country. It has only been through those efforts of individuals and the intelligence and foresight of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, that an obsolete though imperfect law has been put into force which has made it possible without the intervention of special acts of Congress to employ individual architects for important Government work. And moreover the same wise man has invoked the Civil Service laws of the United States to make it possible to employ for life a permanent and able supervising architect after a fair competitive examination.

It has transpired that some of the so-called "plan factories" have already ceased to exist, and that others have been curtailed in their dimensions. One reason for this is that they are not adapted to the necessary fluctuations in the volume of the architect's business. However, if we use the term "plan factory" for greater clearness of illustration, it might be suggested that a "corporate guild" would be a "plan factory" in which all the experts would be interested parties, the subordinates all novitiates of different degrees and all with opportunities for promotion. In

its government it would be a republic with elective officers from the one Master Architect downward, and provision would necessarily be made for voluntary additions and retirements. It is presupposed that such a guild would be organized on the principle of intellectual co-operation, that it would acknowledge rules of action, and that it would be a school of mutual instruction within itself. It is not supposed that any such organization could be started full fledged, or could become immediately a business success. Like any other undertaking its reputation, which at first would be that of the individuals or of some of the individuals composing it, would grow and would soon become the reputation of the guild itself. Its perpetuity would be assured, for the deaths of individual members would have only a temporary effect. It would always possess the young blood of action and the old blood of counsel and reason.

IV

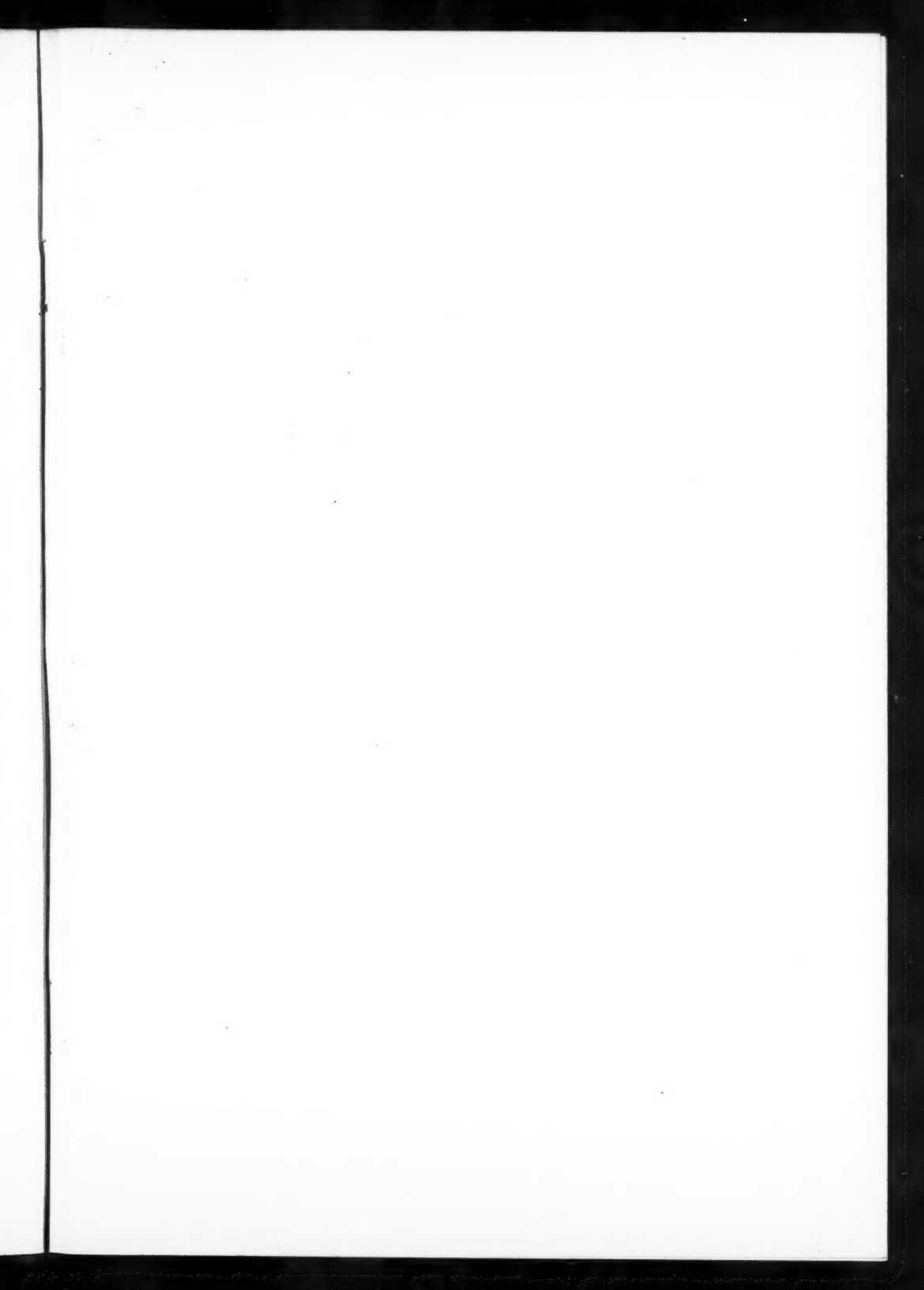
WHAT is Evolution in Architecture? It has been demonstrated by many of its historians what it is, but they have not always told us that what they were describing was in any sense evolutionary, or why it was so. The application of distinctive names to the styles that have flourished in certain periods of time has connected the styles with the periods so firmly in our minds, that we are naturally led to the thought that the change from one to the other was abrupt rather than gradual. They were so gradual as to be imperceptible to those who caused them, and it is only possible now to fix dates approximately; and fixing them in one country would not serve for any other, even an adjoining one. Every slight change of detail in a new building counted only as one of the minute steps of a continuous development of one idea from another. Those advances which contributed most largely to evolution were mainly structural, and developed from changes in material. The work of different hands and heads

had a wonderful similitude. When a dozen master builders were creating works of architecture, each with knowledge of what the others were doing, and the style and treatment were so nearly the same in all of them that one could hardly detect a difference, there could not have been any charges or counter-charges of plagiarism. There must have been a community of interest. Investigation shows that every time a change took place it was adopted in future work by all, until another step forward could be taken. The old methods were dropped as fast as the new ones were adopted, even in the enlargement of buildings. Where every improvement, when tested and approved, was universally adopted and perpetuated, there was evolution. They did not talk about it or write about it in those days; they were *at it* all the time, unconsciously.

The modern independent designer spurns the thought of copying anything his neighbor has done, though he may be willing to use the same ancient model; and he indignantly protests if anything he does is copied. Evolution in architecture is impossible in such a case. It is only possible when every one copies the best work of his neighbor, and adds something to it of his own; and his neighbor thanks him for so doing, and goes and does likewise.

If we should take the models of Roman architecture for our starting-point, and recognize and freely adopt all the materials and methods of construction that we now have, we would in time evolve a new architecture which would differ little from what we might get if we started with Byzantine or Gothic, provided all the architects adhered to the precept contained in the last sentence. So from whatever point of view we regard the question, "Can Architecture again become a Living Art?" it will always be found that the first essential is that the architect shall drop his individuality. It is in this respect that the profession of the architect differs from that of the painter, the sculptor, or any other artist.

P. B. WIGHT.





Drawn by Deuman Fink.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW COUNTRY.

"For this they have toiled and saved and suffered patiently."

—Among the Immigrants, page 303.